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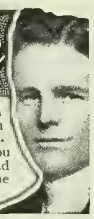

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The Editor's Column

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE HIGH HAND — Jacques Futrelle

Up through the murk of the foundry, the din of the steel-room, the clangor of the machine shop, Jim Warren fought his way to the position of superintendent. Then the great game of politics began to interest him; he studied it from the bottom as he had studied the plow business. It looked like an evil brew in his state. But suddenly there came to him the Big Idea!

What the Big Idea was, how by its use Jim Warren won out, is told in a six-part serial that begins in our next number. It is called THE HIGH HAND and it is the work of Jacques Futrelle, the author of THE THINKING MACHINE.

THE GRAIN OF DUST — David Graham Phillips

Handsome, of powerful physique, well-groomed, with a great legal brain and a prodigious capacity for work; good-natured, but more dangerous than men of flaring temper; arrogant, disdainful, self-confident, ambitious; enviously admired by young men, hated by some women; this is the author's description of Frederick Norman at thirty-seven: a New York lawyer whom the "big interests" regarded as insolent, but who nevertheless hired him to steer them through highly perilous waters. "Not an altogether attractive character this," adds Mr. Phillips; but, pleasant or unpleasant, one cannot read the opening installment of THE GRAIN OF DUST without feeling that he must follow to the end the career of this extraordinary man.

THE GRAIN OF DUST will appear in an early spring number and will run through the issues of three months. It is charmingly illustrated by A. B. Wenzell.

STORIES — Gouverneur Morris

Among our friends we are apt to regard as the greatest failure the one who had the greatest talents and failed to make good. Such was W. Ogden-Brown who, about the time he was beginning to get on at law, dropped his briefs and turned to story-writing; and as soon as he seemed about to succeed as a novelist, dropped his pen and hiked back to law again. How his wealthy friends incorporated him and capitalized him at $50,000; how they compelled him by law to quit drinking, go to work, stop loaning money and stop leading cotillons, is developed in W. OGDEN-BROWN, INCORPORATED, one of the most wholesome, human stories it has been our pleasure to read for a long time.

In quite a different key is Mr. Morris' other story, THE TRAP, the story of a tropical island and a cargo of escaped wild animals intended for the zoölogical gardens; of a young sea-captain and his young actress wife. Altogether a delightful and unusual story.

POTASH & PERLMUTTER — Montague Glass

As usual Abe and Morris are quarreling, this time about a delinquent debtor. "Every time that feller's got another excuse," says Morris. "Last fall his wife has an operation. A year ago he is got his uncle in the hospital. The winter before that he is got funeral expenses on account his mother died on him; and so it goes, Abe. That feller would sooner kill off his whole family, y'understand, than pay a bill to the day it is due." This story, under the title of A RETURN TO ARCADY, will appear in an early number. Other stories dealing with the business trials of Abe and Morris will be published from time to time.

REËNTER FATHER BROWN — Gilbert K. Chesterton

A more interesting series of mystery stories than those of the brilliant Mr. Chesterton that have appeared month by month in our columns this last half year would be hard to find. We are glad to be able to announce for monthly publication in the coming half year a new series of stories dealing with Father Brown's unraveling of some other very hard knots of mystery.

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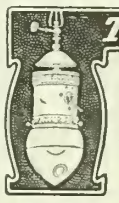

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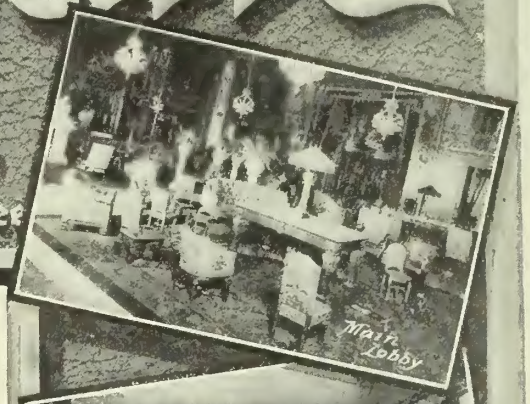

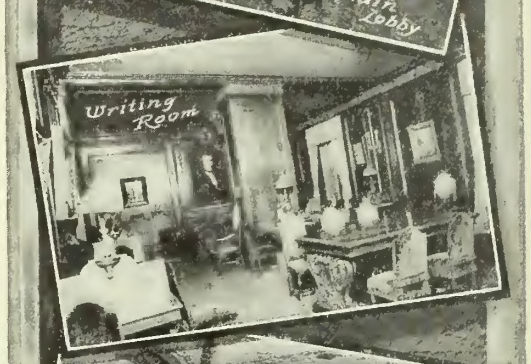

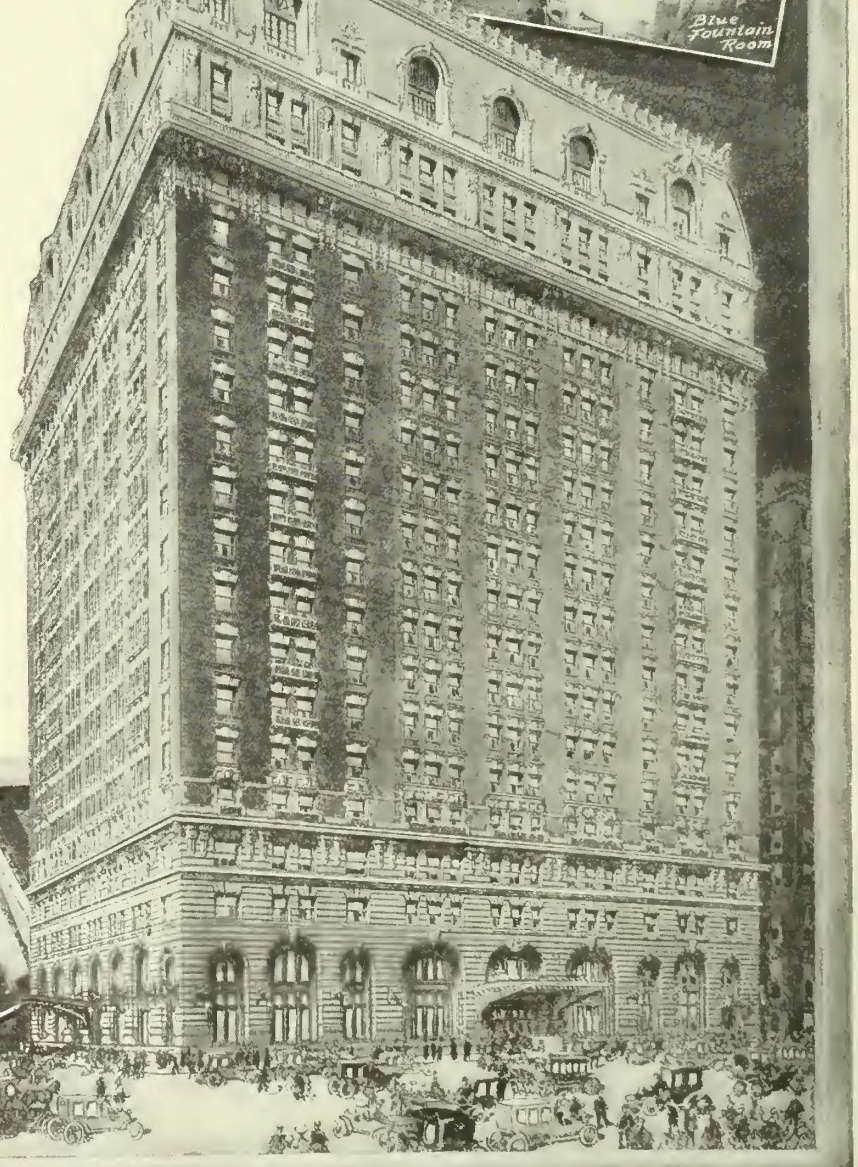

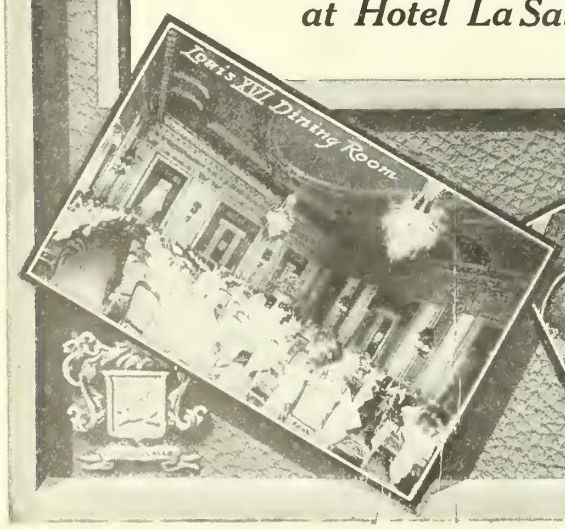

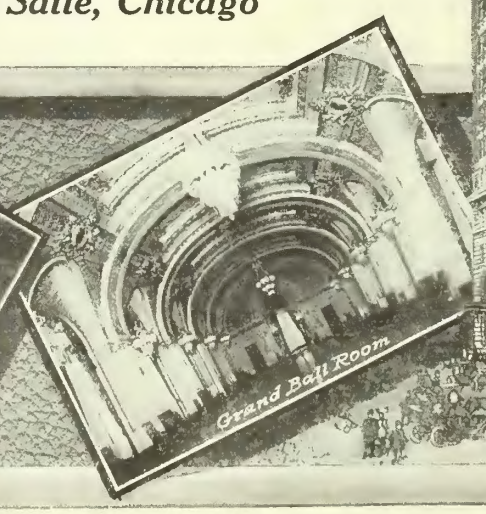

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EMIGRANTS TO THE EAST

Chances in New England Apple Orchards

Dehorned Apple Trees, From Which Thirty to Forty Feet Have Been Cut Off

By FORREST CRISSEY

THE old apple tree is at last coming into its own—not in song or story this time, but in commerce!

Since the early days of "Apple-Seed Johnnie," no familiar and verdant feature of the landscape has yielded such abundant and unfailing crops of sentimental associations as this same old apple tree; but now the wizard hand of the modern orchardist is touching the shaggy and neglected old trees into new fruitfulness, awakening them into a second youth, more fecund than their first—and that without sacrifice of their cherished crop of associations! Theoretically the rejuvenation of old orchards is not a new art, but in actual practice its possibilities have seldom been realized by even the more progressive professional orchardists. They have slept on their rights in the comfortable bed of conservatism and given cautious counsel to the effect that there is always grave doubt as to whether it will pay to bestow much attention and labor upon an old or neglected orchard. And, with a few notable exceptions, they have consistently practiced the hesitating doctrine that they have preached.

What has been the result? New England has become the national home of the "old apple orchard," preserved in a state of incomparable and pathetic neglect. It has hundreds of thousands of vigorous old apple trees that express their persistent and unquenchable vitality in crops of apples for the most part fit only for the cider mill, with a small salvage suitable for household and neighborhood use. As a live asset in the finances of the home farm, the old apple orchard has figured for about the value of the hay crop that could be taken from the soil which it encumbered. This picture does not portray New England alone; it represents New York and several of the more northerly of the Eastern states. The majority of their orchards also tell the same story of distrust and dire neglect. Only occasionally is an orchard that produces apples of quality to be encountered; and these trees are mainly of the younger type, showing that the men who planted them preferred to build upon their own foundations and that they held the common attitude of faithlessness regarding the results to be obtained through the attempted restoration of an old orchard.

In other words, to find in New England a thrifty and cleanly cultivated orchard of apple trees more than twenty-five years old demands a day's hunt on the part of an energetic investigator. The most sensitive defender of New England traditions will hardly dispute the statement that neglect and decay are the rule in the old orchards of that region and that thrift and profit are the exceptions, judged by the more modern standards of commercial apple production.

One Man's Training for Apple Culture

THE complete upset of this old and wasteful order of things is imminent. The pomological skill of a pushing young New Englander hooked up with the sympathy and the capital of a New York millionaire—who likes to "see things done" without regard to how many sacred traditions are smashed—are the double-team force that threatens the overthrow of the long reign of neglect and waste in the old orchards of New England and the North Atlantic states. Not that these men have entered into a philanthropic campaign for the restoration of old orchards. They have not. They are attending strictly to their own business, which in part consists of buying one old farm orchard after another and making it pay handsome profits into the exchequer of Conyer's Manor, the fine country-seat of Mr. E. C. Converse, at Greenwich, Connecticut.

With young George Drew, the superintendent of Conyer's Manor, fruit growing is not a grafted art. It was in the blood, not budded upon him by a college professor as an arbitrary accomplishment. And this native gift had a good chance to get a sturdy growth on the little Massachusetts fruit farm where he spent his boyhood. From the time when he was big enough to pick up apples in the home orchard he has worked in fruit. Consequently, when he went to the Massachusetts Agricultural College there was no question about the course he would pursue. He made a study of fruit growing in practically all its branches, simply because to have done anything else would have taken him out of the line of his natural bent. Of course he studied agricultural engineering and many other related branches of scientific farming, but fruit growing was the main thing.

Almost immediately after leaving the agricultural college he was offered the position of superintendent of Conyer's Manor, which was then in a raw and unformed state. At the start he was almost entirely engrossed with the heavy engineering work of reshaping a group of small farms into a single well-ordered country estate. The various farms that formed the raw materials with which he was to work had been conspicuously neglected for many years, the owners holding the land for an advance in price caused by the increasing call for country estates in that locality. No attempt, therefore, had been made for some years to operate the land in a productive way. In other words, each of these farms presented about as complete an example of neglect as could be found in all New England.

Almost the first thing that struck the observant and tree-loving eye of the young orchardist was the fact that practically every one of the component farms had an old orchard of greater or less extent. Instantly he felt a challenge to his skill and he determined that he would take the first opportunity to try out the issue and see what radical restoration measures would accomplish for old orchards that had been abandoned and maltreated for many years. He had been taught that, in the main, restoring old orchards was more likely to yield wholesome scientific experience than paying crops of apples; but the appeal of those sturdy old trees, which had struggled so long and resolutely against neglect and ill-treatment, was too much for him to resist. Besides, here was an excellent chance to tackle a hard proposition and perhaps preëmpt a new and valuable field in the domain of pomological demonstration, to establish on a basis of commercial practicality a restoration work before regarded as highly experimental.

Putting Trees on a Business Basis

ABOUT three years ago, after the heaviest part of the engineering work had been disposed of, he suggested to his employer the possibility of restoring the old orchards to fruitfulness, and found Mr. Converse instantly sympathetic. Fortunately he did not have to contend with any lack of capital or scrimping of labor. All that was asked of him was that he should conduct his operations on a business basis and that, in the end, he should make them justify themselves according to business and scientific standards. This was solid and satisfactory backing, and he started in upon his self-appointed task with a keen degree of interest, fair enthusiasm and the moderate expectations that almost invariably characterize the man of true scientific temperament and traditions.

A first glance at one of those scarred and grizzled old veterans of the orchard was enough to assure even an amateur fruit grower that the San José scale—that terror of the New England orchardist—had made riotous headway in the years of neglect. And, of course, the first thing to be done was to open war on the scale with the artillery of the spraying machines—that being the accepted agency of warfare against a scale invasion. But when he made a careful survey of the proportions of the trees, which for years had been spending their vitality in a rank upshooting growth of wood, he realized that he had before him about the tallest job of spraying that an orchardist ever tackled, for some of the old orchard monarchs were fifty and even sixty feet high.

Here was a big problem in spraying economy. In his solution of it George Drew was led to resort to a radicalism in tree surgery from which he had a natural shrinking, but which may—and doubtless will—mean millions of dollars to the present and future orchardists of New England. He did not discover any new pomological principle or reveal any new scientific theory. He claims nothing of the kind. But the uniform success and almost sensational results that followed his thorough and unsparing surgery, coupled with equal thoroughness in all other restorative measures, have demonstrated beyond dispute that the restoration of old, neglected and abandoned orchards to a

condition of high productivity and commercial profit is not an experiment but a practical certainty whenever and wherever the work is done with reasonable skill and with unwearied thoroughness.

His remarkable achievement may be suggested in a few words. Two years after the beginning of his restoration work on a badly neglected orchard of two hundred trees, which were fully thirty years old, a crop of six hundred barrels of choice hand-picked fruit was harvested. Before that these trees had never grown a barrel of first-class apples, all of the fruit having been scabby, ill-shaped and salable only for culinary purposes, and the entire crop of this inferior fruit had not exceeded one hundred barrels. The Greening apples grown in this orchard before its renovation had been almost invariably coarse in fiber and hard of core. After two years of restoration work these apples had perfect cores, were of the finest texture and sold readily at topnotch prices—that is to say, for three and a half to five dollars a barrel.

Another orchard, in which scale and canker had run riot to such an extent that the crop was commercially worthless, was taken in hand. Many of the tree trunks were in a state of dilapidation and decay. Only two years under restorative measures put these seventy-five old veterans on their feet so firmly that they returned an average of nine barrels of choice fruit to the tree! Individual trees yielded as high as fourteen barrels. And it should be remembered that in all probability these two orchards have only fairly begun to show what they can do for the hand that snatched them from neglect and ruin. Give them a few years more of careful upbuilding and they will drop golden harvests into the baskets of their owner!

The most amazing feature of this work, however, is the instantaneousness of the response that the trees give to right restorative measures. Growing a new orchard to the point of profitable production is a matter, generally speaking, of from nine to twelve years. Here is a short cut to a paying apple crop, without years of waiting, through a ready-made orchard that may be bought at the present time in New England for the value of the cheap land on which the trees stand. This fact has peculiar significance for the man of small means who wishes to break away from office or shop work and go into fruit growing, but whose capital is too slender to warrant him in the attempt to plant a new orchard and nurse it through nine or ten years before getting any substantial returns.

Mr. Drew's Surgery

THE rejuvenation of the old apple tree undoubtedly spells the way out for many men who would otherwise find their separation from the payroll of the office or the store altogether too risky for a prudent man to attempt on the new-orchard basis. These old orchards are a standard and almost universal feature of the typical New England farm. It is safe to say that one of these farms which has fewer than twenty old apple trees is the exception—many of them have a hundred; and those containing two hundred to five hundred are not difficult to find when inquiry is made through the usual commercial channels. Certainly these shaggy old orchards are an integral part of the typical New England landscape; their name is legion and they only await the trusting hand of the restorer to yield quick and generous results that will astonish the generation of men who planted them more than the practical orchardist, who knows from at least a little practical experience how much vitality and fruitfulness is hidden under the rough and disheveled coats of these neglected veterans.

No part of Mr. Drew's experience is more remarkable than the fact that his restoration work was not a failure in the case of a single tree to which his methods were applied; all that he subjected to his surgery and to his healing and protective treatment responded at least to a degree that amply justified the work from a business viewpoint—and most of the trees have already made a return beyond his liveliest expectations.

But to return to the history of how Mr. Drew secured these results, which are worth so much to New England:

The net result of his preliminary survey was the conclusion that the old trees were too far up in the air and too overgrown to be sprayed except at an almost prohibitive expense of time, energy and material; that the spraying surface must be brought within range and reduced by about one-half. To do this meant that the tops must be lopped off, an outward and downward growth encouraged, and that the trees must be brought down to earth.

Of course he also knew that good orchard practice demanded that the top of a bearing tree should be reasonably open, to give the sun and air a fair opportunity for action upon the maturing fruit. It was a far cry from this moderate procedure—so easy of attainment with the trees of a young orchard, which are subject to the heading process when they are little more than sprouts—to the savage kind of surgery that confronted him in the case of old trees, the youngest of which were about twenty-five years old and the oldest of which were sixty years.

He nerved himself to the task and with a force of North-Italian laborers started in upon his work of butchery. In some instances he took as much as forty feet of growth out of the top of an apple tree of especially tall-growing habit. However, in most of these extreme cases he spread the shortening process over two seasons. Nipping twenty feet of center-top from a tree was an ordinary occurrence in his amputations. Often the branches and center-trunks at the point of cutting were four to six inches through and sometimes the diameter of a cut was ten inches. This work was done in the dormant season of late fall or early spring and it should not be done at any other time.

The directions for "heading down" an old apple tree are best mastered by a thorough realization of all the purposes to be served by the process. It is of small use to spray a tree against San José scale, fungi or destructive insects unless every square inch of bark and surface is covered by the spray. And a thorough job of spraying—at least on a commercial scale—is impossible with trees forty to fifty feet in height. This means that the tree must be brought down to where the spray can be effectually applied to every part of it. Next, economy in picking the fruit—which must be done by hand—demands the same remedy. Again, the tall tree is at the mercy of the winds when loaded with fruit.

A Sixty-Year-Old Apple Tree, One Year After Dehorning

Though it is important that access of the sun and air to all the fruit be provided, yet a bald and violent exposure of the center of the tree must be guarded against. Therefore a light middle growth must be provided to meet this emergency. Again, exposed or dead wood of apple trees—that is, wood not covered by a live growth of bark—is liable to canker. Consequently all dead limbs and parts must be cut away to sound and live wood, and the wood exposed by the surgery must be so sealed that the bark will quickly grow and throw out a protecting covering over it. These are the conditions to be met. Now for the rules by which the restoration orchardist fulfills these demands.

Late in the fall or very early in the spring, when the old tree is absolutely dormant, go into it with a sharp saw and a good helper and cut out the tallest branches from the center. How much to amputate is a matter of judgment and depends largely upon the age and habit of the tree. With a tree of a tall-growing variety, like the King apple, the Greening or the Northern Spy, a greater height of top will need to be taken out than in the case of a tree belonging to a kind more spreading in its formation. Never make the cut more radical than is necessary to bring the tree down to where it can be handled with convenience and economy in spraying and picking, but do not hesitate to take twenty or thirty feet out of the top of a tree thirty or forty years old that has been badly neglected. The younger the tree the less severe the surgery that it will require.

Make the cut just above an outgrowing limb and prune the growth from the top of this lateral limb which is to form one of the rafters of the tree's structure. In other words, head off upward growth and stimulate side and downward growth. This method of cutting immediately above the outgrowing branch has the effect of protecting the center of the tree from too severe exposure—the horizontal limbs and their downward shoots forming a thin screen of foliage for the center of the tree.

Heading down the top of the tree in this manner also seldom fails to send out from the body of the tree, near and below the first crotch, new "suckers" or water shoots, which will grow with astonishing rapidity unless promptly removed.

This provision of Nature plays into the hands of the restoration orchardist in a wonderful way in the ready forming of a new and symmetrical top—for the neglected old apple tree generally has a side that is almost barren of limbs. By adroit handling of the water shoots forced out by the surgery higher up, the waste places of the tree can be repopulated and restored with remarkable expedition and a complete, well-rounded head formed.

Whenever a cut is made great care must be taken to seal it up thoroughly and at once. Often thick paint or white lead is used for this purpose, but for large cuts Mr. Drew prefers coal-tar. White lead is the standard application, however, for small trees where the cuts are not broad or deep. The mistake generally made by beginners in this part of the work is that of expecting one application to make an effective seal against the elements and protect the freshly cut wood from canker and borers. It will not do this—because of the action of the sap within and the sun without—and must be followed up with another application the second year. If this does not completely seal it renew the coating the third year.

Comparatively few trees in the old orchards renovated by Mr. Drew were exempt from canker. Wherever there was a seam, a split or a dead limb this dreaded wood scourge had obtained a foothold. The only effective way in which to fight it is with mallet and chisel—cutting mercilessly until sound wood is reached. No cavities or pockets to catch and hold moisture should be neglected. Then the wounds are given a thorough dressing of coal-tar. If the incision is a deep one it should be filled with concrete, which is also coated with coal-tar, especially about the edges against the wood. Finally this is covered with a neatly cut pattern of zinc, which is fastened with tacks and coated with coal-tar. This elaborate dressing is only necessary where deep or wide cuts are made on the trunk or large branches, but the coal-tar sealing must never be omitted.

Accident Policies

IN HIS work the orchard reconstructionist must not forget that the time is coming when the old tree will again bear a heavy burden of fruit. Without this expectation he would not be toiling to restore it to a second youth; but it is necessary that this condition be definitely provided for in strengthening the weaker parts of the tree, so that it will be able to support its load of fruit. To be sure, changing the tree from a high top to a low one will go a long way toward keeping the loaded branches out of the rough clutches of the wind—and incidentally in preventing the fruit from being shaken from the branches—but it is not safe to let the matter rest here. Whenever there is the slightest apparent weakness in the crotch of a tree, where the main limbs branch out, they should be reënforced against the special strain of fruiting time by running a half-inch rod straight through the branches a foot or two above the crotch. This connecting rod should have a large head at one end, while in the other should be cut a thread for a nut. Under the nut, and next to the bark of the tree, place a large washer, so that the nut may be turned and tightened from time to time without tearing the bark of the tree. Higher up, and well toward the top, wire cables should be used to connect the main branches, which will bear the heaviest strain. Even where a large old tree does not show special weakness it is well to take these precautions, for the chances are that they will be needed when the tree comes into fruitfulness. These rods and cables are so many accident policies against damage to the trees and the crop.

This is the work to which Mr. Drew first applied his energies and he did it thoroughly. Every tree that had so much as a promise of possible usefulness about it was spared and subjected to the surgeon's saw and knife instead of the ax. Some of those that today bear the most abundantly in the Conyer orchards were hollowed out with canker and decay at the outset of the reconstruction period. One big tree was even completely uptorn and was lying on its side when that orchard came under the hand of the restorer. Seeing that its roots were still alive, he took a gang of men, raised it and braced it firmly into

its original position. It was otherwise headed back and given the same treatment as its orchard mates. That was three years ago. Today it is bearing a profitable commercial harvest—five or six barrels of choice apples.

All of this restoration work on the old trees—especially the chiseling and concrete filling and the putting in of bolts and cables—was openly scoffed at by the native neighbors, who figured that apples from those trees would cost their owner anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar apiece and that he would have been money ahead if he had cut down the trees and bought his apples from Oregon, Washington and Colorado. This is the attitude of New England as a whole toward the old apple orchard that has fallen into neglect. "Let it alone and skin the grass crop from the land between the trees." And it is also the reason why the Western states are recognized in the world's markets as the great apple states of America.

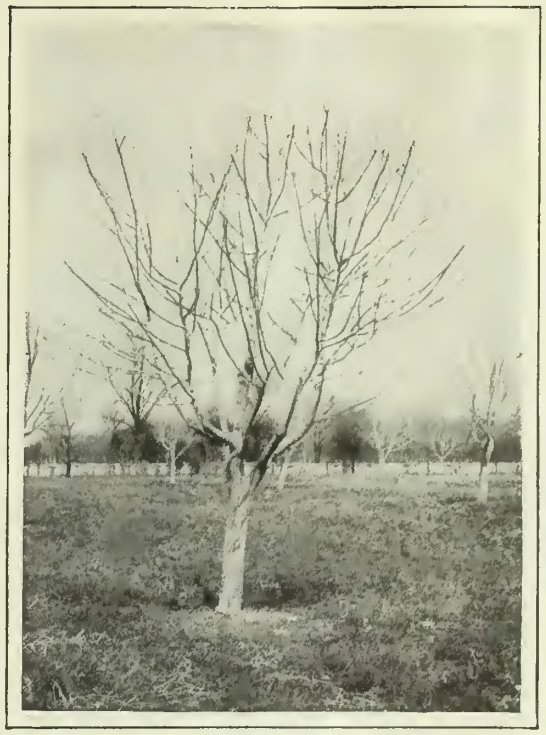
What are the facts with regard to these elaborately treated trees that so excited the scorn and amusement of the natives? Briefly they are not only yielding today profitable commercial returns but, in the words of the superintendent, "they are the best moneymakers on the whole farm." The necessity for bringing these trees down to earth so that the plague of the San José scale could be fought with greater economy and greater chance of success was, it should be remembered, the inspiration of the radical heading-down campaign. Now for the direct war upon the scale itself.

Rigorous spraying is the only availing remedy against this scourge of the New England orchards. To attempt to raise apples that can today compete with fancy Western apples in the markets without thorough and systematic spraying is hopeless and futile, and any attempt to avoid it can only result in failure. This, of course, does not apply to New England alone. The only apple-growing region to which it does not apply is, perhaps, a newly opened section of the West remote from other orchards that are old enough to bear. And then the wise orchardist will spray as a measure of insurance. The typical New England orchard is a convincing example of what the neglect of spraying will accomplish in the ruin of an industry. On the other hand that example is made all the more effective by exceptional orchards which present richly contrasting conditions and results. No detail in connection with the vital process of successful spraying is too small or too prosaic to be neglected by the Eastern orchardist who is determined to win.

War on the Parasites

"WHEN I took hold of this problem," said Mr. Drew, "the San José scale was the terror of all the farmers who took the slightest interest in their orchards. One recognized remedy was soluble oils, another lime and sulphur—both contact sprays. Sprays then had to be applied so strong that it was necessary to make the application when the trees were not in foliage. I shared the general conclusion that manufacturers recommended the solutions too weak to make a thorough job. At first I started with using one gallon of oil to about fifteen of water. This I tried in a small way and, though it worked fairly well, I found that in some cases the oil did not spread to every nook and corner of the bark. Soon, however, I was able to adjust the proportions so that a quick spread was secured. This can be done in every case by a little experimenting.

"Care should be exercised, however, not to make the mixture too weak to be effective. One gallon of oil to twelve gallons of water may be used without any material



A Fifteen-Year-Old Tree That Has Been Top Worked Four Years

injury to the trees and a thorough spraying at that proportion controls the scale. It is necessary to have a fine, free-working nozzle, so as to cover all portions of the trees with this spray. It should be applied only when the bark is absolutely dry, otherwise the oil is liable not to run and spread freely. Right here is the particular advantage of oil over the lime-and-sulphur spray: to kill out the San José scale the particles of the spray must come into direct, actual contact with it. The lime-and-sulphur spray sticks where it strikes the tree and does not spread; on the other hand the oil spray, when rightly applied, spreads to a very considerable extent. The oil spray may be used late in the fall or early in the spring, just before the buds start.

"But there is another problem to be considered in this matter of spraying: nearly all of the old trees will be found to be coated with fungi and with rough bark which afford lodgment for almost every kind of insect pest. My experience has been that though the oil exercises perhaps the more effective control over the San José scale, the lime and sulphur does the best work in removing the fungi and cleaning up the rough bark. Consequently I gave the trees a thorough spraying with the oil in the fall and in the spring I applied the lime and sulphur. The results have been extremely satisfactory—the process has either exterminated or controlled both the scale and fungi on old and badly diseased trees and has reduced the bark to about normal smoothness; in fact the orchards in which this plan has been conscientiously followed have no scale at all.

"However, the spraying history of these orchards is by no means complete without reference to the remarkable self-boiled lime-and-sulphur spray, worked out by scientists in the United States Department of Agriculture and put in general use by progressive orchardists, mainly within the last two years. Up to that time it was difficult to find a spray that could be used with safety when the trees were in foliage. This new summer spray is not only the greatest thing that has happened to the peach-growing industry in many years but it is also a great boon to apple growers. Though apple foliage is not so delicate and easily injured as that of the peach yet there was, up to the time this self-boiled lime-and-sulphur spray was given to the public, no apple spray for summer application that was strong enough to be effective and at the same time able to be applied without some risk of doing damage. I did apply a combination of Bordeaux mixture and Paris green for a summer insecticide with considerable success, but I cannot say that its use was not also attended with considerable risk. It seemed to have a tendency to russet the fruit. Now, however, we have a safe and remarkably effective summer spray for both fungi and insects in a combination of self-boiled lime and sulphur and arsenate of lead."

Good Spraying Mixtures

"IN A SEASON when fungi are prevalent three applications are none too much—one when the blossoms fall, another two weeks after that and still another several weeks later. Here is the formula: eight pounds of stone-lime and eight pounds of flowers of sulphur, which is cooked by the heat of the slaking lime until a slight orange precipitate is formed, when it is quickly cooled by the addition of cold water. Overcooking is apt to form too much soluble sulphur, which might injure the foliage and must be carefully avoided. In a season when the fungi are severe I would recommend a stronger spray for apple trees: two pounds of flowers of sulphur and ten pounds of lime to fifty gallons of water. Arsenate of lead, which is an insecticide, should not be added to the mixture until you are fully ready to go into the field and begin putting on the spray. If the self-boiled lime and sulphur and the arsenate of lead are allowed to stand in combination for any length of time a chemical change is likely to take place in the compound to the injury of the foliage when applied.

"Bordeaux mixture seems to control the fungi on Fall Pippin and Northern Spy trees better than the regulation lime-and-sulphur dormant-season spray. With these varieties my experience is that the Bordeaux does not russet the fruit.

"The best brands of the commercial lime and sulphur may be used in compounding the summer lime-and-sulphur spray—a gallon and a half of the concentrate to fifty gallons of water. This, combined with three pounds of arsenate of lead, is about the limit of safety as to strength. The erroneous notion is rather common that after the leaves get older a strong solution may be more safely used than when the leaves are young and tender. This is a mistake. A decidedly weaker solution for the second and third sprays should be used—not more than a gallon of the concentrated lime and sulphur to fifty gallons of water—and no arsenate of lead in the third spray."

Cultivation is also a big element in restoring old orchards to a basis of profit. The reason why clean cultivation in the old orchard is advised in preference to the sod-mulch method is that more plant food is made immediately available to the trees and moisture is constantly conserved. Sod always encourages the presence of vermin and insects which prey upon the trees, while clean cultivation breaks up this favorite breeding-place. About the only advantage of the sod-mulch is its cheapness and the fact that apples grown under this method are likely to have a high color. It is admitted that good results are obtained by certain experienced growers who practice

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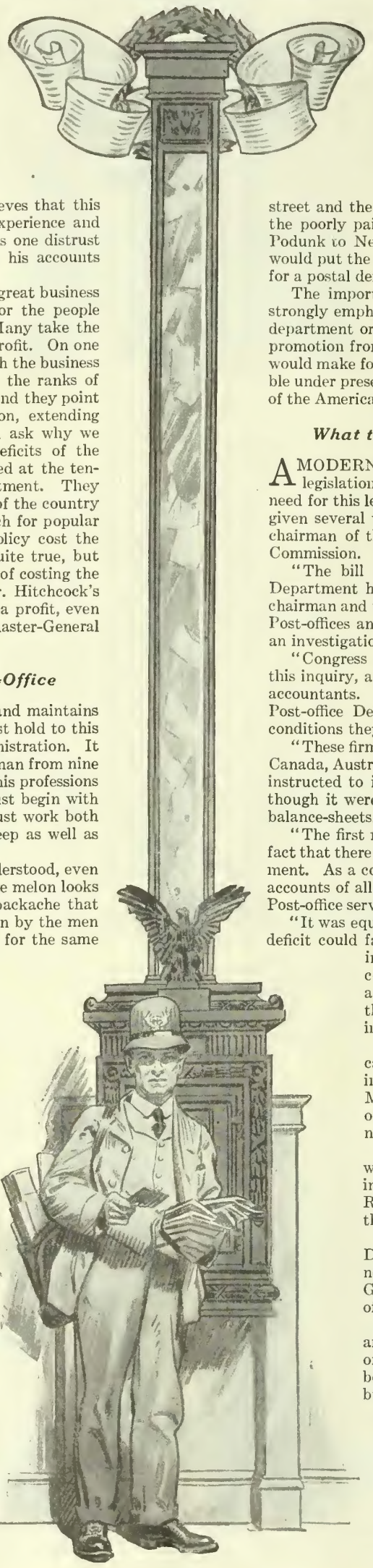
A Typical Neglected Orchard

A Reclaimed Orchard Four Years After Topping

The Popular Magazines and the Post-Office



THERE are two ways of approaching the postal problem. Some men invariably ask first: How can we broaden the functions of the Post-office so that it will serve the country most usefully? Others ask first: How can the Post-office be made to show a profit? The adjective "apparent" should qualify profit in this question, because a gain of a few millions on the Department's ledgers may easily mean a loss of a few hundred millions to the business of the country.

In considering matters of postal policy, constructive executives will always ask the first question. The second is always on the tongue of the present Postmaster-General. If he means by it that he wishes to run his department in the most economical and businesslike manner possible, without curtailing its usefulness or contracting its growth, it is a very pertinent question. No doubt Mr. Hitchcock believes that this is just what he does mean, but the lack of broad business experience and sound judgment which his past recommendations betray makes one distrust his reasoning. He seems to be essentially a retailer, keeping his accounts on his cuffs, instead of a man who goes after big business.

Men like John Wanamaker, who unite breadth of view with great business sagacity, have always preached expansion to make pounds for the people instead of contraction to save pennies for the department. Many take the position that the Post-office should not be expected to show a profit. On one hand they point to the Army and the Navy, both concerned with the business of destruction, both taking large numbers of picked men from the ranks of industry and turning them into non-producers. On the other hand they point to the Post-office, concerned with the business of construction, extending commerce, selling goods, feeding men into our industries, and ask why we should cheerfully accept the hundred-million-dollar-and-up deficits of the non-productive departments of the Government and be alarmed at the ten-million-dollar-and-down deficits of its one great productive department. They even maintain that advertising is a good thing for the business of the country and should not be taxed; that the periodicals are doing so much for popular education that they should be encouraged, even if such a policy cost the country money. This is all very flattering and incidentally quite true, but the periodicals are not and do not care to be put in the position of costing the country money. They pay their way. So we shall adopt Mr. Hitchcock's point of view and maintain that the Post-office should show a profit, even though, as a consequence, we must part company with our Postmaster-General in the next paragraph.

How a Big Corporation Would Handle the Post-Office

ANY man who takes a strictly business view of the Post-office, and maintains that it should show a profit at the end of its fiscal year, must hold to this business view in considering every detail of its policy and administration. It will not do for him to be businesslike in spots—to be a business man from nine o'clock to twelve and a politician from two to five. If he wants his professions to be taken seriously he must be consistent. Business rules must begin with the boss if the office-boy is expected to respect them. They must work both ways—up and down. A policy of profit must apply to the sheep as well as to the goats.

The laws of good business are simple and pretty generally understood, even by those who lack the strength to apply them. To most men the melon looks bigger than the vine. They want the fruit, but without the backache that goes with a persistent use of the hoe. If our Post-office were run by the men who manage the Steel Trust or John Wanamaker's stores, and for the same purposes of private gain, it would undoubtedly be an exceedingly profitable business and cut just as big melons as the express companies. The first concern of the proprietors would be to find the best man in the country to put at the head of their business. They would not regard this position as one to be used for the payment of a personal obligation; they would not select a man because he had proved useful in getting votes. They would look for the strongest, best equipped and most experienced man they could find—preferably one who had grown up in steel or drygoods. More than all, they would look for a man who proposed to stick, who wanted to make steel or drygoods a life business; not some one who expected to stay in it for a year or two and then try banking or ranching.

Right here we are afraid Mr. Hitchcock would have to hand in his resignation. Mr. Hitchcock the Postmaster-General would be the first serious obstacle that Mr. Hitchcock the ruthless business man would find in the way of the Department's making a profit, though Congress is partially responsible for that condition of affairs. We can never have businesslike and experienced management of the Post-office until some such legislation as the Carter-Weeks Bill is passed, giving the country a non-political Director of Posts who will be selected for fitness and not for political reasons; who will hold his office because he can make good and not because he can make votes. Heretofore our Postmasters-General have held office for but a few years at best and have usually been more occupied with politics, both inside and outside their department, than with its business. They could touch only the high spots before the time came for them to give place to other inexperienced politicians. How many men would intrust their own business to that kind of manager? If they did how could they expect anything but a deficit? A competent Director of Posts, paid an adequate salary and assured of his position as long as he continued to "make good"—not in votes, but in his real business—would have to begin by inaugurating drastic reforms all along the line. Every business man has had some experience with "office politics." Nothing is so demoralizing, nothing is so dreaded, nothing is so ruthlessly stamped out by a wise manager. Imagine, then, a business in which politics has been encouraged; in which the high offices have gone to politicians; in which the rank and file cannot hope for promotion up through the various grades of the service to the highest position of all, as they can in any other American business. Why should the letter carrier, the postal clerk, the little country postmaster, strive for excellence and efficiency unless, as they show special fitness and ability, they can expect advancement from the street and the car to the office, from the little positions to the big ones, from the poorly paid jobs in the country to the well paid ones in the city, from Podunk to New York, and even to the Directorship of Posts? A system that would put the Steel Trust out of business is perhaps in itself a sufficient reason for a postal deficit.

The importance of rooting out politics in the Post-office cannot be too strongly emphasized. It should take precedence over every other reform. A department organized from top to bottom on merit, with liberal salaries and promotion from grade to grade and from country to city as a man proves up, would make for an *esprit de corps* and an efficiency that are absolutely impossible under present conditions. First of all, that postal deficit is the contribution of the American people to a vicious political system.

What the Chairman of the Senate Committee Believes

A MODERN business man at the head of the Post-office would first demand legislation that would enable him to use modern business methods. The need for this legislation is fully set forth in the following interview, which was given several weeks ago to the Philadelphia Press by Senator Boies Penrose, chairman of the Senate Postal Committee and head of the last Joint Postal Commission. Speaking of the Carter-Weeks Bill, Senator Penrose said:

"The bill which seeks to improve business methods in the Post-office Department had its origin in the Joint Postal Commission, of which I was chairman and the late Jesse Overstreet, chairman of the House Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, was vice-chairman. That commission conducted an investigation over a period of two years.

"Congress appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars for the expenses of this inquiry, and almost all of the money was paid to two New York firms of accountants. Their work was the examination of the business methods of the Post-office Department and the recommendation of remedies for whatever conditions they condemned.

"These firms had examined institutions and business conditions in England, Canada, Australia and other countries, and are experts in their line. They were instructed to investigate the methods in the Post-office Department just as though it were a subsidiary company that was showing yearly deficits on its balance-sheets.

"The first matter that caught the attention of these investigators was the fact that there was no adequate system of accounting in the Post-office Department. As a consequence there was always the greatest confusion concerning accounts of all kinds. It was impossible to determine what any branch of the Post-office service was earning or losing.

"It was equally impossible to decide what proportions of the annual postal deficit could fairly be charged to the various classes of postal matter. For instance, the inquiry into the cost of carrying second-class mail could not reach a solution because of this confusion in the accounts. It was this agitation of the second-class-mail cost, by the way, that was responsible for the commission and the entire investigation.

"One of the matters to which the expert investigators early called the attention of the commission was the frequent changes in the head of the postal system. Since the time of President McKinley, our Postmasters-General have averaged only one year of service. It was argued that these rapidly shifting changes did not make for the good of the service.

"As a consequence of these arguments and findings the bill which was recommended by the commission, and which has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Carter and in the House by Representative Weeks, contains provisions designed to change the criticised conditions.

"A salient feature of the bill is the creation of the office of Director of Posts. This office is to be in the nature of a permanency. The Director of Posts is to be subject to the Postmaster-General, but he is to have general charge of the business conduct of the Post-office Department.

"Under him are to be several assistant directors, two of whom are to have supervision of the accounts of the department. All of these accounts are to be collected into one channel instead of being separated and passed through a number of independent bureaus as at present.

"Another feature of the bill is the decentralization of the whole system in the matter of reports and supplies. It is proposed to divide the country into districts, each of which will be in charge of a superintendent.

"To the headquarters of each of these districts will come the requisitions for supplies that now cumber the work of the Federal department. To them will also go the reports upon minute and relatively unimportant matters.

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WHEN LUCK WAS WITH HIM

Ole Reliable Saves the Country and Reaps His Just Reward

There Wasn't Enough Water in the Seas to Make Him Any Soppier

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

SINCE long before sunrise Ole Reliable had been sitting upon that same log, dozens of miles above Vicksburg, in the very heart of the swamp: That log held out absolutely no seductions as a place to sit down. Cold as the weather was and wet as Zack was, he ought not to have been sitting down at all; but he had walked all night from Stillriver Plantation, twelve miles away, when every step was like pulling his leg out of a glue pot. He just stumbled across that log in the dark and never gathered energy to get up. Zack's feet rested in two inches of water, which did not matter—there wasn't enough water in the seas to make him any soppier. Downward from his waist the blue mud sheathed him in complete armor. Above the waist-line it thinned out gradually to spattered blue freckles on his face. Neither the armor nor the freckles mattered; for his face would wash—it was fast black—and the clothes didn't belong to him. Zack gazed down at himself. "I ain't never gwine to clean dese clo'es. Soon as I gits whar de Cunnel is at, I'll throw 'em away."

It was not exactly raining—rainclouds rolled along the ground like soap-bubbles, saturating everything they touched. Ten miles westward the flooding Mississippi threatened to overwhelm the levees and deluge the land. The swamps around him were rapidly filling with back-water, creeping up to the railroad track.

Light diffused itself slowly from no perceptible source. It was time, by the clock, for light to be turned on. When light did come Zack realized the advantages of his log. It lay in the edge of the woods. He could watch the railroad both ways and also a dismal little flag station, but nobody could see him. If the train came along first he would take it; if anybody else came along he would take the swamp.

With wet and muddy hands he pulled some wet and muddy coins out of a wet and muddy pocket. "Seventy cents; wonder will dat carry me to Kathleen, whar de Cunnel is at!" That was the hardest seventy cents Zack ever remembered getting. He got it by cheating his stomach and selling his rations.

Hungry and worn out, he sat on his log humming the gambler's song: "Hundred miles from home; forty dollars loser, and nobody gives a damn."

At the first premonition of a southbound train Zack rushed to the station and stood in the middle of the track. "I'd ruther git run over dan git left." He didn't get either. He grabbed the first hand-hold that came along and swung himself on to the front end of the whites' smoking compartment. With his seventy cents in hand he met the conductor.

"Mister, I wants to go whar de Cunnel is at. Will dis carry me to Bella Station?" He poured nickels and dimes into the conductor's hand.

"Seventy cents; that will carry you to Seminole—eight miles this side of Bella."

"Den I'll jes set down an' ride as long as it holds out. I wants to go whar de Cunnel is at."

"Dey Wouldn't Quit, So I Jes Up Wid Dat Gun"

A much-bespattered white man sat there smoking. He smiled and handed the conductor a quarter.

"Here, cap, take this old negro where he wants to go."

Zack thanked him listlessly, went to his proper car and slept. The next thing Ole Reliable knew the negro porter shouted: "Bella!"

Zack sprang up.

"Got any baggage?" asked the porter.

"Here 'tis." Zack reached down and grabbed his hat, which had fallen to the floor. Then he stepped off at Bella, into the mist, mud and back-water, without a living thing in sight.

Under normal conditions Zack would not have minded a seven-mile walk to Kathleen, "whar de Cunnel was at"—where he could get filled up and dried out; but he was so dry inside and so wet outside he hated to travel. Kathleen Plantation fronted the Mississippi River at the end of Buckshot Ridge. Bella Station was on Seminole Ridge. Between the two lay a depression, usually dry, called Seminole Slough. If it hadn't been for Seminole Slough Zack wouldn't have stumbled upon a fortune—but it looked like hard luck at the start.

Zack set out for Kathleen, mashing down the sticky mud and pulling out his feet again. Mud was bad enough, but he came to the slough and that stopped him. For miles and miles ahead, as far as he could see through the tangle, rising water filled the swamp. He would have waded on, but he couldn't tell how deep it might be and nobody could swim through the underbrush. "I sho is outdone," he remarked to himself and sat down in the mud—which didn't matter. Then he found a negro who told him that since the back-water rose so high the Kathleen wagons went to Seminole Station instead of coming to Bella. "Now ef you had jes got off at Seminole you could 'a' got across dis evenin'; but dere won't be no mo' waggins until day after tomorrer."

"Ain't dat hard luck?" Zack grumbled. "Ef dat white gent'man hadn't paid my way to Bella I'd 'a' got whar de Cunnel is at."

"I tell you what to do," suggested the other negro. "Follow dis slough down to ole man Jim Morgan's an' git a dugout from him. Dat's de onliest way to git through dis swamp in high water."

Zack heartened up wonderfully; he was an expert waterman and could handle a dugout with the best; but all directions look the same in an overflowed swamp, and he got lost. All that day he waded in mud, tore through briers, broke down and climbed over masses of tangled driftwood; but he never

did find old man Jim Morgan's. Then he began to notice stumps of cypress, freshly cut; some of the logs were floating and some were anchored so they couldn't get away. "Heap o' timber cut in here," he thought; and Zack knew there must be men with boats.

But Zack recalled unpleasant tales of timbermen who went on anybody's land, cut anybody's timber and then cut anybody's levee to let the water in to float it out—and cut anybody's throat into the bargain. Sometimes the landowners interfered with them—and sometimes landowners disappeared. Zack knew of more than one instance where a levee guard had been shot by men who were trying to cut the levee. Timber-thieves were around—no doubt about it. Zack kept his eyes skinned.

A little before dark he began to reach higher ground and hoped he was getting to the ridge. Then he saw several dirty tents and a fire. His first impulse was caution; the second impulse gnawed in his stomach. A pot hung over the fire and a man was cooking supper. There were no dogs and Zack always suspected people who had no dogs. He saw two other men sitting on blocks at either side of a rough table. His wits being sharpened by hunger, he observed them closely; their descriptions afterward became important. One was a short heavy-set white man with stubby red beard and sleeves rolled back from a gigantic forearm; the other, a small, wiry man with a thin black mustache and oily hair. Zack could have shut his eyes and described either one of them, especially Rolf, the Red Axman, as he was called throughout the swamp.

Rolf sprang to his feet with a half oath and stood upright, pressing his finger steadily on the table. There was a paper or map of some sort spread out before him.

"See here, Bud Shackles, you are going about this thing wrong—the place for that Kathleen levee to break is right here at this black cottonwood tree. It's weak in that turn anyhow. Don't you see that would throw the current right through this slough and float us out to Sunflower River?"

Bud Shackles' expression did not rise to the dignity of a wolf, unless it be a coyote. He had a furtive, animal-like way of searching through the woods as though somebody were spying upon him. He leaned forward with both elbows on the table and looked up at the big red man. "Let her break most anywhere; that's good enough for me. Rolf, that levee is bound to break or we go broke. I won't stay in here another dry year and watch this timber. If those people hold the levees this year they'll build 'em up so high before the next water that we will never have an overflow and get out. Rolf," he said, "that—levee—is—going—to break; it is going to break next week; and—it is going to break at the best place for us." Bud was a bolder man than he appeared; he looked the Red Axman squarely in the eye. Rolf did not flinch or shake his head. He heard, and thought, and nodded. The two were vastly different men, linked together by one fixed idea—to get money. Either would have murdered the other for his share. They had money—a large sum—in these cypress logs. A current of water through that slough, taken at its flood, would sweep them on to fortune.

Zack crouched in the woods and did not hear all that they were saying. The words "Kathleen," "black tree," "levee," constantly recurred. Being a shinglemaker—familiar with the getting out of cypress—Zack understood pretty clearly what Bud Shackles meant.

If Zack had had sufficient belly-timber to carry him to Kathleen he would have passed up that camp. But he was about to cave in on himself—and the third man kept stirring that pot. He was bound to go to it. So Zack sneaked off a little way, made a noise and came stumbling awkwardly through the underbrush.

"Here, you nigger! What do you want?" Rolf demanded.

"I wants a job, mister, so I kin git sumpin' to eat." Zack needed something to eat—anybody could see that.

"Got no job here. Hit the grit! Vamose! Skedaddle!" Rolf spoke gruffly. Then Shackles suggested, in a low voice: "We'd better get everything in shipshape."

"Here!" Rolf called. "Come back, old man. Can you use an auger?"

"Sho kin, boss; I'm a ole shinglemaker." Zack got his supper—with a sentence to hard labor.

This Was Poor Fun, Because He Had Nobody to Look at Him

Just before dark his experienced ear caught the sound of a paddle; it was a dugout and Zack knew that the paddler was a green hand. As the man came slowly into sight Ole Reliable listened to his erratic strokes and toilsome progress.

Rolf and Bud were evidently waiting for this negro; they met him in the mud at the edge of the slough. As he stepped out of the dugout he handed Bud Shackles a roll of newspapers, which was opened eagerly. Bud Shackles was interested in the river column, which told of booming waters up above and the inexorable rise of the Mississippi.

"Well, Oliver," Rolf asked the negro abruptly, "how is that levee?"

"Mighty shaky at dat black tree. De big boss is comin' tomorrer."

"Who do you mean—old Spottiswoode?"

"Yas, suh; dat's him; de one what owns de plantation."

Zack pricked up his ears and listened diligently, keenly and in part successfully.

The Colonel was expected at Kathleen—just as Mr. Gerard had told him. The planters were panicky about their levee: the levee was particularly weak at the black tree turn—near the end of a slough that led into Seminole Slough. Oliver was working on that levee and reporting every night to the timbermen; he would come back the next night—all of this the old negro heard and understood.

Ole Reliable watched Oliver—never let the negro get out of his sight. After Oliver had told Rolf and Bud all he knew, got some supper and a drink, he shoved his dugout off from the bank. Ole Reliable noted his course with the eye of a natural boatman. "Huh!" he thought—"easy enough to foller dat nigger; he makes mo' fuss dan a town hoss in a brier patch."

Zack spent the next day at hard labor working next to Rolf and in dread of that hairy forearm. Bud and Rolf talked of the river news that was in the papers—the river would continue to rise for three days, when the crest of the flood was expected to pass.

During this day Zack found time to select the best dugout from among those that were beached beneath the bending cypress and put a strong paddle where he could find it. Then he waited for Oliver to come—Oliver, who would lead him to "whar the Cunnel was at."

The next night, after bringing his report to Rolf and Bud, Oliver departed noisily. Immediately behind him a silent shadow slipped away from the bending cypress and kept the awkward paddler in hearing if not in sight.

The Mississippi levees are nothing but ridges of dirt sodded with Bermuda grass. For quite a while they will resist any strain of water that does not actually wash over them; but after all they are only dirt at heart. If the water stands against them for a long period they get sobby, their weak spots are discovered and they tremble if a man walks upon them. Seepage water trickles through, from nowhere in particular, and as clear as though it had been filtered. This gathers around the base of the levee on the land side, forming a succession of ponds. So long as this seepage water runs clear it is not considered imminently dangerous; but when mud begins to flow, then the watcher understands that the levee is crumbling inside and may collapse.

If a stream of water an inch thick be once started through a perfectly sound levee, with that tremendous pressure behind it, possibly in ten minutes it will pass beyond the power of mortal man to save—just as Niagara would wreck a breastwork of soft brown sugar. A stick of dynamite will do this in five seconds. A single spade will open it in five minutes; an iron bar—even an ordinary fishing pole—may be thrust through the soft earth, pulled out again, and the gushing water tears it wide open. Bud and Rolf knew how easy it was to destroy a levee; and that water-soaked ridge was all that stood between them and fortune. They also knew that such destruction would devastate miles of rich country, drive people from their homes, wash their fields into gullies and drown their cattle. That was not a timber-thief's lookout; that was for the planter. And the planters looked out. They set guards on the levees night and day. Any man who by day, or especially by night, approached that levee in a skiff was first given the warning sign; then he was notified to stop—and he had better stop. If he persisted in coming on he would be shot. This was the law of the levee. It was not written in the statute-books, but the peril of the people made it and the necessities of the people enforced it.

The house on Kathleen Plantation fronted the levee, not more than fifty yards away—a long, low, white house built on high piers, with latticework beneath. It was a comfortable home and was now turned into headquarters for the planters of that entire neighborhood, who were struggling to hold their threatened levee. Billy Wade had come over from Sherwood Plantation—as had many owners and managers from the back country.

That was how Mrs. Bella Wynston—spelled with a y—happened to be in temporary command of domestic arrangements on Kathleen. Mrs. Wynston was the first white person to catch sight of Ole Reliable on the morning after he arrived from the timber-thieves' camp. He was sitting on a bench in the back yard, with both hands in his pockets and his legs crossed underneath. She glanced his way and passed on, supposing him to be one of the many stray negroes who had come to work on the levee. Though Zack had rather see Mr. Billy first, he couldn't afford to let any train get by him. He got up and flagged Mrs. Wynston with his battered hat: "Mornin', ma'am."

The lady calmly finished buttoning her glove. She was dressed in her neatest riding suit and carried a whip. During the fight for the levee dozens of attractive planters would congregate at Kathleen and she must look her best. She did, but Zack didn't.

"Good morning," she answered, as if that were quite sufficient. Something familiar in his attitude struck her and she stopped. "Aren't you the old man that comes up from Vicksburg with the Colonel?"

"Yas'm; I are him."

"What is your name?"

"Zack Foster, ma'am; but everybody, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'" Zack used the name proudly and promptly. On Stillriver Plantation he had been sailing under the title of "Uncle Josiah Walker," which wasn't nearly so impressive a mouthful.

"And the Colonel will be here today?" Mrs. Wynston arched her brows very, very slightly.

"Yas'm; he 'lowed to come today." Zack didn't volunteer the source of his information—through Oliver—but let her infer that he knew from the Colonel himself. Mrs. Wynston moved on in majesty; Zack might have saved himself the trouble of flagging that train. It was a palace-car special and there was no call for breakfast.

Then Zack heard steps coming through the hall. Mrs. Wynston turned and said: "William, I will not have you tracking that mud all over my floors."

Billy answered, but not sharply: "When that levee breaks it'll take this house and you won't have any floors."

Billy strode into the back yard, also in riding costume and muddy from head to foot. His leggings might originally have been of any color—now they were buckshot blue.

"Hello, Uncle Zack!" he called cheerily. "You look like the dogs had had you."

"Yas, suh, Mister Billy; sho is."

"Working on the levee?"

"Been in de water like de res' of 'em," Zack replied diplomatically.

"Come in here and get a drink—you need it." And the sun began to shine for Zack.

Zack started to follow him into the house, but Mrs. Wynston appeared in the door. "William, I draw the line at that!"—nodding toward Zack. So Billy brought him out a glass of whisky and some dry clothes; then he shouted a few joyful words to the kitchen: "Get your breakfast quick and come to the levee; we are afraid she's going to bust."

Dry clothes made Zack feel good, a drink made him feel better, breakfast made him feel the best; but when Colonel Spottiswoode came riding up to the front gallery Zack's bucket of joy slopped over. Ole Reliable darted out of the kitchen and ran around the corner of the house to witness the stately welcome that Mrs. Bella Wynston—spelled with a y—extended to the owner of Kathleen. Zack couldn't understand what she said, but he knew she was talking a lot of language. The Colonel seemed preoccupied; he looked anxiously over Mrs. Wynston's shoulder and saw Billy running down the side of the levee. Without replying to Mrs. Wynston's gay little repartee, he stepped to the edge of the gallery and shouted:

"Oh, Billy, did those sacks come?"

"Came last night, Colonel."

"Ten thousand?"

"All here."

"Good. Get 'em out."

Zack maneuvered around from one position to another until the Colonel caught sight of him. "Here, Zack; take my horse and give him a good feed."

"Done done it, Cunnel."

This wiped out all previous differences; no awkward questions would be asked—the record was sponged clean.

Colonel Spottiswoode hadn't been in the house ten minutes before he was out again, with his mud-boots, striding ahead of Billy toward the levee. Some distance away, on the crest of the levee, Doctor Paulding, Newton Fisher, Worthington Foote, Hazlewood Kerr—quite a group of planters—were coming toward them. All of their property would be overflowed if the levee gave way at this point.

Colonel Spottiswoode was sixty years young, clear-eyed, broad-shouldered, with a body of seasoned oak. He had been fighting high water all his life and had seen the levee system grow up from nothing. During the last few years his crop had been raised in security, but now the highest water in a decade threatened to engulf it. He walked up the steep embankment, stopping now and then to stamp on it.

"Billy, it feels mighty shaky."

"Yes, sir; but the worst place is up yonder at the black tree. That's just like mush."

The group of planters hurried toward him.

"Colonel, we are mighty glad to see you. If anybody can hold this levee you are the man."

They shook hands all around without much talking. Colonel Spottiswoode looked out over the expanse of turbulent water, so vast and powerful as compared with their slender thread of dirt that he shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "Gentlemen, I'm afraid we can't fence in a bull with potato ridges. Billy, how much has she risen since morning?"

Billy knelt down to examine a stake on which he kept his marks. "Inch and a half since six o'clock."

Spottiswoode shook his head. "There is just one of two things to do: give up right now or fight."

The planters gathered anxiously around him. "We'll do anything you say."

"Do you want me to take charge of this levee?"

Hazlewood Kerr answered for them all: "Yes, sir; that's why we telegraphed for you."

"You know when I take charge I take charge! No back talk."

They tried to smile, but the situation was too desperate.

"Very well; for a weak levee you need dirt, sacks, men, system. This one must be raised two feet to hold the water that's already in sight. Get on your horses; bring every negro you've got—right away. Send word to the back-country men to come here at once—owners, managers, hands, everybody. Doctor Paulding, you see to

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Tad Sheldon, Second-Class Scout

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THERE is no har-rm in the story, though it speaks ill for us big people with Misther to our names," said Chief Engineer Mickey O'Rourke, balancing his coffee cup between his two scarred hands. "Ye remimber the lasht toime I was on leave—and I wint down to Yaquina Bay with Captain Tyler on his tin gas schooner, thinkin' to mesilf it was a holiday—and all the fun I had was insthructin' the gasoline engineer in the mysteries of how to expriss one's sintimints without injurin' the skipper's feelin's? Well, I landed in the bay and walked about in the woods, which is foine for the smell of thim which is like fresh tar; and one afternoon I finds two legs and small feet stickin' out of a hole under a stump. I pulled on the two feet and the legs came out and at the end of thim a bhoy, mad with rage and dirt in his eyes.

"'Ye have spoiled me fun!' says he, lookin' at me very fierce.

"'Do yez dig yer fun out of the ground like coal?' I demands.

"'I'm investigatin' the habits of squirrels,' says he. 'I must find out how a squirrel turns round in his hole. Does he turn a summersault or stick his tail between his ears and go over backward?'

"'He turns inside out, like an ould sock,' I informs him, and he scorns me natural history. On the strength of mutual language we get acquainted. He is Tad Sheldon, the eldest son of Surfman No. 1, of the life-saving crew. He is fourteen years ould. Me bould Tad has troubles of his own, consisting of five other youngsters who are his gang. 'We are preparing to inter the ranks of the Bhoy Scouts,' he tells me, settin' be the side of the squirrel-hole. 'We are all tenderfeet and we can't get enlisted with the rest of the bhoys in the United States because each scout must have a dollar in the bank and between the six of us we have only one dollar and six bits and that's in me mother's apron pocket and in no bank at all.'

"'Explain,' says I.

"'Tis this way,' says me young sprig. 'All the bhoys in the country of America have joined the scouts, which is an army of felleys that know the woods and about animals and how to light a fire, and know the law.'

"'Stop!' I orders. 'No one knows the law without gold in one hand and a book in the other. If ye knew the law ye would have yer dollar.'

"'Tis the scouts' law,' says he. 'It tells ye to obey yer superiors and be fair to animals and kind to people ye care little for. Ye must know how to take care of yourself anywhere and be ready whin the country needs ye.'

"'And ye need a dollar?' I asks. 'Thin, why not work for it and stop pokin' yer nose down squirrel-holes, where there is neither profit nor wages?'

"'Because I'm to be the pathrol-leader and I must know more than me men,' he retorts.

"Now, ye remimber I had in me pocket three pay checks, besides the money of Mr. Lof, the second engineer, which I had got for him and was carryin' about to send to him by the first friend I saw. So I took off me cap and pulled out one of the checks and said: 'Me bould bhoy, go down to the town and get the cash for this. Bring it back to me and I'll give ye a dollar; and thin ye can become a scout.'

"The lad looked at me and then at the Governmint check. He shook his head till the dirt rolled into his ears, for he was still full of the clods he had rubbed into himsilf in the hole. 'I can't take a dollar from a man in the service,' he says. 'I must earn it.'

"'And Ye Need a Dollar?' I Asks. 'Thin, Why Not Work For it and Stop Pokin' Yer Nose Down Squirrel-Holes?'"

"'The Governmint's money is clane,' I rebukes him. 'I'm ould and me legs ends just above me feet, so that I walk with difficulty. 'Tis worth a dollar to get the coin without trampin'.'

"'I will earn it from somebody not in the service,' says me bould bhoy, with great firmness.

"'I'm no surfman, thank Hivin!' I remarks. 'I'm in the establishmint and look down on ye.'

"'If I'd known ye were a lighthouse man I'd have taken all ye had at first,' he retorts. 'But ye have made me a fair offer and I forgive ye. My father works for his living.'

"Ye know how the life-savers and the lighthouse people pass language between thim whin they meet. The lad

and I exchanged complimints, but he spared me because I had gray hairs. 'In time ye will become a keeper of a station and perform for the idification of the summer gur-rl,' I concludes. 'But, if ye were more industhrious and had more iducation, ye might in time get into the establishmint and tind a third-order light.'

"'Why should I bury mesilf among ould min without arms and legs?' he inquires haughtily. 'Me youngest sister clanes the lamps in our house with a dirty rag and an ould toothbrush.'

"'Well,' says I, seein' that it was poor fortune to be quarrelin' with a slip of a kid, 'do yez want the dollar or not?'

"And at that we got down to facts and he explained that this scout business was most important. It appeared that the other five bhoys depinded on him to extricate thim from their difficulties and set them all up as scouts, with uniforms and knives and a knowledge of wild animals and how to build a fire in a bucket of watther. We debated the thing back and forth till the sun dropped behind the trees and the could air came up from the ground and stuck me with needles of rheumatism.

"The lad was a good lad and he made plain to me why his dollar was har-rd to get. He had thought of savin' the life of a summer visitor, but the law read that he must save life anyhow, without lookin' for pay. 'And we can't all save lives,' he mourns; 'for some of the kids is too young.'

"'But ye must earn money, ye scut,' I says. 'Ye're fourteen and whin I was that age I was me mother's support and joy. I made four shillin's a wake mixin' plaster for a tile-layer.'

"'I work,' he responds dolefully. 'But it goes to me mother to put with the savings in the bank against the time me father will be drownded and leave us without support, for ye must know that we life-savers get no pensions.'

"'I niver hear-rd of a life-saver bein' drownded,' I remarks. 'But it may be, for I see ye are of an exthraordinary family and anything may come to such. How many are there of yez?'

"'There are six of us childher, all gur-rls but mesilf,' says he, with rage in his voice. 'And Carson—he was No. 4—broke his hip in a wreck last year and died of the bruise and left five, which the crew is lookin' after. Young Carson is one of me gang and makes a dollar and four bits a week deliverin' clams to the summer folks. Ye see he can't save a dollar for the bank.' And we got up and discussed the matther going down the hill toward the town. Before we parted Tad tould me where he lived.

"'I'd call on yer father and mother,' says I, 'if I cud be sure they would appreciate the honor. 'Tis a comedown for an officer in the lighthouse establishmint to inter the door of a surfman.'

"'Me father has a kind heart and is good to the ould,' he answers me. 'We live beyond the station, on the bluff.'

"With that we went our ways and I ate an imminse meal in the hotel with the dishes all spread out before me—and a pretty gur-rl behind me shoulder to point out the best of thim. Thin I walked out and started for the house of me bould Tad.

"I found thim all seated in the parlor excipt the missus, who was mixin' bread in the kitchen. I inthroduced mesilf, and Sheldon, who had No. 1 on his sleeve, offered me a pipe, which I took. I came down to business, houldin' me cap full of checks and money on me lap. 'Yer bould bhoy wants to be a scout and lacks a dollar,' I says. 'I like his looks, though I discovered him in a hole under a tree. He won't take me money and scorns me and the establishmint.'

"'He must earn it,' he answers, scowlin' over his pipe.

"'But I'll spind it,' I insists, peerin' at the bhoy out of the tail of me eye. 'If yer town weren't dhry I'd have given it to the saloon man for the good of the family he hasn't got. So why bilge at a single dollar?'

"''Tis the scout's law,' puts in me bould Tad. 'I must make it honestly.' And he settled his head between his hands and gazed reproachfully at the clane floor. So I saved me money and sat till eight o'clock exchangin' complimints with Misther Sheldon. Thin the bell rang on the hill beyond the station and he pulled his cap off the dresser, kissed his wife and the five gur-rls and wint out to his watch and a good sleep. Whin he was gone I stood in the doorway and Missus Sheldon tould me of the little Carsons and how Missus Carson had sworn niver to marry again excipt in the life-saving service. 'She says the Governmint took away her husband and her support,' says the good lady, 'and she'll touch no money excipt Governmint checks, bein' used to thim and Uncle Sam owin' her the livin' he took away.'

"'With five childher she shud look up and marry one of the men in the establishmint,' I informs her. 'They are good husbands and make money.'

"'Though a widow, she has pride,' she responds sharply; and I left, with young Tad follerin' at me heels till I let him overtake me and whisper: 'If ye'd buy some clams off of young Carson it wud help the widow.'

"'I am starved for clams,' I whispers back like a base conspirator for the hand of the lovely gur-rl in the castle. 'Show me the house of me bould Carson.' He pointed to a light through the thin woods.

"They thought I was crazy whin I returned to the hotel with a hundred pounds of clams dripping down me back. 'I dug thim with me own hands this night,' I tould the man in the office. 'Cook thim all for me breakfast.'

"'Ye're a miracle of strength and endurance under watther,' says he; 'for 'tis now high tide and the surf is heavy.'

"'I found their tracks in the road and followed thim to their lair,' I retorts. 'Do I get thim for breakfast?'

"And in the mor-rnin', whin I was that full of clams that I needed a shell instead of a weskit, I walked on the beach with the admirin' crowds of summer tourists and lovely women. It was fine weather and the little ones were barefooted and the old ones bareheaded, and the wind was gentle, and the life-savers were polishin' their boat in full view of the wondherin' throng; and I thought of this ould tub out here on the ind of a chain and pitied thim all. Thin I sthrolled around the point to the bay and found me bould Tad dhrillin' his gang in an ould skiff, with home-made oars in their little fists and Tad sthandin' in the stern-sheets, with a huge steerin' sweep between his arms and much loud language in his mouth. Whin I appeared they looked at me and Tad swung his boat up to the beach and invited me in. 'We will show you a dhrill ye will remimber,' says he, very polite. And with my steppin' in he thrust the skiff off and the bhoys rowed with tremenjous strength. We wint along a full three knots an hour, till he yelled another ordher and the bhoys dropped their oars and jumped over to one side; and I found mesilf undher the boat, with me mouth full of salt watther and ropes. Whin I saw the sun again me bould Tad says to me with disapprobation: 'Ye aren't experienced in capsize dhrill.'

"'In the establishmint we use boats to keep us out of the watther,' I responds, hunting for the papers out of me cap. 'The newspapers are full of rebukes for thim that rock boats to their own peril.'

"There is No Har-rm in the Story, Though it Speaks Ill for Us Big People With Misther to Our Names"

"With that they all felt ashamed and picked up me papers and grunted at each other, tryin' to blame somebody else. And whin I had me checks and me papers all safe again I smiled on thim and me bould Tad took heart. ''Tis not to tip the boat over,' says he, 'but to get it back on an even keel after a sea's capsized her—that is the point of the dhrill.' And we pulled ashore to dhry.

"Whiles we were sittin' on the sand drainin' the watther out of our shoes a small, brassy launch came down the bay, with many men and women on her little decks. Me bould Tad looked at her with half-shut eyes and snorted. 'Some day it will be the life-saving crew that must bring those ninnies back to their homes,' he says. 'The Pacific is nothing to fool with in a gasoline launch. 'Tis betther to be safe and buy your fish.' And we watched the launch chug by and out on the bar and to sea. I learned that she was the Gladys by name and fetched tourists to the fishing grounds, nine miles down the coast.

"All the bhoys were respictful to me excipt young Carson, who recognized in me bould Mickey the man who had asked for a hundredweight of clams. He stared at me superciliously and refused to have speech with me, bein' ashamed, if I can judge of his youthful thoughts, of bein' in the same company with a fool.

"But I discovered that the gang was all bent on becomin' what they called second-class scouts, which they made plain to me was betther by one than a tenderfoot. But they niver mintioned the lackings of the dollar, bein' gintlemin. They wanted to know of me whether I thought that boatmanship and knowledge of sailing would be accipted be the powers instid of wisdom as to bird-tracks and intimacy with wild animals and bugs. And the heart of me opened, the youth of me came back; and I spoke to thim as one lad to another, with riferince to me years in a steamer and the need of hard hands and a hard head.

"The ind of it was that they rowled across the sand to me side and we all lay belly down over a chart, which me bould Tad had procured after the manner of bhoys, and they explained to me how they knew the coast for twelve miles each side of Yaquina Bay, with the tides and currents all plain in their heads. And I was surprised at what the young scuts knew—God save thim!

"At noon the visitors suddenly stopped lookin' at the scenery and hastened away with hunger in their eyes. The crew ran the surfboat back into the station and the bhoys drew their skiff up out of har-rm's way; and I wint back to me hotel and more clams. On the steps I found young Carson, grinnin' like a cat.

"'Ye don't have to eat thim shell fish,' says he, lookin' away. 'Gimme the sack of thim and I'll peddle thim to the tourists and bring ye the money.'

"'Whisht and away with ye!' I commanded. "Who are you to be dictatin' the diet of yer betthers?' And he fled, without glancin' behind him.

"There was some remar-rks passed upon me wet clothes, but I tould the clerk in the office that me duty often called me to get drippin' soaked and went into the dinin' room with a stiff neck under me proud chin. There was but few in the place and the gur-rl who stood by me shoulder to pilot me through the various coorses infor-rmed me that the most of the guests were out on the Gladys fishin'. 'And the most of thim will have little appetite for their dinners,' she mused gently, thereby rebukin' me for a second helpin' of the fresh meat.

"In the afternoon I sthrolled out on the beach again, but saw little. A heavy fog was rowlin' from the nor'ard and the breeze before it was chill and damp as a widow's bed. I walked for me health for an hour and then ran to kape war-rm. At the ind of my spurt I was amazed to find mesilf exactly at the hotel steps. I wint in and laid me down be the fire and slept. I woke to hear a woman wailin'.

"He Was for Runnin' Whin He Saw Us, but Cudn't for the Lack of Clothes"

"Whin me eyes were properly open, and both pointed in the same direction, I found mesilf in the midst of a crowd. The sittin' room was full of people, all with misery in their faces. The woman whose cries had woke me was standin' be the windey, with one hand around a handkerchief. 'My God!' she was sayin'—'My God! And me bhoy is on that boat!' And I knew that it was throuble and that many people would have their heads in their hands that night, with aches in their throats. I got up—shoes in me hand. At sight of me bright unifor-rm ten men flung themselves on me. 'You will help save them?' they cried at me.

"'I will so soon as I get me shoes on,' I remar-rked, pushing them off me toes. I put on me boots and stood up. 'Now I'll save thim,' says I. 'Where are they?'

"'They're on the Gladys,' says three at once. 'Thirty of our people—women and men and childher.'

"'Why wake me?' I demanded crosslike. 'Aren't the brave life-savers even now sitting be the fire waitin' for people to come and be saved? I'm a chief engineer in the lighthouse establishmint and we save no lives excipt whin we can't help it. Get the life-saving crew.'

"And they explained to me bould Mickey that the crew was gone twenty miles up the coast to rescue the men on a steam schooner that was wrecked off the Siletz, word of it having come down but two hours since. They looked at me unifor-rm and demanded their relatives at me hands. I shoved thim away and wint out to think. In the prociss it occurred to me that the Gladys might not be lost. I wint back and asked thim how they knew it was time to mourn. 'If that launch is ashore they are as close to the fire as they can get,' I tould thim. 'And if she has gone down 'tis too late to dhry their stockings.'

"'She is lost in the fog,' I was infor-rmed. She shud have been back at her wharf at four o'clock. 'Twas now turned six and the bar was rough and blanketed in mist. The captain of the harbor tug had stated, with wise shakes of the head, that the Gladys cud do no more than lay outside the night and wait for sunshine and a smooth crossing. I shoved thim away from me again and wint out to think.

"It was a mur-rky fog, the sort that slathers over the watther like thick oil. Beyond the hill I cud hear the surf pounding like a riveter in a boiler. Overhead was a sheet of gray cloud, flying in curds before the wind, and in me mouth was the taste of the deep sea, blown in upon me with the scent of the storm. Two words with the skipper of the tug tould me the rest. 'It's coming on to blow a little from the south'ard,' said me bould mariner. 'It's so thick the Gladys can't find her way back. Her passengers will be cold and hungry whin they retur-rn in the mor-rnin'.'

"'And will ye not go after thim?'

"'I can't,' says he. 'Me steamer is built for the bay and one sea on the bar wud destroy the investmint. The life-saving crew is up north after a wreck.'

"'Is there no seagoin' craft in this harbor?' I demands.

"'There is not,' says he. 'Captain Tyler took his gas schooner down the coast yesterday.'

"So I sat down and thought, wonderin' how I cud sneak off me unifor-rm and have peace. For I knew that me brass buttons wud keep me tongue busy all night explainin' that I was not a special providence paid be the Governmint to save fools from purgat'ry. In me thoughts I heard a wor-rd in me ear. I looked up. 'Twas me bould Tad, with the gang clustherin' at his heels.

"'Ye have followed the sea for many years?' says he.

"'I have followed it whin it was fair weather,' I responded, 'but the most of the time the sea has chased me ahead of it. Me coattail is still wet from the times it caught me. Speak up! What is it?'

"The bhoy pulled out of his jacket his ould chart and laid it before me. 'The Gladys is at anchor off these rocks,' says he, layin' a small finger on a spot. 'And in this weather she will have to lie there as long as she can. Whin it blows she must up anchor and get out or go ashore here.' He moved his finger a mite and it rested on what meant rocks.

"'Well?' I remar-rks.

"'Me father and all the bhoys' fathers are gone up north to rescue the crew of a steam schooner that's wrecked. Before they get back it will be too late. I thought ——'

"'What were ye thinkin', ye scut?' says I fiercely.

"He dropped one foot on the other and looked me between the eyes. 'I was thinkin' we wud go afther her and save her,' says he, very bould.

"I cast me eyes over the bunch of little felleys and laughed. But me bould Tad didn't wink. 'There's people out there drownding,' says he. 'We've dhrilled and we know all the ropes; but we can't pull our skiff across the bar and the big boat is not for us, bein' the keeper's orders. And we haven't the weight to pull it anyhow.' And he stared me out of me laugh.

"'There's no seagoin' craft in the harbor,' I says, to stop his nonsinse.

"'There is another launch,' he remar-rks casually.

"We looked at each other and he thin says: 'Can ye run a gasoline engine?'

"'I have had to,' I infor-rms him, 'but I dislike the smell.'

"'The owner of this launch is not here,' says me young sprig. 'And he niver tould us not to take it. If you'll run the engine we'll be off and rescue the folks on the Gladys!'

"Be the saints! I laughed to kill mesilf, till the little brat up and remar-rks to the gang: 'These lighthouse officers wear a unifor-rm and have no wor-rkin' clothes at all, not needin' thim in their business.'

"So I parleyed with thim a momint to save me face. 'And how will ye save thim that's dyin' in deep watthers?'

"'By tomorrow nobody can cross the bar,' I'm infor-rmed. 'And the skipper of the Gladys don't know this coast. We'll just pick him up and pilot him in.'

"'But the bar!' I protests. 'It's too rough to cross a launch inwardbound, even if ye can get out.'

"'For the Love of Mercy, What is That?' I Yelled"

"'I know the soft places,' says the little sprig of a bhoy, very proudly. 'Come on.'

"'And if I don't come?' I inquired.

"He leaned over and touched the brass buttons on me jacket. 'Ye have sworn to do your best,' says he. 'I've not had a chance to take me oath yet as a second-class scout, but between ourselves we have done so. I appeal to yez as one man to another.'

"I got up. 'I've niver expicted to serve undher so small a captain,' I remar-rks, 'but that is neither here nor there. Where is that gasoline engine?'

"We stepped proudly off in the dusk, me bould Tad houldin' himsilf very straight beside me and the gang marchin' at our heels shouldher to shouldher. Prisintly we came to a wharf and ridin' to the float below it was a big white launch, cabined and decked. Tad jumped down and the gang folleyed. Thin I lowered mesilf down with dignity and intered the miserable engine room.

"I have run every sort of engine and machine made by experts and other ignoramuses. I balk at nothing. The engine was new to me, but I lit a lantern and examined its inwards with anxiety and superciliousness. Prisintly, by the grace of God, it started off. A very small bhoy held the lantern for me while I adjusted the valves and the carbureter, and this bould lad infor-rmed me with pride that the 'leader' had assigned him to me as my engine-room crew. And whin the machine was revolvin' with some speed that individual thrust his head in at the door to ask me if I was ready. 'If ye are,' says that limb of wickedness, 'we will start, chief.'

"'Ye may start any time,' I says, with great respict. 'But whin we'll stop is another matther.'

"'Ye must keep her goin' whiles we cross the bar,' he infor-rms me, with a straight look.

"The little gong rang and I threw in the clutch and felt the launch slide away. The jingle came and I opened her up. 'Twas a powerful machine and whin I felt the jerk and pull of her four cylinders I sint me assistant to find the gasoline tank and see whether we had oil enough. Thinks I, if this machine eats up fuel like this we must e'en have enough and aplenty. The bhoy came back with smut on his nose and shtated that the tank was full.

"'How do ye know?' I demanded.

"'I've helped the owner fill her up several times,' says the brat. 'The leader insists that we know the insides of every boat on the bay. 'Tis part of our practice and whin we get to be scouts we will all learn to run gasoline engines.'

"So we went along and the engines war-rmed up; and I trimmed the lantern and sat me down comfortable as a cat on a pan of dough. Thin there was a horrible rumpus on deck and some watther splashed down the back of me neck. ''Tis the bar,' says me proud engine-room crew, balancin' himsilf on the plates.

"'They are shovin' dhrinks across it too fast for me,' I retorts, as more watther simmers down.

"'Oh, the leader knows all the soft places,' he returns proudly, this bould sprig. And with a whoop we drove through a big felley that almost swamped us. Thin, so far as I cud judge, the worst was over.

"Prisintly we got into the trough of the sea and rowled along for an hour more. Then the jingle tinkled and I slowed down. Me bould Tad stuck his head in at the little door. 'The Gladys is right inshore from us,' he remar-rks, careless-like. 'We will signal her to up anchor and come with us.' He took me lantern and vanished.

"Whin I had waited long enough for all the oil to have burned out of three lanterns I turned the engines over to me crew and stepped out on deck. It was a weepin' fog, with more rowlin' in all the time, and the feel on me cheek was like that of a stor-rm. I saw me bould Tad on the little for'a'd deck, swingin' his little lamp.

"'What's the matther with that scut of a skipper?' I inquires.

"The bhoy was fair cryin' with rage and shame. 'He cannot undherstand the signal,' says he; 'and 'tis dangerous to run closer to him in this sea.'

"'If he don't undherstand yer signals,' says I, ''tis useless to talk more to him with yer ar-rms. Use yer tongue.'

"And at that he raised a squeal that cud maybe be heard a hundred feet, the voice of him bein' but a bhoy's, without noise and power. 'Let be,' says I. 'I've talked me mind across the deep watthers many times.' And I filled me lungs and let out a blast that fetched everybody on deck on the other launch. Thin I tould that skipper, with rage in me throat, that he must up anchor and folley us or be drownded with all his passengers dragging on his coattails through purgat'ry. And he listened, and prisintly we saw the Gladys creep through the darkness and fog up till us. Whin she crossed our stern me bould Tad tould me to command her to folley us into port.

"Ravin's and ragin's were nothin' to the language we traded across that watther for the five minutes necessary to knock loose the wits of that heathen mariner. In the end he saw the light, and the passengers that crowded his sloppy decks waved their arms and yelled with delight. Me bould Tad went into the little pilot house and slammed the door. He spoke to me sharply. ''Twill blow a gale before midnight.' He rang the bell for full speed ahead.

"An hour later I was signaled to stop me machines. I dropped the clutch and sint me assistant for news. He

(Concluded on Page 37)

The Railroad and its President

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

ALL of the widely divergent lines of human activity in the organization of the railroad converge in the office of its president. He is the focal point of the entire system. More than that, he is its head and front. If he is anything less, the sooner he is out of his job the better for both the railroad and himself; for, although there is a great variety of departments in the organization of steam railroad transportation and each department will have still greater varieties of activities, there is but a single activity delegated to the office that bears only the modest word "President" in gilt letters upon its door. The function of that office is to supervise. To understand that supervision better, consider for a moment the rough structure of the railroad.

Its activities are grouped into classes. The business of soliciting business—both freight and passenger—forms the traffic department, in many ways the most important of all; for from it comes nearly all of the vast revenue needed for the maintenance of the organism. The legal department looks after the railroad's rights—its franchises, its charters, the law fabric of its almost innumerable relations with the various railroad commissions, legislatures, city councils and town and county boards. If the road be really sizable—with eight or ten or twelve thousand miles of track—it will probably organize into separate departments the buying of its great quantities of supplies, the keeping of its intricate books and the handling of its money. The business of building its lines and structures will need special talent for an engineering department. The department that will employ the great rank and file of the railroad's army of employees is the operating department, called by some big roads—with a finer use of English—the transportation department. Here it is that the general manager is king, and each superintendent of a division a prince commanding his own principality.

Two Kinds of Organization

THERE are two other great factors of conducting a railroad: maintaining its lines—tracks, bridges, tunnels and other features of the permanent way; and keeping both cars and engines fit for service. This last work, organized as the mechanical department, will probably rank next to operating in the number of its employees, though the value of its equipment is one of the greatest assets of the railroad. It is generally expressed in great shops located here and there and everywhere at convenient points upon the system.

Generally the maintenance-of-way department comes under operating—it is only fair that a general manager should supervise the condition of the line over which he is expected to operate his trains at high speed and in absolute safety. The same argument should hold true as to the equipment—but right here is the great rock upon which the principle of American railroad organization splits in twain.

For, from the president's office downward, the system of organization may be divisional or departmental. In the former case the division superintendent is the real unit of railroad operation—under his guidance and responsibility come not only the operation of the trains but the maintenance both of the line and of the rolling-stock. In the case of departmental organization that superintendent—and also, above him, the general superintendent—exercises no authority over the engineers of maintenance-of-way or the master mechanics of the shops along the system. Those lines of railroad activity do not converge with that of train operation below the office of the general manager. The greatest outside power that is given to a division superintendent on a purely departmental road is a sort of coöperation with the master mechanic in the matter of the men who handle the road's motive power. This coöperation is many times intricate and involved. If the master mechanic and the division superintendent are not harmoniously inclined toward one another, and things very naturally go wrong with the motive power, it is a difficult matter to locate responsibility.

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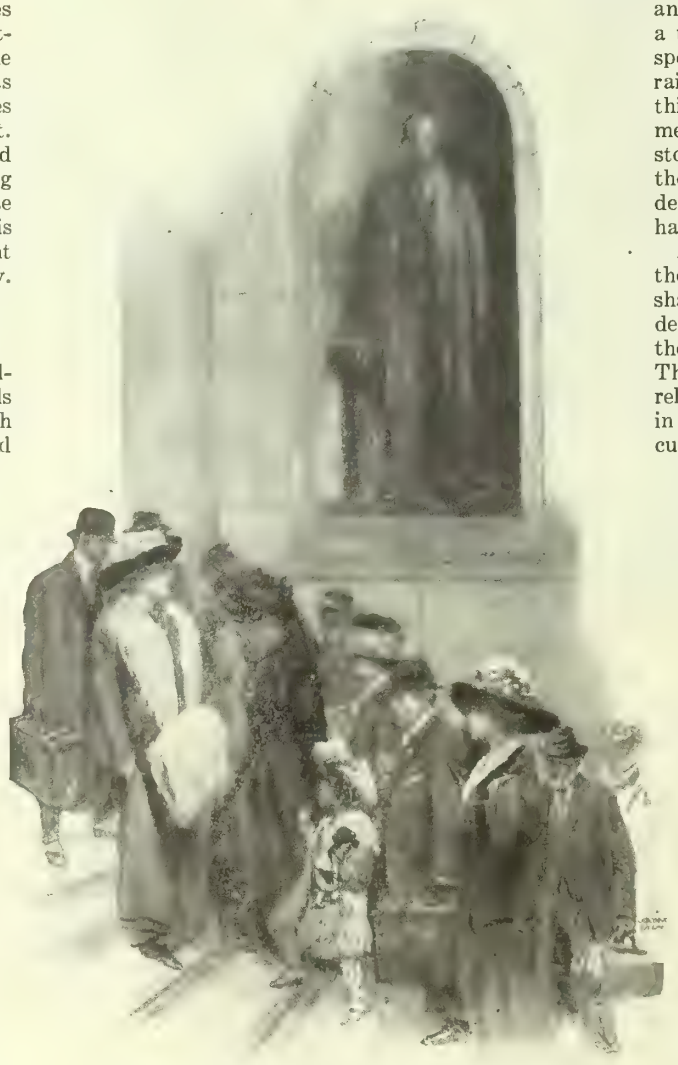
The Pennsylvania system, which is one of the most perfectly organized railroads in the world, is strongly organized upon the divisional system. The division superintendent upon the Pennsylvania is indeed a prince above his principality—and he is well trained for his rulership. Pennsylvania men go through the mill. It takes a pretty capable man to combine the ability for handling trains and handling men with the intricate knowledge for command over an engineering corps devoted to maintenance-of-way,



Not a Hundred of Them Will Know of the Splendid Tragedy it Represents

as well as command over a machine shop which may employ a thousand skilled workmen. In order to give its division heads that tremendous training, the Pennsylvania sends its men through its own West Point—the great shops at Altoona. The men who have sat in the big, roomy office in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, and who have been addressed as president, have been proud of the days when they were up in the hills of the Keystone State, standing their trick in overalls at the lathe or carrying chain and rod over long stretches of track. Today every Pennsylvania superintendent—possibly with a single exception or two—is a civil or mechanical engineer.

The Departmental Plan

ON THE other hand, the New York Central has also been brought into a high state of organization and stands firmly on the departmental plan.

"We believe that our superintendents should specialize in train operation," says one of the high officers of that road. "In other words, we do not believe that a man, to get his traffic through over a stretch of line, should necessarily know to a fraction of an inch the best wheel-base for an engine of a given type or the precise construction of a truss bridge. Such requirements take away from the special training that is today needed for every high-class railroader. A railroader is made better by sticking to one thing and sticking faithfully to it; and our departmental method, by which the maintenance of line and rolling-stock comes under the sole supervision of men expert in those specialties, we think the best. Sometimes we develop a very wizard in traffic handling, who has never had a chance at a technical education."

And there you have the very essence of the other side of the proposition. Between these two sides there are various shadings and gradings, but the question has never been definitely solved. It has reduced the vast complexity in the organization of the modern railroad of the larger size. That has become so very complex it fairly cries for expert relief. One man has recently spent a busy term of years in simplifying the organization of the Harriman lines. To cut the intricate lines of red-tape in a big railroad office, to reduce to a minimum the vast needless correspondence between departments and between branches of a single department, is a problem that calls for a genius—and offers for its solution no small reward.

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In other days—and we refer to no ancient history, for the electric light was proved and the hundred-ton locomotive already increasing the average tonnage of the American freight train—the presidents of the biggest roads were content to worry along with one or two assistants. But two decades ago the railroads were still simple matters; there did not exist the intimate relations between one and another of them, as shown by stockholdings in competing and feeding lines today—the constant dancing in attendance of their executives upon the sessions of the different railroad commissions. These complications of American railroading have also further complicated the organizations of the different systems and have brought a demand for executives of the keenest type—it is no slight strain that a man works under when he becomes the head of a ten-thousand-mile railroad.

So today the president of the railroad has fortified himself in the only possible way—by creating vice-presidencies. Each ranking department today is apt to be recognized in council by a vice-president; and these heads form a cabinet as informal as that of the Federal Government and, in its way, quite as

important. Traffic, legal and engineering, each demands a vice-president at that cabinet-board—and gets him. The general manager usually is the vice-president representing operation. One big road has eight vice-presidents. It is indeed a poor property that cannot show three or four men—the survivals of the fittest—who hold this title.

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There is another cabinet where the president must sit, which is formal and recognized. It is the board of directors; between it and the lesser cabinet the president must take good care that he is not ground as between millstones. The cabinet of his department heads will tell him how he can spend his money, but he must get it from the upper cabinet. It is not always harmonious pulling in the lower cabinet. Imagine for a moment the troubles that sometimes arise in the lower.

Troubles With the Lower Cabinet

YOU are sitting for the moment in the office of a big railroad president—talking straight to that big-shouldered soul himself. Outside is the shadowy roof of the trainshed of a terminal, which is filled with long lines of cars that come and go, of platforms that are black with humans one instant and quite deserted the next. The room has the quiet elegance of a comfortable home library. There are long rows of books upon the shelves; a great table is set squarely in the center. But it is business—for a ticker is slowly spelling the fate of that railroad and every other railroad upon its endless tape; a huge map of "the system"—many thousand miles of high-class railroad—lies under the glass that covers the tabletop.

"They don't always pull together," the president of the railroad admits when you ask him about the lower cabinet. "Sometimes they pull apart when they have honestly different ideas as to policy—and other times —— There's to be a big college football game up at G—— next Saturday. We have only two private cars for our four vice-presidents, every single blessed one of whom wants to go. I don't want to go myself and I've contributed my car, but we're one short then and the man that's left is going around like a boy who's had a chip knocked off his shoulder. He's just been in here and I've settled the matter by hiring a car for his party from the Pullman folks and footing the bill myself. I sent him out ashamed of himself.

"That's Pete every time. Flares up quick, and every time he flares up I can remember when we were working the day-and-night tricks in a God-forsaken junction out on a prairie stretch of the great West. He's like a boy in some ways awfully fussy about the rights and prerogatives of his department; and he'll go all to pieces over some little thing if he thinks another man has stepped over on to his side of the line. But let a big situation arise—a flood that sets a whole division of our lines awash; a wicked congestion of traffic in midwinter blizzards; a nasty accident that takes away our nerve—and you ought to see Pete! He'll be handling the thing as if he were putting a ball up on the links, and he'll never lose his confident smile. That man in one such emergency is worth the hire of a dozen Pullmans."

You ask about the upper cabinet, and the president lowers his voice. The board is no matter for light conversation. He steps to the window and points down into the concourse of the trainshed.

"I happen to know that young fellow over there by the mailbox," he answers. "He's one of our traveling freight agents. He's lucky. He works for one boss and is responsible to him. I work for a whole regiment of bosses and am held responsible by a group of pretty keen old citizens who gather around this table and put me on the rack.

"There are many interests in this property and some of them are too big to sleep in the same bed. I have three directors who never speak to one another outside of this room and rarely ever in it. There is another who represents the holdings of a road that fights this at every turn, and he hurts the property worse than any good, husky plague. A big estate, with a bitter aversion to spending money for any purpose whatsoever, has another director here, and a banking interest presents a director who seconds him in every move—fool or good. That is the crowd I have got to work with when I want ten or fifteen millions to hold our own against some other fellow who is crowding us hard for business in our competitive territory or threatening to run a line into one of our own private melon-patches. That boy down there is lucky. He has only got to get out and land a couple of hundred carloads from a shipper who hates corporations worse than politics and who has just had a claim for spoiled goods turned down by this particular corporation. That boy has the cinch job."

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This imaginary railroad president has told you of one of the vital points in the business of the railroad—the necessity for constant teamwork. A railroad head may have the genius of a Napoleon, the stubborn persistence of a Grant, or the marvelous executive ability of a Pierpont Morgan, and be worthless—if his board is not working enthusiastically with and for him. It is not all pie and preserves by any means. The board may set its sweet will straight against his and he may be forced to execute a policy of which, in his own mind, he has no trust. It is only once in a generation that a man like Harriman—who can bow a whole mighty directorate to his absolute will—arises. Harriman was a railroad president in the fullest sense of the word.

He rode in his car north from Ogden one day toward the great national park of the Yellowstone. At that time the only direct rail entrance to that splendid reserve was by the rival Hill lines. Harriman had called for a report upon the opportunities for Southern Pacific to strike its own line into the west edge of the park. That report was being explained to him in great detail as he rode north from Ogden. His chiefs had a hundred practical reasons against building the line. Harriman listened faithfully to the explanation—as was his way. Then he turned to one of the signers of the report—a high officer of his property.

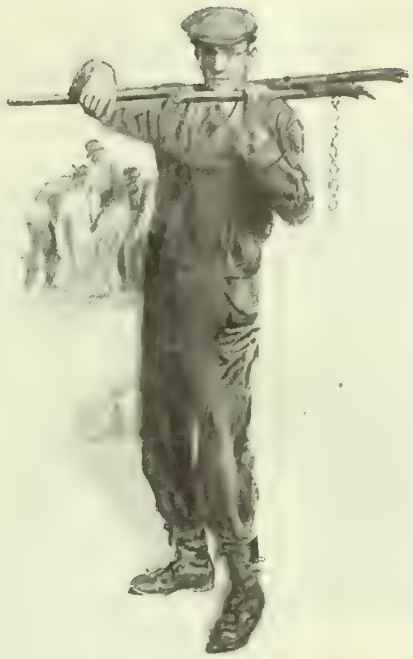
"You have never been in the Yellowstone?" he asked.

The officer admitted that he had not.

"I have," said Harriman triumphantly, "and I am going to build that road."

That road was built and became successful from its beginning; but Harriman was a railroader with the intuitive sense that gives genius to a great statesman or to a great general. The average railroad president does not hold a controlling interest himself and he must be guided pretty carefully by the judgment of his department heads—he must win the coöperation of his board by tact and subtlety rather than by the display of an iron will; and where he leads he must take the responsibility.

The Pennsylvania Railroad recently forced its entrance into New York City and marked its terminal there with a monumental station. That move was strategy of the highest order and was made that it might place itself upon an even fighting basis for traffic with its chief competitor. But it



Sends Its Men Through Its Own West Point

cost. Two mighty rivers had to be crossed, whole blocks of high-priced real estate secured, a busy city threaded, the opposition of local authorities, who stood with palms outstretched, honestly downed. That all cost. That would have been a mighty expenditure for the Federal Government—for a private corporation it was all but staggering.

When the monumental station was finished, a rarely beautiful thing with its classic public rooms, its long vistas and its vast dimensions, that private corporation built, within a niche of the great waiting room, a bronze figure of its former president, the late Alexander J. Cassatt, where all hurrying humanity might see it. But, though a thousand nervous travelers see that statue in the passing of a single hour, not a hundred of them will know of the splendid tragedy it represents; for many of the high officers of that railroad—some of the men who caused the bronze to be erected—to this day believe that that great station work was the cause of the death of their chief. He had dreamed of that terminal for years—his engineers had deemed it all but impossible—and he had sent over-seas for other engineers. One of these, who had conquered the busy Thames, said that he could tunnel the two great rivers. He was asked the cost and he gave it. His first figures were staggering, but the railroad president did not abandon his hope. He summoned his board and put the problem to them.

A Magnificent Feat of Engineering

THERE was pulling power between that president and his board and the pulling was all in a single direction. Their system—a railroad that acknowledged no superior—could not keep in the very front rank without its terminal in the heart of the seaboard city, eliminating forever the delays and the inconveniences of a ferry service—the road could not afford to drop into second rank, and so it assumed the great undertaking.

That meant many things more than laymen understand: the selling of securities in delicate markets—home and foreign—which fluctuate wildly on the promulgation of anticorporation talk; the evading of untiring competitors; the appeasing of hungry politicians, only too anxious to feed at the hands of a wealthy corporation. In this case it meant more than all these things, for the two rivers were quite as treacherous as the American engineers had pronounced them. They would sound in their tunnel bearings and find rock which seemed soft and their dynamite charges would be sufficient. Then it would prove hard and their blast as inefficient as that of a child's toy cannon. Again, the rock would drill as hard as hardest gneiss—the very backbone of mother earth herself—and the hard-rock men would prepare a heavy charge of dynamite.

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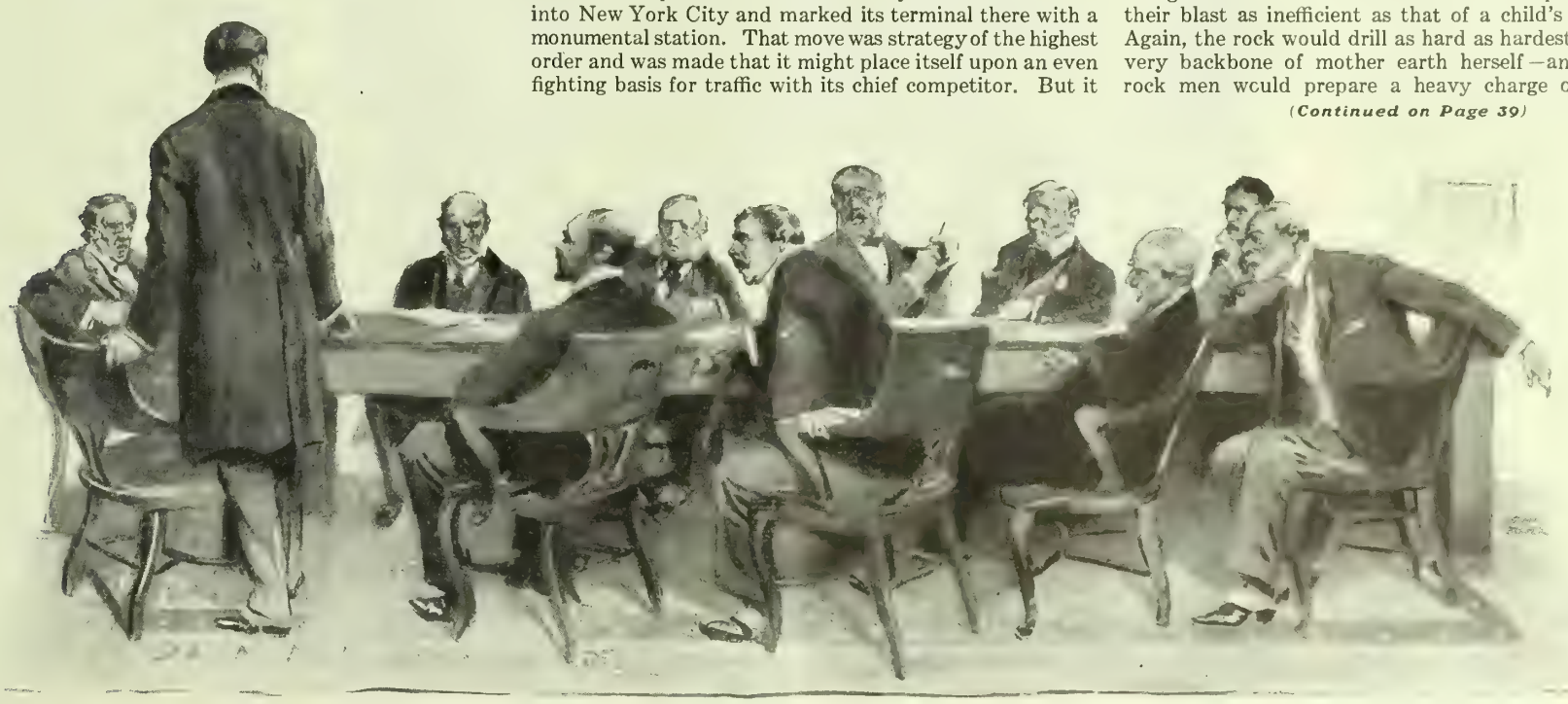


"Gentlemen, My Resignation is on the Table"

THE SCULPTOR—By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL AND ALONZO KIMBALL

AS IT had not been convenient for him to breakfast that morning, he was irritable. The mockery of handsome hangings and antique furniture in the outer studio increased his irritation as he walked through it into the rough inner workshop, which was hung with dusty casts and dreary with clay and plaster.

Here Ellis found him an hour later, smoking a cigarette to deceive his appetite, and sulkily wetting down the clay bust of a sheep-faced old lady—an order of the post-mortem variety which he was executing from a gruesome photograph.

"How," inquired Ellis, "is the coy Muse treating you these palmy, balmy days?"

Landon swore and squirted a spongeful of water over the old lady's side curls.

"My! My! As bad as that?" commented Ellis, raising his eyebrows. "I thought you expected to be paid for that tombstone."

"Man, I've been eating, drinking and sleeping on that tombstone all winter. Last night I gnawed off the *'Hic Jacet'* and washed it down with the date. There's nothing left."

"You've—ah—breakfasted, dear friend?"

"That's all right ——"

"Have you?"

"No. But there's a man from Fourth Avenue coming to buy some of that superfluous magnificence in the show studio. Besides, I'll be paid for this old lady in a day or two —— Where are you going?"

"Out," said Ellis briefly

Landon, left alone, threw a few bits of wet clay at the doorknob, stood irresolutely, first on one foot, then on the other; then with a hearty scowl at the sheep-faced old lady, washed her complacent face with a dripping sponge.

In a moment Ellis came in with rolls, milk and fruit.

"That's very decent of you," said Landon, but the other cut him short, excitedly:

"I say, Jim, who is the divinity I just met in your hallway? Yours?"

"What divinity?"

"Her hair," said Ellis, a little wildly, "is the color of Tuscan gold; her eyes, ultramarine; and the skin of her is just pure snow with a brushful of carmine across the lips!—and the Great Sculptor Himself must have moulded her body ——"

Landon shrugged and buttered a roll. "You let her alone!" he said.

"Reveal to me, instantly, her name, titles and quality!" shouted Ellis, unsheathing a Japanese sword.

"Her name," said Landon, "is O'Connor; her quality is that of a shopgirl. She is motherless and alone, and inhabits a kennel across the hall. Don't make eyes at her. She'll probably believe whatever the first gentlemanly blackguard tells her."

Ellis said: "Why may I not—in a delicately detached and gayly impersonal, yet delightfully and evasively irrational manner, calculated to deceive nobody ——"

"That would sound very funny in the Latin Quarter. This is New York." He rose, frowning. Presently he picked up the sponge. "Better let a lonely heart alone, unless you're in earnest," he said, and flung the sponge back into a bucket of water, dried his hands, and said:

"Have you sold any pictures yet?"

"Not one. I thought I had a Copper King nailed to the easel, but Fate separated us on a clinch and he got away and disappeared behind the bars of his safe deposit. How goes the market with you, merry old top?"

"Dead. I can live on my furniture for a while."

"I thought you were going in on that competition for the Department of Peace at Washington."

"I am, if I have enough money left to hire a model."

Ellis rose, twirled his walking-stick meditatively, glanced at his carefully brushed hat, and placed it gravely on his head.

"Soon," he said cheerfully, "it will be time for straw hats. But where I'm going to get one I don't know. Poverty used to be considered funny in the Quarter; but it's no idle jest in this town. Well—I'll let your best girl alone, Jim, if you feel that way about it."

They laughed and shook hands.

In the corridor Ellis looked hard at the closed door opposite, and his volatile heart gave a tortured thump; he twirled his stick and sauntered out into Stuyvesant Square.

II

AS WINTER faded into spring the first tracery of green fringed the branches in Stuyvesant Square. The municipal authorities decorated the grass with tulips and later with geraniums. Later still, cannas and foliage plants were planted, over which two fountains spurted *aqua Crotonis.*

But in spite of tasteless horticulture it is a quaint old square, a little sad and shabby, perhaps, yet mercifully green inside its two iron-railed parallelograms. Above the great sycamores and elms the truncated towers of St. George's brood heavily; along the short, leafy reach of Rutherford Place an old-time Quaker meeting-house keeps gentle vigil; northward, aged mansions peer at the square through time-dimmed windows; south, above the Sisters of Assumption, a painted Virgin clasps her stone hands and looks down on the little children of the poor.

Along the east side of the square runs Livingston Place; behind it an elevated railroad roars; in front lies the square—shabby, unkempt, but lovely always, when night lends to it her mystery. For at night the trees loom gigantic; lights sparkle over lawn and fountain; the illuminated dial of St. George's hangs yellow as a harvest moon above the foliage; and the bell sounds from the towers, changing, for a moment, the streets' incessant monotone to a harmony.

Into this square went Landon; oftener, as the summer grew hotter and work grew scarcer.

Once, at the close of a scorching afternoon, his pretty neighbor from across the corridor came slowly into the square and rested for a few moments on the same bench he occupied.

So lovely and fresh and sweet she seemed in the early dusk that he, for an instant, was tempted from his parched loneliness to speak to her; but before he could bring himself to it she turned, recognized him, rose and went back to the house without a second glance.

"We've been neighbors for a year," he thought, "and she has never been civil enough to look at me yet—and I've been too civil to look at her."

He was wrong; she had looked at him often, when unafraid that his eyes might surprise her.

He was amusingly wrong. Waking, she remembered him; during the long day she thought of him; at night, when she returned from business, the radiance from his studio lamp streaming through the transom had for her all the thrilling fascination that a lighted shop window, at Christmas, has for a lonesome child passing in darkness.

From the dim monotony of her own life she had, at times, caught glimpses through his open door of splendors scarcely guessed. In her eyes an enchanted world lay just beyond his studio's threshold; a bright, warm, mellow wonderland, indistinct in the golden lamplight, where only a detail here and there half revealed a figured tapestry or carved foliation—perhaps some soft miracle of ancient Eastern weaving on the floor, perhaps a mysterious marble shape veiled in ruddy shadow—enough to set her youthful imagination on fire, enough to check her breath and start the pulses racing as she turned the key in her own door and reëntered the white dusk of her own life once more.

The three most important events of her brief career had occurred within the twelvemonth—her mother's death, her coming here to live—and love. That also had happened. But she did not call it love; it did not occur to her to consider him in any tangible relation with herself.

She never even expected to know him, to speak to him, or that he could possibly care to speak to her. As far as the east is from the west, so far apart were their two worlds. For them the gusty corridor was wider than interstellar voids; she had not even a thought that a miracle might bridge the infinite from her dim world to his, which seemed to her so bright and splendid; she had never advanced farther than the happiness of lying still after the day's work, and thinking, innocently, of what she knew about him and what she timidly divined.

At such times, stretched across her bed, the backs of her hands resting on her closed lids, she sometimes pondered on that alluring wonderland, his studio—of the mystery that so fittingly surrounded his artist's life. She saw him always amid the tints and hues of ancient textiles, sometimes dreaming, sometimes achieving with fiery inspiration—but precisely how or what he achieved remained to her part of his mystery. She cherished only the confused vision of the youth of him, and its glorious energy and wisdom.

He could be very human, too, she thought; and often the smile curved her lips and cheeks at the recollection of the noisy gayety coming in gusts through his transom on those nights when his friends were gathered there—laughter and song—the incense of tobacco drifting into her own white room from the corridor. She loved it; the odor seemed spicy with a delicate hint of sweet-brier, and she opened her transom wider to let it in.

Usually she fell asleep, the distant uproar of gayety lulling her into happier slumbers. And for days and nights afterward its recollection made life easier and pleasanter, as though she lived with amusing memories of events in which she herself had participated.

All day long, in a fashionable drygoods shop, she sold cobweb finery and frail, intimate, lacy stuffs to very fine ladies, who usually drew a surprised breath at her beauty and sometimes dealt with her as though they were dealing with one of their own caste.

At night, tired, she looked forward to her return when, behind her own closed door, she could rest or read a little, or lie still and think of Landon. But even in the daring magic of waking dreams she had scarcely ventured any acquaintance with him; in dreamland they were as yet only just aware of one another. He had lately—oh, breathless and audacious imagination of hers!—smiled at her in the corridor; and she had been a good many days trying to decide what she was going to do about it. In her phantom world matters were going well with her.

Meanwhile, except for the stupefying heat, the actual world was also going well with her. She had saved a little money, enough to give her ten days of luxury and fresh air when the time came. She needed it; the city had been hard on her. Yet the pleasure of going was not unmixed; for, as the day of her release drew nearer, she realized how within the year he had, in her dreams, insensibly become to her a part of her real life, and that she would miss him sorely. This gave her courage to hasten their acquaintance in dreamland. And so it came about that he spoke to her one night as she lay dreaming, on her pillow; and she felt her cheeks burn as though it were all real.

Yet he was very chivalrous with her in dreamland—quite wonderful—indeed, all that the most stilted vision of a young girl could desire.

Less unquiet, now that they knew each other, she looked forward to the real separation with comparative resignation.

Then came that unexpected episode when she seated herself on the same bench with him, unintentionally braving him in reality.

All that night she thought about it in consternation—piteously explaining it to him in dreamland. He understood—in dreamland—but did he understand in real life? Would he think she had meant to give him a chance to speak—horror of crimsoned dismay! Would he think her absurd to leave so abruptly when he caught her eye? And oh, she cared so much what he might think, so much more than she supposed she dared care!

All day long it made her miserable as she moved listlessly behind the counter; at night the heat almost stunned her as she walked home to save the pennies.

She saw no light in his studio as she slipped through the corridor into her stifling room. Later she bathed, and dressed in a thinner gown but it, also, was black, in memory of her mother, and seemed to sear her body. The room grew hotter; she went out to the passage; no light threatened her from his transom, so she ventured to leave her door open.

But even this brought no relief; the heat became unendurable, and she rose at last, pinned on her big, black hat of straw, and went out.

Through the gates of the square she saw the poor surging into the park. The police had opened the scant bits of lawn to them. Men, women, children, lay half naked on the grass, fighting for breath. And, after a little while, she crossed the street and went in among them.

The splash of the fountain was refreshing. She wandered at random, past the illuminated façade of the Lying-in Hospital, past the painted Virgin, then crossed Second Avenue, entered the gates again, and turned aimlessly by the second fountain. There seemed to be no resting-place for her on the crowded benches.

Beyond the fountain a shadowy sycamore stood in the center of a strip of lawn. She went toward it, hesitated, glancing at the motionless, recumbent figures near by, then ventured to seat herself on the grass and lean back against the tree. Presently she unpinned her hat, lifted a white face to the night, and closed her eyes.

How long she sat there she did not know, when again she opened her tired lids.

A figure stood near her. For a moment she confused dream and reality and smiled at him; then sat up, rigid, breathless, as the figure stirred and came forward.

She remembered attempting to rise, remembered nothing else very distinctly—not even his first words, though his voice was gentle, just as it was in dreamland.

"Do you mind my speaking to you?" he was asking.

"No," she said faintly.

He raised his head and looked out across the feverish city, passing one thin hand across his eyes. Then, with a slight movement of his shoulders, he seated himself on the ground at her feet.

"We have been neighbors so long," he said, "that I thought perhaps I might dare to speak to you tonight. My name is Landon—James Landon. I think I know your last name."

"O'Connor—Ellie O'Connor—Eleanor, I mean," she added, unafraid. A curious peace seemed to possess her at the sound of his voice. It had a reassuring stillness.

"Is It an Angel?" She Asked

The silence between them was marred by the distant roar of the city. He looked around him at the shadowy forms flung across bench and lawn; his absent glance swept the surrounding walls of masonry and iron, all aglitter with tiny lighted windows. Overhead a tarnished moon looked down into the vast trap where five million souls lay caught, gasping for air he among the others—and this young girl beside him trapped, helpless, foredoomed. The city had got them all! But he sat up the straighter, giving the same impatient shake to his shoulders.

"I came," he said, "to ask you one or two questions—if I may."

"Ask them," she answered, as in a dream.

"Then—you go to business, do you not?"

"Yes."

He nodded: "And now I'm going to venture another question which may sound impertinent, but I do not mean it so. May I?"

"Yes," she said in a low, hushed voice, as though a clearer tone might break some spell.

"It is about your salary. I do not suppose it is large."

"My wages? Shall I tell you?" she asked, so innocently that he flushed up.

"No, no!—I merely wish to—to find out from you whether you might care to take a chance of increasing your salary."

"I don't think I know what you mean," she said, looking at him.

"I know you don't," he said patiently; "let me begin a little farther back. I am a sculptor. You know, of course, what that is ——"

"Yes. I am educated." She even found courage to smile at him. His answering smile covered both confusion and surprise; then perplexity etched a crease between his brows.

"That makes it rather harder for me"—he hesitated—"or easier; I don't know which."

"What makes it harder?" she asked.

"Your being—I don't know—different—from what I imagined."

"Educated?"

"Y-yes ——"

She laughed deliciously in her new-born confidence.

"What is it you wish to ask?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "I need a model—and I'm too poor to pay for one. I've pledged everything in my studio. A chance has come to me. It's only a chance, however. But I can't take it because I cannot afford a model."

There was a silence; then she inquired what he meant by a model. And he told her—not everything, not clearly. "You mean that you wish me to sit for my portrait in marble?"

"There are two figures to be executed for the new Department of Peace in Washington," he explained, "and they are to be called 'Soul and Body.' Six sculptors have been invited to compete. I am one. We have a year."

She remained silent.

"It is perfectly apparent, of course, that you are—admirably fitted"—he stammered under her direct gaze, then went on; "I scarcely dared dream of such a model even if I had the means to afford——"

"Are you really poor?" she asked in gentle wonder.

"At present—yes."

"I never dreamed it," she said. "I thought—otherwise."

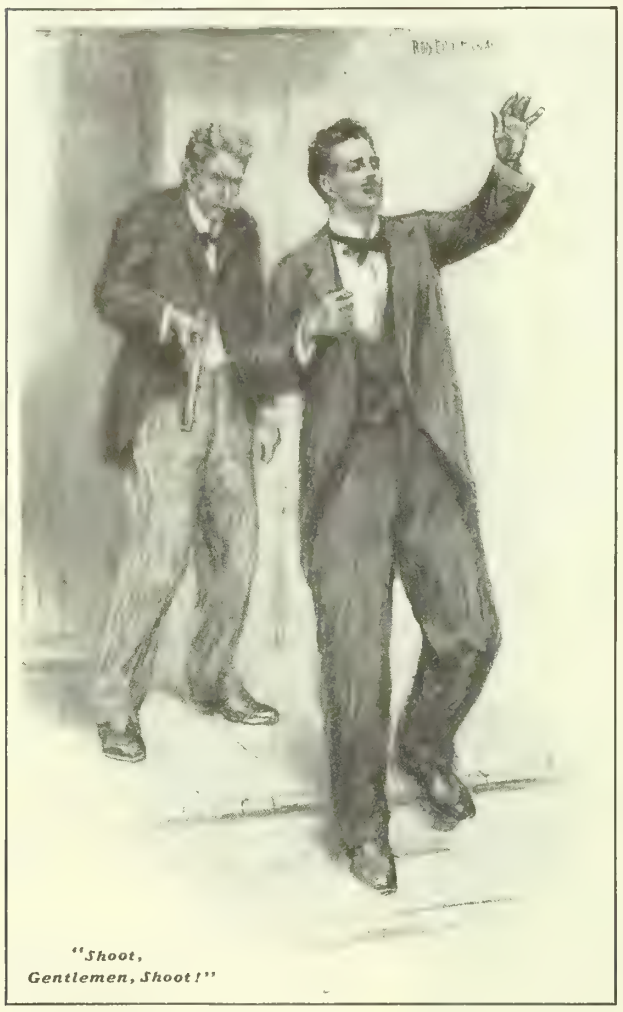
"Oh, it is nothing; some day things will come out right. Only—I have a chance now—if you—if you would help me. . . . I could win with you; I know it. And if I do win—with your aid—I will double your present salary. And that is what I've come here to say. Is that fair?"

He waited, watching her intently. She had dropped her eyes, sitting there very silent at the foot of the tree, cradling the big straw hat in her lap.

"Whatever you decide to be fair ——" he began again, but she looked up wistfully.

(Continued on Page 35)

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND



"Shoot, Gentlemen, Shoot!"

By Corra Harris

Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

V

WHEN Adam announced himself a candidate for reëlection on the antiliquor ticket he precipitated one of the most astonishing political campaigns ever conducted in Boone County. He not only involved the whole population, including the women; he confused the moral sense wherever moral sense existed. Clancey Drew, for example, was as sober as a judge, a dull young man with a good reputation and a lumbering ambition "to be somebody." Adam, on the other hand, was only temporarily sober; but no one could prove it, and his reputation was enigmatical, like the uncertain character of youth. Meanwhile he knew how to excite sympathy and admiration by the accounts of his temptations and even by his "falls," which he acknowledged as though he had been in an experience meeting, instead of at a political rally pleading for votes. In vain did young Drew's friends name him "Adam the Good." He instantly accepted the sarcasm with the noble air of a handsome, youthful saint assuming his burden, which he was willing to bear publicly by way of personal mortification. It was all very confusing.

On a certain Saturday afternoon in the year 1890 he might have been seen standing on a bale of paper under the awning in front of the Banner office, surrounded by the usual crowd of Saturday politicians—that is, farmers from the country, loafers, and his own "leading-citizens" element—making an impromptu announcement of his candidacy and change of heart. He was sad, honest and irresistible.

"My enemies," he exclaimed at the end of a manly peroration, "have called me 'Adam the Good' in derision. Very well; I deserve it. But henceforth"—he had the snorting look a thoroughbred has when he is about to take the top rail—"I shall try to deserve the title." He was down on the other side the next moment in the level road, but still making good rhetorical speed. "My friends, it's wrong to do wrong. And being elected to the legislature will not make wrong right. What I want to feel the next time I enter the hall of your representatives in this state is that I have been sent there by the best men and the good women in this county for I feel that I have the good wishes of every good woman in Boone County. And it's a grand feeling, gentlemen!" He paused during the applause to stretch himself by some miracle of eloquence until he seemed actually taller, as though the "good women" had thus added a cubit already to his stature. "I wouldn't exchange this feeling that I have about them for four times the hope my opponent entertains for his election!" He waved his hand toward the courthouse veranda, upon which were seated Clancey Drew and as many of his followers as could resist the temptation to cross the square and listen to Adam's penitential political address.

This was a sample of his campaigning, and nothing is more certain than that he was in earnest. Adam was a man who could believe any statement he could evolve out of his ambitious imagination more easily than he could believe the literal facts of his life. And in this consisted the convincing power of his eloquence. As the weeks passed it came to be almost against Clancey Drew that he was a sober, model young man. There was less excuse for his running on the liquor ticket. The women in particular idolized Adam as they are apt to cherish a spectacular brand snatched from the burning. I have never seen a woman in my life who did not admire a reformed man more than she respected just a good man.

As for me, I felt as though my millennium had begun. At last I was in a position to serve both God and Adam with a clear conscience. I mean that I could now pray for Adam's will to be done without feeling embarrassed on my knees, as though the very angels were frowning and shaking their heads at me. Adam himself appeared to have been hypnotized by the angels; he was so consistently right in every direction, although he was never a professing Christian. Apparently he divined that the rôle of an honest heart-to-heart sinner was less cramping in its limitations, and in this his instinct was correct.

The Saturday afternoon that witnessed his public christening, as the candidate who was to be supported by the temperance element in his party, was memorable for another reason. It also witnessed the culmination of the feud mentioned in the first chapter of this story between father and Doctor Marks. Marks was the leading physician in his section. He was old, fat, round-pouched, and set up on a pair of short legs. He had a large head and permitted his iron-gray whiskers to grow as far up and down and around as they pleased. They took advantage of this to leave only his immense forehead and that small, round, rosy eminence called the cheekbone, beneath each eye, visible. His eyes were exceedingly prominent, and carried in them the shade of silence that belongs to the unbiased intelligence of a strong man. He had the bloodletting courage of a surgeon in a day when few doctors out of the great cities dared to undertake surgery, and an old-fashioned allopathic integrity in his dealings with disease that was drastic and effective. He measured calomel upon the blade of a blunt lancet and he weighed righteousness by the pound. He was always to be seen in an old open buggy with rattling wheels, drawn by a large white horse that had acquired the perpetual motion of a sheep-trot in his service.

Marks practiced medicine with only three prescriptions and one piece of advice: Two tablespoonfuls of castor oil for everybody; one teaspoonful of paregoric for children during green-apple season, when they needed it; and for chronic invalids a fearful punishment composed of six ounces of charcoal, fourteen drams of sulphur, and eight scruples of Epsom salts, to be taken three times a day. The piece of advice which all of his patients shared in common was:

"Get up, stay up, drink plenty of water, work with your hands every day until you sweat copiously, and keep the Ten Commandments. This insures proper secretions of the body and a clean conscience, without which there is no such thing as good health."

When he was called to see a sick person he always entered the afflicted one's chamber like a father in a bad humor. He sat down beside the bed, put on a pair of spectacles that magnified the pupils of his already protruding eyes until he was fearful to behold, felt the victim's pulse, called for his tongue, at the sight of which he invariably wrinkled his nose. Then he leaned back in his chair, buckled the fingers of his two fat hands together over his immense paunch and demanded to know which and how many of the Ten Commandments the patient had broken. After one such experience no man or woman who was not really ill ever sent for him. The ordeal was too awful to be risked lightly for a mere stomachache.

This recalls to my mind a story of the old doctor which is one of the traditions of Booneville. Every one has observed that preachers as a rule do not enjoy good health. The unfortunate creatures are tempted everywhere they go with the most inviting food the host can provide. They acquire abnormal appetites often through the polite desire to please hospitality. This results in inertia. You see a good many ministers who are physically lazy and often spiritually splenetic. This is an exact description of a certain young pastor we had at Booneville. He was an amiable, Heaven-bound man, theologically speaking, but he suffered from attacks of acute indigestion to which he yielded like a man stricken in battle. At any hour of the day or night Doctor Marks was liable to get a hurry call to the bedside of the suffering man. At last, one Monday, when he was sent for about four o'clock in the morning, his patience was exhausted. He entered the bedchamber in a rage, minus medicine or saddlebags, and stared down at the form of his pastor, his very beard bristling with indignation.

"Where did you dine yesterday?" he demanded in a furious tone.

"At Brother Middlebrook's," moaned the sufferer.

"And what did you eat?"—still more furiously.

Brother Clark—his name was Amos Clark—was silent, either from the nausea with which one recalls delicious viands under such circumstances or because he was really trying to recollect what he did eat. But Marks was impatient.

"There's no need to tell me; I know," he exclaimed, holding up the fingers of first one hand, then the other, and numbering them off.

"You ate ham and chicken, and a little bit of spring lamb, some beans and a spoonful of onions and squash.

"Do You Take Me for the Chimney-Sweep of Your Stomach or a Common Scamp?"

You had pepper with the ham, jelly with the chicken, and green apple-sauce with the lamb. Then you ate lemon pie, pound-cake and boiled custard—I know that diabolical engine of destruction, Mrs. Middlebrook's table; and now you send for me, at four o'clock Monday morning, to absolve you from the sin you committed on the holy Sabbath. Do you take me for the chimney-sweep of your stomach or a common scamp who physics you to keep you from suffering the consequences of your own sins? Well, in either case you are mistaken.

"You have colic, and colic you shall have as long as it chooses to last. It's Nature's honester way of ridding you of the stuff you have eaten. I'll not give you a drop of medicine. It will improve your conscience to suffer. And it ought to improve your ministry. I have observed your sermons, young man. You preach against every other sin except your own—gluttony, which is the most common of all. Now I have this to say: It is not my custom to charge ministers for my services, but the next time you send for me to relieve you of indigestion I will charge you as much as the law allows! And now I bid you good morning!"

With that Doctor Marks turned around and waddled out of the house, leaving Clark's knees under his chin.

This was Doctor Marks. And he was the one man in Booneville who entertained an invincible contempt for father. When he had occasion to enter the drug store for medicine it was his custom to ignore the proprietor and to order what he wanted directly from the prescription clerk. Father reciprocated Marks' feeling for him with open hostility. It was characteristic of him that he should not be on good terms with his best customer.

The circumstance that led to this state of affairs was as follows: One day, several years previous to the Saturday scene of which I shall presently write, when the question of local option was being agitated for the first time, Marks entered the drug store to purchase some bismuth and prepared chalk. Father, who was an enthusiastic contradicter of his own character in the principles he advocated, was an ardent advocate of the local option law. He attempted to engage Marks in conversation concerning the chances of the temperance people.

"I tell you, doctor," he said, "it will be a disgrace to the manhood of this county if we fail to vote liquor out of it!"

Marks went on shaking the bismuth and chalk into a bottle that had in it a little creosote and a good deal of water. His head was down, his broad-brimmed black hat on the back of it, and his eyes were fixed on what he was doing. Father resented his silence. He thought it suspicious.

"The fact is," he persisted, "some of us want to know how you stand on this question anyhow. Your silence is unbecoming the guardian of health in this community, sir!"

Marks finished mixing his concoction in the bottle, corked it and put it in his pocket. Then he slowly lifted his immense old head, squared his hat upon it, focused his spectacles upon the top shelf above the showcase and counter, where was displayed a long row of tall brown bottles labeled: Langston's Arsenic and Rhubarb Bitters; the Best Spring, Summer and Winter Tonic on the Market.

"I think," said he, with cool distinctness in his deep voice, "that we shall carry local option in Boone County. But, so long as you carry so much Langston bitters in this drug store, we shall not get rid of whisky nor the drunkenness that results."

He lifted his hand and swept it so as to indicate the whole display of "bitters," and went on deliberately:

"Ninety-nine per cent of that stuff is pure corn whisky, and there is just enough arsenic in it to make it dangerous."

During this speech father was standing behind the counter looking like an old pouter pigeon that has suddenly had its tail-feathers jerked. The doctor never once glanced at him. Having finished, he turned and walked toward the door.

For a moment father was livid. Then, with a display of rage that could not wait, he leaped over the counter.

"What!" he screamed, rushing after the retreating form of the doctor. "What! You insult me!—you reflect upon my honor and the character of the Langston bitters!"

Marks did not answer. He went on leisurely toward the open door. Father skipped along, balancing himself every now and then on one foot and lifting the other with a little spasmodic jerk toward the broad seat of Marks' trousers. But he did not touch him and Marks did not look back or quicken his pace. As they passed through the door, on to the doctor's buggy, which was drawn up in front, father was a spectacle to behold. His nose had become a promontory, his mustache bristled, his upper lip snarled, but his chin was in a state of secession, his under lip was loose. This slackness indicated what he lacked—resolution. He continued to hop with one foot raised behind the thick form of the doctor.

"Do you see him?" he exclaimed to half a dozen persons who stood about the door watching the singular performance. "Do you see this quack, this—this pill-person! He has insulted me, Colonel John Spotteswood Langston, of the Third Cavalry, Second Division, under Bragg! And—think of it!—I find I can't kick him—he's too much too soft! I have the feeling that my foot would mire up, that I should not get it back!"

Here he paused and shook his fist at the man in the buggy.

"Very well, sir; you shall hear from me again!"

"Get up!" retorted Marks, slapping the rump of his horse with the reins. The horse started off at a ridiculous trot. The spokes in the wheels set up a rhythmic clatter.

"Ninety-Nine Per Cent of That Stuff is Pure Corn Whisky"

The buggy sagged fearfully on the side that the doctor occupied. The next moment it disappeared around the nearest street corner. Never once did the occupant of it look back.

That afternoon Uncle Sam Langston bore a challenge to Dr. David Marks from father. Uncle Sam had the appearance of having been hatched out of a Shanghai egg. He was tall like father and had a rooster cast of countenance. But his temper was less choleric than father's. He was really timid, like the rooster that has been whipped in the fight. He was very much under the thumb of his elder brother or he would never have carried such a message. The doctor was an old bachelor, living with his widowed sister. He received my uncle in a brusk, tooth-pulling mood.

"Take a seat, Sam," he said, frowning.

He was rolling some little black pills in a platter stained with many other pills. He paused long enough to read father's invitation to mortal combat. Then he went on with his medical masonry in the platter. As he kneaded the stuff he addressed Uncle Sam:

"I see that I have the choice of weapons and of the time and place."

"That's accordin' to the code," admitted Uncle Sam tremblingly. He had hoped the doctor would decline to fight.

The platter was now filled with well-rounded pellets. Marks arose and searched among a row of bottles and odds and ends upon a little shelf in the corner until he found a small round box. He dropped two of the pills into it and handed it to father's second.

"There's my choice of weapons," he explained, seeing the look of astonishment on uncle's face: "the only kind of bullets a sensible man ever uses. Tell him to take 'em both before retiring. That's the time. Tell him he can choose the place himself. They'll act anywhere. Good evening! I've got a call to make."

He put on his hat and went out, followed by Uncle Sam, who carried the little box between his thumb and forefinger. The doctor was not a humorist; he was a sort of atheist of human nature, and Man was the Old Testament that he read and despised.

The next day he appeared as usual in the drug store, and every day after through the years, ordering his prescriptions and buying his medicines as though nothing had happened. He never observed father's existence. Father was equally oblivious of his unless he had been taking some of the Langston bitters. Then he was belligerent, and invariably swore that if Marks came into the store he would kill him. This was the feud that I have mentioned. It was carried on entirely by father.

On the afternoon when Adam made his maiden temperance speech in front of the Banner office Doctor Marks drove up in his old buggy and sat in it on the outskirts of the crowd, observing and listening with the twinkle of a smile showing above his whiskers and crinkling the corners of his eyes. He had never been friendly or unfriendly to Colonel West. Adam was to him what a bug is to a scientist. He simply sat and watched him as he would have watched a zoon from time to time. Upon this occasion, just as Adam was reaching the last wing-stretch of his peroration—which, of course, was devoted to the "heroes in gray"—father, who was representing more bitters than he could carry, caught sight of the top of the doctor's smile. It offended him. He considered it a reflection upon Adam, therefore upon the distinguished Langston family. He charged the buggy blindly with his clenched fists. The doctor saw him coming, drew to the other side. Then, as father landed, half standing, half reclining, upon the forewheel, he spat over his head, neatly, intentionally and with frightful deliberation. A hundred people had seen it, this variation of the most offensive of all insults that one man can offer another. There was a moment's silence. Every man who had witnessed what had taken place was stunned. This spitting over a man's face was new and incredible. Nothing like it had ever happened before in Booneville. It sobered father. In an instant he became one of those old steel-pronged gentlemen of the South, of whom so much is written and so little is seen. It is a metamorphosis that does not happen more than once or twice in the lifetime of any one of them unless the times are outlined by the battle-line of war; and when it happens it does not last over five minutes. In less time than it takes to say it father darted back to the drug store, reappearing almost at once with an old horse-pistol in his hand. Doctor Marks was seen by the petrified witnesses to bend over, reach under the seat of his buggy and draw forth another old horse-pistol, which might have been the childhood mate of the one father held in his hand. For years these two old men had carried these ludicrously antiquated firearms for each other, in anticipation of the moment that had now arrived.

There was a commotion, a swift flurry in the silent crowd, and Adam shot through it, placed himself in exact line between father, standing in the doorway of his drug store, and Doctor Marks, seated in his high old-fashioned buggy. He flirted his coat open, bared his shirt-bosom first to Marks, then to father.

"Shoot, gentlemen, shoot!" he exclaimed, bowing with an insufferable dancing-master grace, first to one, then to the other.

"I can't run a decent temperance campaign in this county so long as the two most influential supporters of the cause show such flagrant intemperance!"

I have neglected to say that both father and the doctor were so near-sighted that each disappeared from the other's vision at the distance of five yards; but both of them could see Adam revolving like an insolent shuttlecock between them. And undoubtedly it afforded them immense relief. Father's great moment had passed. He stood loose-lipped, staring terrified at Adam. The doctor gathered up his reins. As he moved off he raised his hat to Adam.

(Continued on Page 34)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 24, 1910

Ship Subsidy Again

"THE sum which the United States has to pay to other lands for marine transportation is much smaller than is usually calculated," says George Paish, editor of the Statist, in the course of an extended inquiry into what becomes of our trade balance.

Over ninety per cent of our exports is carried in foreign vessels, but we do not pay the freight on these outgoing shipments. The foreign purchaser pays it. We do pay the freight on that portion of our imports—eighty-five per cent of the total—which is carried in foreign ships. Mr. Paish points out, however, that those ships buy in our ports coal and provisions for the outgoing voyage and thus return to us part of our freight money. He concludes that our net payment to foreign countries on account of ocean freights is about twenty-five million dollars a year. We ought to build American ships, say the advocates of ship subsidy, and keep this freight money at home.

We have no capital of our own with which to build ships. We haven't enough capital to carry on the enterprises in which we are already engaged. Mr. Paish concludes that we are now using six and a half billion dollars of foreign capital—invested in our railroads, mills, mines and so on—upon which, after all credits and deductions, we pay Europe two hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year in dividends and interest, or nine times as much as we pay for ocean freight.

Not having enough capital to carry on our present enterprises it follows that if we go extensively into the new enterprise of shipbuilding we shall have to borrow the capital abroad. On the capital so borrowed we should pay interest without any deduction for coal and provisions sold to foreign ships. Instead of meeting the payment in part with goods sold at a profit, we should meet it all in cash.

Moreover, capital invested in ocean transportation, without a bounty from the public treasury, earns a comparatively small return at best. With high-priced ships, built of protected materials, the return would be still smaller. The ship-subsidy proposition is that we should borrow capital at five per cent to invest in a business that pays three per cent—with, however, a great deal of profit to certain favored individuals.

The Price of Farm Land

CENSUS bulletins show there was little growth of farm population in the United States during the last decade, while cities grew as fast as in the ten years preceding. To the average man, then, the farm offered or seemed to offer smaller opportunities than the town, although the period was one of uninterrupted and constantly expanding agricultural prosperity. Every year the total of farm-produced wealth was greater than in the year before, rising in the decade from five billion dollars to nine billion. The price of farm products from 1900 to 1910, according to the Bureau of Labor, rose sixty-five and three-tenths per cent, outrunning every other great group of commodities.

A great part of this increased farm yield, however, was capitalized as it took place. The price of farm land rose. For an opportunity to grow wheat, corn, and so on, which had increased sixty-five per cent in price, the young man must make sixty-five per cent greater investment. In commenting on the decrease in Iowa's rural population, the Census Bureau points out that there was a large emigration from that state to regions farther west and to Canada, in search of cheaper land.

Under present conditions, then, the farm lands of the Central West have absorbed about all the population they will. Iowa could increase her rural population by lowering the price of land to fifty dollars an acre. The same result would come about if, with land at the present price, wheat and corn should double in value. The first expedient would not suit Iowa; the second would not suit consumers. A third way is to take the lands as they are and materially increase the total productiveness of each acre. It can be done, and for the man who will do it there are still some bargains in Western land.

Good Nature and Crime

TWO very distinguished authorities—the British Medical Journal and the London Lancet—have recently pointed out that murderers are usually the most good-natured of men, noted for mild manners and a general desire to make themselves agreeable—except, of course, when they are professionally engaged. If it be shown of a man accused of capital crime that he was ever especially gentle and courteous in bearing, a most considerate and charming companion, "that, to the psychologist, is the most damning evidence that could be brought against him."

It does not follow, as we understand it, that if a man promptly resigns his seat in the street car to a homely woman with an armful of bundles you are warranted in suspecting that he has just strangled his wife; and to a lay mind the reasoning of our learned contemporaries seems a bit unconvincing in spots. If they mean that good nature is sometimes only a thin disguise for arrant cowardice, few observant persons will disagree with them. The softness that is mortally afraid to offend anybody openly, that cannot stand any adverse opinion, that wilts under ridicule, probably leads around logically enough to murder under certain circumstances. A hungry dog, without the courage of his needs, is a fine type of good fellow. All he asks is that you will kick him only once at a time. We should hate to be in a leaky boat at sea, with our hands tied, accompanied by a man who could never say "No." Don't cultivate a no-less companion within your own breast to go to sea with. Some day he'll push you overboard.

In the particular case that our medical friends were discussing, the gentleman had tired of his wife. A coarse-grained brute might have thrown her out of the house, or just gone off and left her, careless of her anguish. The sweet-mannered man couldn't bear the thought of her suffering. Still less could he bear to suffer himself. So he gently administered a few grains of arsenic.

Ruined by Women

BLAMING the women has been a popular masculine consolation since Adam's time. "I was ruined by women," said a male citizen some time ago as he was about to leave for the penitentiary. He meant that he left his home and stole his bank's money to riot with females, a majority of whom would have been quietly at work in some productive occupation if economic conditions—that are made exclusively by men—had given them a fair chance. Nearly all of them were merely stupid, passive straws borne along by whatever current in a man-run world happened to catch them. If they hadn't been of that sort they wouldn't have been rioting.

Probably four-fifths of the initiative and of effective power are in the hands of men. This is true of society and of most individual cases. If the modern well-to-do woman is more ornamental than useful it is because that status was fixed for her by her father and husband. Men deplore that women brought up in easy circumstances consume much and produce little. Many of the men who deplore it loudest would perish of chagrin if the neighbors should know that their own wives were doing the family washing to save expense. Among the well-to-do, the wife is the token of the husband's gentility. He bemoans the cost, but is secretly delighted to be the husband of a "lady."

We write this in the interests of conservation. A prodigious amount of thought that might produce good social steam wastes itself in mere vapor over the ruin wrought by women. We do not recall a single case, from Adam and Samson down, where a man really up to his job was ruined by a woman.

When Railroads Talk Hard Times

THE railroads have been talking a good deal this year. Not a little of the talk must make intelligent listeners sick. In point of fact, the roads have been doing very well. They will earn more money, after deducting all expenses, this year than ever before; but some of the loudest of their spokesmen have said more or less directly that, unless they are permitted to raise freight rates substantially, the country will suffer the consequences in the form of severe business depression.

Does the reader recognize that trademark? Does he smell the shop it came out of? It is the old cry of tariff-fattened interests: "You must give us all the protection we want—touch not a sacred duty or you'll have a panic; mills will close and labor tramp the streets."

Whenever we hear a representative railroad man talk that way we can't help suspecting there is truth in the charge of extravagance and inefficiency that has been brought against the roads. The mind that regards a license to tax consumers as the sole and sovereign remedy for its business difficulties isn't the sort of mind we should care to intrust with the spending of our money.

The aristocratic planters of old Virginia, notoriously wasteful, were especially hard up in 1765 and proposed to get out of the trouble by borrowing from the colony. Their political power was great, but Patrick Henry killed their loan bill with a sentence. "What, sir!" he cried. "Is it proposed, then, to reclaim the spendthrift from his extravagance by filling his pockets with money?" The same sentence might be aptly quoted in connection with the proposal to raise the postal rates.

Science and Sanity

KNOWLEDGE is power. A scientific education multiplies a man's efficiency, enabling him—if he gets started in that direction—to make ten times more of an ass of himself than he could without it. Unfortunately, as a rule, his conclusions will be sensational in exact ratio to their silliness. So the scientist who has got started in the direction mentioned occupies a place in the newspaper that is out of proportion to his importance elsewhere.

These observations are of a general and impersonal nature. The output of half-baked deductions from facts only partially and imperfectly examined is so considerable that we hardly feel justified in taking up individual instances—although the temptation is strong every now and then, when some particularly silly opinion is advertised as "scientific" because a scientific method was misused in forming it. Don't be taken in by a counterfeit label. If a statement is repugnant to your common-sense you have high scientific warrant for doubting it.

Injustice to the Law

YOU remember, no doubt, one Abraham Ruef and what he did in San Francisco. Press dispatches recently mentioned that the Court of Appeals had confirmed the sentence passed upon him—granting his lawyers, however, forty days in which to perfect an appeal to the Supreme Court of the state. After which, we suppose, there will be an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

About as far back as the record goes you will find complaint that justice and law are not synonymous. They never have been and in the nature of the case they never can be. The great measure of justice must always be found outside the law, which is all the more reason why we should be just to the law and not expect too much from it. Its most intelligent expounders point out that the field of the law must always be very limited. It can touch only a small part of human conduct; and in the restricted sphere where it does operate it cannot possibly establish justice between man and man. Yesterday's concept of justice is not valid today. "A good truth becomes a lie in about twenty years," said a caustic German. Probably the law can never be within even twenty years of the current day. A good deal of it is two hundred years behind-hand. Don't get too downhearted about the law. By far the greater part of human conduct is shaped independently of it.

An Example in Taxation

UP TO last June, any bond issued by a New York corporation prior to 1906, secured by a mortgage that covered real estate, was subject to a tax of about two per cent a year as personal property. Bonds issued by New York railroad and trolley lines, for example, would come within that description. Altogether there must have been several hundred million dollars' worth of such bonds outstanding. The average interest rate on these bonds was probably five per cent; consequently, if the assessor discovered such a bond, the tax would eat up about forty per cent of the income from the investment.

In June the law was amended, so that any holder of such a bond could go to the recorder's office, pay a registration tax on his bond of one-half of one per cent, and the bond would be exempt from taxation as personal property.

In short, a bondholder can take his chance of being overhauled by the assessor and losing two-fifths of his income, or he can pay this small fee of one-half of one per cent and be forever legally immune from the assessor.

Few bondholders, we learn, have elected to pay the fee. Apparently they don't think the assessor has even one-half of one per cent of a chance of finding them, which illustrates the sheer idiocy of trying to reach this form of wealth with a personal-property tax.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

From the Tall Timber

OPINIONS vary as to whether Chase Osborn is the Theodore Roosevelt of Michigan or Theodore Roosevelt is the Chase Osborn of New York. Barring politics—as should be the case in the holidays—there are some likenesses between these men; and not barring politics—very hard to bar it, even under the shade of the inflammable Christmas tree—there are notable differences. Still, in order to remain in tuneful vibration with the Merry Yuletide, let's get the political part of it over as soon as possible, which entails the hurried remark that, in the recent imbroglio, Osborn was elected Governor of Michigan by the biggest plurality any Republican gubernatorial candidate received, while Mr. Roosevelt's personal candidate for similar honors in New York landed with a very broad, black, minus mark against him. Pursuing the subject to its bitter end, Mr. Osborn carried about everything and Mr. Roosevelt carried somewhat less than nothing.

So, no more politics at present—and glad of it, as Colonel Pepys would say; but, hastily taking the other slant, what are the likenesses? Seems a simple question. Still, there would be no libraries—not a single chance for A. Carnegie to chisel his name forty-seven times on the outside of each of those temples of information, by aid of which Andrew hopes to be able to die poor but advertised—if there were no simple questions. The simpler the question, the more books they write about it. Hence, having asked this simple question, it is necessary to take stock before answering it.

All will admit T. R. is pretty hard to classify and equally hard to compare; but, after long and concentrated thought, being fully aware that any writer who uses the word strenuous is penalized three strokes, I have decided on the answer. They are both dynamic. That, I take it, is a very good word—dynamic. Chase is dynamic and Theodore is dynamic—the dynamic duo. They chop wood, walk uncounted miles, invade the wilds, write books, commune with Nature and consume Nature-fakers, know everything, shoot out information on any subject like gatling guns, are always on the keen jump, strong for the uplift, well stocked with opinions, virile—you know: the brain-and-brawn combination—redblooded, and all that. They hit sledge-hammer blows and represent the moral force in public affairs.

You may be sure they are both husky persons, and friends. They have discussed these matters often. Once, when T. R. was telling of his walking exploits, Osborn told the Presidential pedestrian he would like to take him up into the Canadian woods some time. "What for?" asked T. R. "Why," said Osborn, "I would walk your legs off of you and then lose you in the brush." Of course, if some persons, names not mentioned but habitat being Wall Street, had known of this at the time probably they would have tried to make the match, being infatuated with the losing part of it; but it never came to anything. Still, it would be worth ten dollars of any man's money to see them trying to get toe-holds on the mat. I should like to invest a small sum on Osborn at odds of about seven to five, but it doesn't seem likely they will be brought together; whereupon it is now time to eliminate T. R. from this libretto and chase along to Chase.

Why They Made Him Governor

THE fact is, this man Osborn is a live person. He tore things up by the roots when he was running in the primaries for the nomination. Tearing up by the roots seemed quite popular in those primaries, for the people of Michigan took a hand at the pastime and tore up Julius Cæsar Burrows—seeking to pussyfoot it back to the Senate—by the roots at the same time; which was remarkable, for Julius Cæsar was pretty deeply rooted, being himself a tenet as well as a tenant of the Grand Old Party which was born under the oaks at Jackson, in this same Michigan, as well as in some thirteen other places, as all are aware. Osborn won the primaries handily and won the election just as handily, campaigning incessantly during both periods. He had been game warden and railroad commissioner, and had had Congressional aspirations that were nipped by some expert nippers up his way; but when he was game warden he got after the game poachers so hard, and when he was railroad commissioner he got after the railroad poachers so hard that the people decided he would make the right sort of a governor—and he undoubtedly will.

Osborn was born in a log cabin in Huntington County, Indiana, about fifty years ago. That starts him right, you will observe. He didn't have a chance to lose, for when he was ten years old he was a newsboy in Lafayette, Indiana, and the best newsboy in the place, who early showed good business sense by getting the sole agency for the Chicago papers. Between paper-selling times he gathered old iron and old bottles and old rags and sold his spoils to the junk dealers. A little later he got a job as printer's devil in a Lafayette print-shop and thus cinched his career. There was nothing to it after that.

He learned to set type and write locals; and after he had three years at Purdue University he went to Chicago and got a job as a reporter on the Chicago Tribune. He was a good reporter, they say; but, like all good reporters, he was discharged or quit, or something. At any rate, he "severed his connection." He had enough money to get to Milwaukee—eighty miles—which puts his available capital at about two dollars or thereabout. Strangely enough, the Milwaukee city editors were cold, not to say repellent, to his intimations that their papers could be helped a great deal in a literary way if the rising young journalist, Mr. Chase Osborn, formerly of Chicago, were employed. They did not fall for it. Now, when you take the fare from Chicago to Milwaukee out of a two-dollar bill there isn't much left for the purchase of sustenance; and the rising young journalist went down to the docks and became a rising young lumber-shover, a dock-walloper—and, if there should be any inquiries on the subject, that is real work. Still, it provided enough for a meal ticket.

It is hard to keep a rising young lumber-shover, born in a log cabin, who has been a printer's devil, down or anywhere near down. So, it wasn't long before Osborn had a weekly paper at Florence, Wisconsin. A few years of that and he went to Sault Ste. Marie, bought a daily paper and, looking around for a few moments, jumped into local and state politics in Michigan. That was in 1887. Since that time he has developed into a man of great influence and power and popularity, as his election on a Republican ticket in recent parlous Republican times showed.

Osborn is a big, upstanding, brawny chap; athletic, energetic, powerful. He is clear-eyed and clear-headed. He has a pleasing manner of speech and a record for rugged honesty. He is a woodsman, a hunter, an explorer, skilled in all the science of the forest and tireless when on the trail. He has the wanderlust, for he has been on every continent and in almost every country in the world. I think—his friends for authority—that when he goes to Tibet he will have cleaned up the globe. He is something of a linguist, a reader and a writer of good clear English, with bones in it. One of his books, about South America, made a good deal of a stir a few years back.

Whenever the lust comes on he dives into the woods. Naturally, as Canada is near his home in Sault Ste. Marie, the woods he dives into oftenest are the Canadian woods. He has explored those wildernesses up to the Arctic Circle and beyond. He is a naturalist, a botanist and a geologist. On one of his trips he found a deposit of iron ore that made him rich. After he had completed his preliminary examinations and staked his claims he took the land under a thirty-day option and offered a friend half if he would sell the mine to the United States Steel Company for seven hundred thousand dollars in the thirty days. The friend worked twenty-eight days and quit. He couldn't swing it. Osborn went out and in the two remaining days sold the mine. Then he gave his friend three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Business associates and others argued with him that this was unnecessary and that the other man had no claim, as he had failed in his undertaking; but Osborn replied that the work of the friend for twenty-eight days undoubtedly made it possible to close the trade in the remaining two days—and, anyhow, it was the Osborn idea of a square deal to give the man half the money.

That proves many things, but the chief thing it proves is that the proletariat of Michigan, unterrified and unafraid, certainly know how to pick 'em.

PHOTO. BY C. M. HAYES & CO., DETROIT

One of a Dynamic Duo

A Montana Elephant

IN THE old days a man known as Judge Douglass lived in Helena, Montana. The judge had met with an accident in his youth and had lost both of his legs above the knees. He never would get artificial legs, but had some big leather pads made to fit on the ends of the stumps and walked on them.

Locomotion was slow for the judge, but he managed to cover a good deal of ground and was very fond of walking out on the edge of the town, where he could take his exercise without being the subject of remark from strangers in the city.

One day an Englishman came to Helena to hunt. He had some letters and put up at the Helena Club. He stayed around for several days. Finally, after a light fall of snow, he decided to go out into the mountains and get a sheep or a deer, or something.

He left early in the morning. When it came night he had not returned. His hosts around the club waited until eight o'clock and then decided to go out and look him up, thinking he might have been lost in one of the gulches or cañons in the hills.

They formed a rescue party and went out to the edge of the town. There they met the Englishman, who was wildly excited.

"Did you get anything?" they asked him.

"No," he replied, "not yet; but I've been tracking an elephant for the last three hours."

A Perjurious Person

A WITNESS in a court held by Judge Harry Melvin in California was contradicting the testimony of a previous witness at every point, giving the other witness the lie direct.

Finally the judge asked the witness: "You are making some strong statements. Do you accuse the other witness of perjury?"

"I certainly do, Judge," replied the man. "He's the most perjurious person of my acquaintance."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Any time President Taft gets his weight down to three hundred pounds he thinks he is fit.

℄ Eugene Foss, governor-elect of Massachusetts, has a habit of settling things by tossing a coin.

℄ Representative Crumpacker, of Indiana, the only Republican who got through at the recent election, was a judge before he came to Congress.

℄ Jefferson M. Levy, elected to Congress again after several terms of vacation, from the city of New York, is the man who owns Monticello, where Thomas Jefferson lived.

℄ Champ Clark, who may be Speaker of the Democratic House in the Sixty-second Congress, had an ambition to be a prizefighter when he was young, but became a college president instead.

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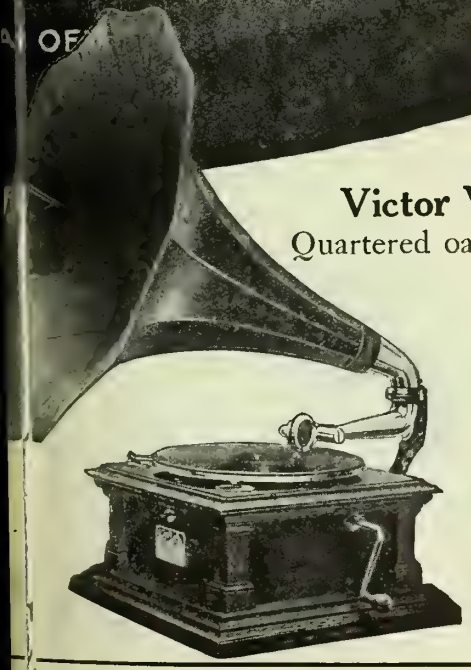
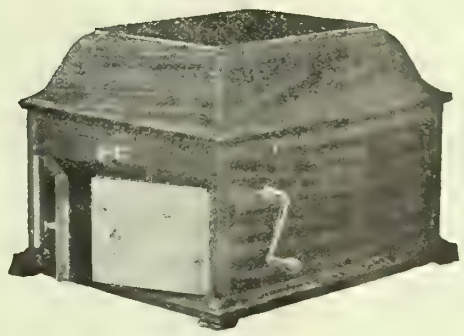


Victor V
Quartered oak $60



Victor-Victrola X
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Victor-Victrola XI
Mahogany or oak $100

The Senator's Secretary

ANY Republican statesman in this country who has even a few of the qualifications of a Moses will hear of something to his advantage by applying to the Republican leaders in Washington, showing his credentials, exhibiting his line of goods and giving testimony as to how far and how quickly he can lead one stranded Grand Old Party out of the wilderness.

Indeed, there would be but few questions asked if the man who can be a Moses should happen to be not quite all Republican—should be only a near-Republican—an Insurgent, mayhap, or an occasional kicker. There is no disposition to quibble. Even a somewhat worn and perhaps a little discredited Moses will do if he can make a start. The men who are sending out the long yell for aid and succor are not overly particular. All they want is somebody to come along and start something, hoping, if the Moses of the beginning cannot do the entire trick, maybe a subsequent Moses can be developed to finish the job.

The old chaps are in a frightful state of mind. The building is a total loss and no insurance. They have been sitting around Washington ever since the week before Congress opened, asking one another what shall be done. Nobody seems to have an answer. Most of these patriots have lost the power of connected thought—especially those venerable patriots who will not be here after March fourth next; those ancient and anguished gentlemen who were caught in the landslide and who haven't yet figured out how it was their constituents, whom they have served for many years with an eye single to their own welfare, could have been so ungrateful.

Even when a house falls on a politician he doesn't know anything has hit him; and that is the case with most of these old codgers who are yelping for a Moses. They think maybe they can come back if only somebody will come along and lead the party out of the morass and get it on the highway again. At that, they are most disconsolate over the prospect. They do not find the evidence of firm leadership on the part of Mr. Taft that they think would avail; and there isn't another man in sight, so far as they can see, who can help any.

As a matter of fact, eliminating Mr. Taft, the titular head of the Republican party, there isn't a man of from forty-five to sixty years of age in the Republican party, on the horizon at this time, who could be elected President with conditions as they now are—and it is likely Mr. Taft couldn't be. On the other hand, the Democratic party is swarming with talent. There are likely candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination on every corner. You step on them in the street cars. Still, that isn't the point. The Presidential election is two years away. What is needed now is a man for the present necessities—a man to help out immediately.

A Flight of Lame Ducks

Take the situation in the United States Senate, which has been the bulwark of the Republican party for many years and was considered impregnable for years to come. The Republican majority in that august and dictatorial body, the hope of the interests and the pride of the highly protected infant industries, has been shot all to pieces. After the present session of Congress ends—and the Sixty-first Congress goes out of existence on March fourth next at noon—the former Republican majority in the Senate, where there are now fifty-nine Republicans to thirty-three Democrats, will become so nebulous as to be observed with difficulty by the naked eye and voted with incredibly more difficulty than it can be seen.

Two of the big men of the majority, Aldrich and Hale, have retired—the two biggest men, so far as that goes. Hale will be succeeded by a Democrat. Aldrich will be succeeded by an inexperienced man and probably by a nonentity. It is no sure thing, as this is written, that Lodge will be returned from Massachusetts. Kean, of New Jersey, will be gone. Dick, of Ohio; Beveridge, of Indiana; Scott, of West Virginia; Burkett, of Nebraska; Carter, of Montana; and Warner, of Missouri—all these will be succeeded by out-and-out Democrats, except Aldrich and possibly Lodge, if Lodge cannot make the riffle. There is the first jar.

Then, of the Republican Senators who remain, there will be two—La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Bristow, of Kansas—who will have no compunctions whatever about making any kind of a combination with the Democrats wherein they may secure an advantage for some of their measures and principles or theories. Poindexter, nominally a Republican, who will come in with the new Senate, will outradical both La Follette and Bristow. That cuts it down pretty close on any important measure where the Insurgents may think they are justified in voting with the Democrats—the radical Insurgents, I mean.

Beveridge will be out and Dolliver is dead. Clapp will be back, but he has no great capabilities for leadership. Thus, the hope of the remnant of the Old Guard lies not in themselves, or in any of their number—for Murray Crane will not display leadership qualities that will command support—but in some of the less pronounced Insurgents, and though it may seem fantastic at this time, the probabilities are that Senator A. B. Cummins, of Iowa, will be appealed to by the Old Guard to aid them, to come in with them or to let them come in with him, and help them swing the situation.

Cummins Looming Up

I do not mean, of course, that Cummins will be made the Republican leader of the Senate, or anything like that; but I do mean that he will be so strong, so advantageously placed, that he can have anything he wants if he will play ball with the Old Guard or if he won't—if he won't play with the other side; the hope being that if Cummins can be enlisted he will be able to influence Dixon and Brown and some of the others who have given Insurgent signs from time to time, but who have not run amuck, like some of the others.

Cummins probably will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1912. In the last campaign he made a speech in which the newspaper reports said he advised all Republicans to vote for any kind of a Republican rather than vote for a Democrat—that is, as the reports went, he advised Insurgents to vote for a regular Republican rather than to vote for a Democrat if there were no chance to vote for an Insurgent, for the purpose of rebuking regular and nonprogressive Republicans. That speech gives the Old Guard some encouragement. They are hoping they can enlist Cummins, save something out of the wreck and perhaps hold on to their slender majority, even if they cannot depend on La Follette, Bristow and Poindexter—as they probably cannot.

Thus, one of the big men of the near future is Cummins, and that goes two ways. He may be regular enough to hold the near-regulars together by his influence, and he may be Insurgent enough to take a commanding position among the Insurgents. La Follette, too, will be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1912 in all probability. Taft has already determined on that course. What the Old Guard wants to do is to hold the remnants of the party steady; and it would be no strange thing if Cummins should develop enough strength to be the most formidable Republican in sight in 1912 on a get-together platform.

Not many of the Old Guard look for any decisive leadership from Mr. Taft. They have about given up that hope. As they will have lost Aldrich they will have to turn somewhere, and Cummins is likely to loom large, especially if they think he can hold some of the wobbly ones in line for a fairly decent line of Old Guard procedure. The procedure will be fairly decent too. You will observe no more baiting or scorning of Insurgents in the United States Senate. Those days are over. The Old Guard will do anything the Insurgents—except La Follette and Bristow—want. They will carry their satchels and wait on them—eat out of their hands.

There is more or less polite jealousy between La Follette and Cummins; and the situation that is almost sure to arise—that is sure to arise if the great conciliator, Murray Crane, can bring it about—will intensify that. La Follette gets more radical as the days go on. Cummins is toning down. Therefore things look very pleasant for Mr. Cummins. The Old Guard need him and his influence in their business; need his counsel and his political judgment and his fighting abilities—and Cummins is a politician. He plays the game. He knows what he wants and how to get it. Undoubtedly he can hold in line one or two—perhaps more—of the wavering brethren who are tinctured with Insurgency, but not transelemented with it. Or, at least, he can help. Still, Cummins will have his troubles out in Iowa when it comes time to elect a Senator to replace Dolliver, Lafe Young having been appointed to fill the vacancy until the legislature elects and Lafe Young being one of the most consistent anti-Cummins men in the state, an avowed regular, who will be a candidate for election at the hands of the legislature. Young will be a help to the Old Guard for the brief time he is in the Senate, until he gets his election or is defeated; and Cummins must play very careful politics or take the chances of losing in his own state the advantage he may gain in the Senate.

The regulars who were expecting to hear a clarion call when the President's message was read were badly disappointed. Apparently Mr. Taft has not a clarion call in his system. Instead of a ringing declaration of principles that they hoped to be able to rebuild upon, or a definite declaration about the tariff, the message was a long and dreary affair, largely a compilation of reports of the various cabinet ministers, with few recommendations, and almost nothing on the tariff except ideas previously exploited.

The President's Message

At that it was not so long when it was finally read as it was when first sent to the printer. Mr. Taft didn't work on the message at Beverly and they couldn't get him down to it on the Panama trip although that is where they thought he would shine as a producer. When he got back he had two five-hour cabinet sessions considering the pronouncement and finally, on the afternoon of December first, he gave the message to the printers and it was delivered to the distributing agencies at about 12:30 on the morning of December second. Then there came a six-thousand-word condensation and rearrangement and the infusion of a little new stuff, and various corrections and emendations and additions came thick and fast. Finally it went to Congress, but it made neither hit nor impression. It was a negative document. The call to arms was not there, and the regulars in the Republican party, despairing of getting any aid from the White House, took up the problem of trying to get the party in shape.

Meantime, the lame-duck contingent continues getting larger every day. Just before Congress met they put a big screen in the corridor leading to the office of Secretary Norton in the White House, explaining that the secretary's office is not large enough to hold all the lame ducks who want to see the President, and that this space screened off in the corridor is to be known as the lame-duck room. Many a rising statesman who was ripped by the recent elections, and many a statesman who has risen, sits around Washington and curses his activity in supporting the consular reform bill that sews up a good portion of the foreign service, and many another wonders why he was so anxious to extend the civil service. The average Representative, unless he has private means, is a pathetic object when he gets beaten after serving four or five terms in the House. Usually he has not kept up legal or business connections at home, and, almost always, he has not saved a cent of salary, for that is very hard to do in Washington.

CALAMITY NOTE—"It is my opinion," said a Senator, after reading the message, "that the greatest political crime in this country, since the Crime of '73, was when they made Mr. Taft think he has a judicial temperament."

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The Popular Magazines and the Post-Office

(Concluded from Page 6)

"These are some of the big features of the bill. The whole intent is to systematize and to modernize the entire postal system. It is idle to take up such questions as apportioning the cost for carrying second-class mail matter or the proper compensation of railroads for transporting the mails until we shall have established business methods in Post-office affairs by a reorganization of the whole postal system.

"The commission unanimously recommended the passage of the projected bill. Personally I have been very much interested in all the details and, of course, am heartily in favor of the changes to be made.

"Like all new propositions, this has aroused a certain amount of hostility from persons who do not understand its intent and scope. I hope that, notwithstanding this opposition, it will be passed at the approaching short session of Congress. The matter of the adjustment of second-class postage will probably wait until after the disposition of this measure. My understanding of the position of the periodical publishers is that they are willing to pay what is fair for the carrying of their publications, but they object to any determination of that cost without a fair basis for such decision."

Senator Penrose's understanding of the attitude of the periodical publishers is undoubtedly correct. Though we are not authorized to speak for any other magazine, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST wants to pay to the Government every cent that the postal service is worth under an economical, efficient and businesslike administration of the Department. We object, however, to paying the political bills of either the Republican or the Democratic party, to being charged for inefficiency, to being held responsible for a deficit that is due to a vicious system, bad business methods, franking, the free carriage of newspapers in their home-counties, rural free delivery and the transportation of magazines by unnecessarily expensive methods.

Next week we shall try to show the spirit in which a modern business man, after securing the legislation necessary to a reorganization of his department, would approach these problems with a view to making the Post-office pay a profit.

Conscienceless Fire Insurance

By JACOB BARTLE PARKER

Random Experiences From the Official Diary of a Fire Insurance Adjuster

IF A WHITE man fools Indian once, white man's fault; if he fools Indian twice, Indian's fault."

If the reader has ever lived in or traveled through that section of the United States which is now a part of one of our youngest states—Oklahoma—and was originally known as the Indian Territory, lying opposite Fort Smith, Arkansas, he will recall having often heard the expression quoted at the beginning of this article.

And by way of introducing this narrative, the expression can be appropriately paraphrased to read: "If an insured person fools insurance company once, insured's fault; if he fools company twice, company's fault."

Conscienceless fire insurance is sought only by persons who have deliberately determined to commit a crime.

It is remarkable how simple a thing will often result in disclosing the perpetration of a fraud, when seemingly there is nothing tangible upon which to pursue an investigation—thus serving to prove the truth that "honesty is the best policy" even when seeking insurance.

An insurance adjuster's work calls for the very best there is in a man—diplomacy, the keenest of secret-service instinct, and the mind of a Lincoln—for the insurance adjuster must act as an impartial arbiter between the insured, who has suffered loss or damage, and the company, which must pay the sum finally agreed upon; or must, in some cases, give information that will demand prosecution of the insured for fraud.

I was one day ordered by a company to visit the town of D ——, where a clothing merchant's store, a one-story brick building sandwiched in between two two-story buildings, had been destroyed by fire. I learned that the merchant had recently stocked up heavily by purchasing a lot of second-hand goods on which he had procured insurance of ten thousand dollars, placing the value of his stock at fifteen thousand dollars. A visit to his store revealed the almost complete destruction of the place, although I observed in about the center of the store a pile of partially burned goods and a lot of charred planks. Securing a negro I had him lift one of the planks, which I found was resting on a partially burned wooden horse used by the merchant as a support for some hastily improvised counters upon which he had displayed his goods. I told the negro to replace the plank, and then quickly withdrew from the ruins.

Beneath that plank I had seen evidence that would convict the merchant of arson—a broken coal-oil lamp around which was coiled a piece of copper wire, and at the end of the wire a piece of fish and the body of a dead cat which had been caught in the falling clothing and thus had escaped the flames. The merchant was a bachelor, but a visit to a little restaurant where he ate his meals elicited the information that on the evening of the fire he had procured a piece of fish and taken it with him as he left the place. From another source I learned that he had borrowed a cat with which to catch rats. The rest was very simple. He had returned to his store and had arranged his bait upon the temporary counter, where the slightest pull would upset both lamp and clothing. He had then locked the door of his store and left it to the mercy of the cat. In the mean time the merchant joined some cronies and whiled away the time playing pinocle and waiting for the alarm of fire.

The merchant soon visited me at my hotel and related a hard-luck story that would have brought tears to the eyes of the Egyptian Sphinx. I listened intently as he told me that he believed rats had gnawed matches and caused the fire, but that as he was anxious to have a quick settlement he would accept nine thousand dollars cash for his insurance of ten thousand dollars. He would thus be able to purchase another stock at once and recover from his disaster, as it was his busy season.

We then sat in silence for a minute or two, when I startled him by asking him why he hadn't used a piece of string instead of a copper wire? He, of course, feigned the greatest surprise possible, and in response to his inquiry as to what I meant I escorted him over to the ruins of his store where, lifting the fatal plank, I pointed to the telltale lamp and wire and bait, and the dead cat.

With the addition of a few more facts the clothing merchant confessed, and at his trial he was found guilty and is now serving a prison term of five years.

Out in an agricultural section a storehouse containing cottonseed and hay one night succumbed to the flames. I couldn't find enough ruins to determine what had been on the site of the fire.

I finally found the owner of the destroyed storehouse and asked him if he had saved his books so that he could give me a statement showing how many tons of hay and cottonseed were stored in the building. He assured me that he had his books, and he soon stated the amount of stock he had had in storage. Upon my request that he put it in writing he did so, and then I had him accompany me to a notary public and make affidavit to the correctness of his figures. Thereupon I arranged to meet him in an hour and discuss the adjustment of his loss. My next move was to obtain the exact measurement of the building that had been burned, and with these figures I was soon able to tell exactly how much hay and cottonseed could be stored in it. The more I calculated with his figures the more impossible I found it to crowd into that storehouse more than about one-tenth of the quantity that he had sworn was contained therein at the time of the fire.

He was prompt, however, in keeping his appointment with me, and replying to my inquiry of whether he was positive that he had given me correct figures he said: "Yes, sir, I took them from my own books which I kept." He was persuaded to do a little figuring himself, and I soon learned from the worried expression on his face that he realized that he had trapped himself. I smoked and quietly waited, and he finally broke the silence by saying: "Confound that clerk, he has made errors in his figures!" "Maybe he has," I said, "but it was you, not your clerk, who made oath that those figures were exactly correct. You evidently forgot the size of your storehouse when you were estimating the size of the insurance that you should receive from the company."

Mind you, that man did not set fire to his storehouse. He was innocent of the cause of the fire, but he was one of those conscienceless men who look for an opportunity to beat the company. He finally produced invoices that proved just what amount of goods he had in storage, and was paid accordingly.

. . . . . .

As a copper wire convicted one dishonest merchant, so a postage stamp sent another offender to the wearing of stripes, although he favored blue serge.

One chilly autumn day I received orders from my people to proceed to an isolated town some thirty-two miles from a railroad. The trip was made by wagon through a swampy country, my sole companion being a likely-looking stranger whom I had picked up at the livery-stable in the nearest town. He had expressed his intention of going to the same town for which I was destined, and as he agreed to pay half of the livery bill I was willing to take him as a passenger. After we had proceeded for two or three hours he finally inquired my business, and I stated that I was a missionary visiting the out-of-the-way places.

He had noticed a quart bottle in the pocket of my overcoat, and he smiled as he remarked: "You are the first missionary that I have ever seen carrying a bottle," to which I replied that the sparsely settled country necessitated such precaution. Finally we grew confidential enough to discover that both were bent upon the same mission—investigation of the burning of a country store and post-office—the only business house in the town. He was a post-office inspector, and he agreed to give me whatever information he had in return for the same compliment from me. We found that neither had anything to offer, save a letter in my possession which the insurance company had received from the merchant. It was crudely constructed, but it explained that everything had been burned, including the post-office supplies and the merchant's personal belongings which were in the building.

We finally arrived in the town and met the merchant, who was occupying a little frame house with a neighbor. He told us how the store had burned and that he had not saved even a postage stamp, and he added that were it not for his insurance he would be absolutely penniless. The post-office inspector first broke in upon his calmness by inquiring whether he had any registered letters in the post-office when the fire occurred. He replied that he had several, but that nothing was saved.

"Then where did you procure the postage stamp which you used in writing this letter to the insurance company?" inquired the inspector.

This disconcerted the merchant and he broke down and confessed. He is now serving a five-year term for setting fire to his store.

Just Try This Test in a "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensil

Pour one pint of milk into a saucepan, place on stove over a simmer burner, and WITHOUT STIRRING let the milk boil down to one-quarter pint. THE MILK WILL NOT BE SCORCHED.

ALUMINUM is a better distributor of heat than other materials of which cooking utensils are made. Food cooked in "Wear-Ever" [illegible] is therefore less liable to be scorched. Too much heat will of course scorch food no matter what kind of utensil you use. But aluminum requires less fire to cook food than is ordinarily used, because it [illegible] more heat and retains it longer than any other metal. The important point about "Wear-Ever" ware is that even if you burn food in it the burning has no effect whatever on the utensil.

No poisonous compounds can be formed by fruit or vegetable acids with aluminum. You may, therefore, allow food to stand in a "Wear-Ever" [illegible] without anxiety—just the same as in a glass or china [illegible].

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made [illegible] from thick, hard sheet-aluminum. [illegible] handle, bright as silver, cannot [illegible]

The ware that has all these [illegible] in fuel, in food, in [illegible] kind that makes heavy [illegible] bills.

But we want you to prove these [illegible] you have tried "Wear-Ever" [illegible] again be contented with cooking [illegible]

Ask your dealer for "Wear-Ever" utensils.

If he cannot supply you with "Wear-Ever" [illegible] fill in and mail the coupon below, enclosing 15 cents (Canadian stamps a little higher) and we will send you [illegible] 1-quart saucepan pictured.

Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of every utensil. It is your guarantee of safety, saving and service.

Write for booklet, illustrating full line. Over 200 different styles and sizes.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa.

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Please send me [illegible] "Wear-Ever" Saucepan, for which I enclose [illegible] cents—[illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

My dealer's name [illegible]

His address is [illegible]

(Dealer's name [illegible])

S. E. P.

EMIGRANTS TO THE EAST

(Continued from Page 5)

the sod-mulch system, but Mr. Drew strongly advises clean cultivation for old orchards as well as for new ones. Though cutting the grass and allowing it to rot where it falls is far cheaper than cultivation, it can be really successful only on a soil that is naturally retentive of moisture. Again, it should be remembered that the delicate feeding-roots of any mature tree are at the ends of the large roots and that the mulch should be placed some six or seven feet beyond the spread of the tree.

The man who wishes to make the old orchard show quick results will choose the clean cultivation method. Cultivation seldom fails to mean expansion. In all old orchards the roots of the trees are close to the surface and care must be taken not to mutilate or destroy them.

If a plow is used it should not turn the soil to a greater depth than four inches in the aisles between the trees. On the Conyer farms fine results in cultivation were secured by the use of the cutaway harrow. Though this gave only a light surface tilth it reached well under the trees. If a cutaway is used the ground should be thoroughly cross-harrowed.

"The fertilizer proposition," declares Mr. Drew, "is one of the most important and least understood of all the problems that confront the orchardist—especially the beginner. Farmers generally know surprisingly little about the elements of fertilization. Certainly the old-style farmers' knowledge on this score is next to nothing; but, thanks to our splendid agricultural colleges, experiment stations and our national Department of Agriculture, we are raising up a new generation of farmers who know the whys and wherefores of this proposition.

"The average New England farmer will tell you that bonemeal and wood ashes are the right things for orchards. So they are—but how many farmers have wood ashes handy in sufficient quantities and at the right time to make a thorough application all over the orchard? Again, the more progressive farmers feel that they are doing something very fine and generous by their orchards when they send away for a small quantity of ready-mixed commercial fertilizer, supposed to be properly balanced for fruit, and make a sparing application of it. This is much better than nothing, and the ingredients may be well compounded for some soils and conditions; but this is not the best or the most economical method for the man who tackles the job of restoring an old orchard."

Proper Fertilizers to Use

"First, he should make a study of fruit fertilization, visit an orchard operated by a man who knows his business, and read the best books published on that subject, together with the bulletins issued by the agricultural college or experiment station of his own state and of the United States Government. In this way he will soon acquire a surprising amount of sound fertilizer knowledge. He must study his own problems and find out what his trees need. No long-distance, offhand and wholesale prescription will meet his needs. If he is any considerable distance from a railway station he will find it of decided advantage to buy his fertilizers in concentrated form. At any rate, he should buy the elements and not the ready-mixed 'patent-medicine' compounds. He will find that trying the separate ingredients is immensely cheaper and altogether better.

"Again, the beginner should pick out certain trees and practice on them—dedicate them to careful fertilization experiments to test his judgment. Though I emphasize the statement that it is folly to attempt to give any rules for fertilization and that each orchard presents an individual problem, I will say that in all of my orchard renovating I have used at times the following chemicals: high-grade sulphate of potash, nitrate of potash, basic slag, phosphates—often called Phosphate Powder—and tankage. There is quite a discussion about the relative values of high-grade sulphate of potash and muriate of potash. Though muriate of potash is cheaper, I consider potash in the form of sulphate the most desirable, as the muriate contains chlorine which unites with the lime, making a soluble compound that is washed out of the soil, thus robbing the soil of lime. Three essential elements are necessary for fruit trees: potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen. If you specially desire growth, nitrogen in some form is more essential than the other two; potash and phosphoric acid enter more into the fruit and supply stable qualities to the trees.

"To meet the conditions of the fifteen or more old orchards that have been consolidated into one, I have found that the following formula worked out very well: nitrate of soda, one hundred pounds to the acre, spread broadcast over the entire surface; sulphate of potash, two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre; and basic slag, five hundred to six hundred pounds to the acre. This gives you all the elements you need to start with. Rather than mix these together I apply them separately, but simultaneously. If mixed, the lime in the basic slag generally drives out the nitrogen in nitrate of soda. Another formula might be fifty pounds of nitrate of soda, one hundred pounds tankage, two hundred and fifty pounds of sulphate of potash and six hundred pounds of basic slag to the acre."

Advice to Beginners

"When I started out to remedy conditions I used generous quantities of nitrates to get trees in good, vigorous condition. After that, on these old orchards, I have depended for my supply of nitrates on seeding with legumes—either a cover crop of a mixture of clovers or vetch, or soy-beans. Sown in the fall, this will give trees plenty of nitrogen. By intelligent use of legumes after an orchard is well started, the application of commercial nitrates will not be necessary; but this matter of fertilization is not a thing to be mastered in a day or settled on any general rule-of-thumb basis. Faithful study and constant experiment are the only means by which a man may get the highest results. However, successful fertilization of an orchard is not beyond the reach of any intelligent man who is willing to attack the problem with determination. He need make few mistakes and none that are fatal. Though he may not get the best possible results at the start, he will hardly fail to get a fair return for his pains."

Here Mr. Drew was asked a leading question: "If an able-bodied and fairly intelligent man from a city were to come to you and say, 'I have saved a few thousand dollars and I am anxious to get into the country, to get out of the grind and to build up a place of my own that will take care of me,' would you advise him to go into orcharding? If so what specific suggestions would you make to him?"

"It is a responsible thing to advise anybody," was his reply, "but if he were intelligent, and I was convinced that he liked trees and fruit growing and was in dead earnest about it, I certainly should say, 'Yes; do it.' Possibly I should not have put it so positively as this before my experience in restoring the old orchards of this farm; but now it seems to me that the neglected old orchard of New England is a sort of 'special Providence' for the small man with limited capital who must have fairly immediate returns from his labors in order to make ends meet. This element of the long wait for results from a newly planted orchard has been, in thousands of cases, the one thing that has prevented the poor but prudent man from making a start for himself. By the same token, it has been the rock of disaster to many an imprudent man who did not face conditions and fully figure all the costs, delays and disappointments before he cut loose from his pay envelope. He bought high-priced apple lands, without trees or buildings, in a region remote from markets and from the comforts of an established community, and put all or nearly all of his capital into his original investment, sometimes into his first payments.

"What are the conditions here in New England? There are thousands of small farms for sale here at seven to twenty-five dollars an acre—farms with fairly extensive old orchards on them and with good habitable houses that would be regarded as models of snugness and comfort in a 'new' country. These orchards, houses, barns and other outbuildings go with the land at the price I have named. Generally the nearness to a railway station and the amount of fairly level land under cultivation are the factors that determine the price—although the condition and extent of the buildings enter into this problem.

"It is hardly a rash statement to say that there are comparatively few New England farms that do not present their owners with the possibilities of self-support, of taking care of a family in a modest way right from the start, if those possibilities are handled with any degree of intelligence and according to modern methods. In other words, the farm is capable of producing at the start the garden truck, the milk, the eggs, the poultry, the butter, the pork, the mutton and the beef to make up the bulk of the family living—not to speak of the maple sugar with which to sweeten the living—besides sustaining a horse or two with which to do the work. This capacity for producing his own food means much to the man who is starting into orcharding on slender capital. It puts fighting ground under his feet.

"Now, as to the general conditions of apple and other fruit raising in New England—conditions that deserve far more than the passing hint which it is possible to give them here: First, it is almost universally admitted that Eastern apples have a snap and flavor which the apples of no other general apple region can rightfully claim. The apple sentiment of all the great markets will support this statement without question. That as perfect apples can be raised here as anywhere in America is a matter of abundant demonstration at the present moment. In a word, this is a natural apple region in every respect. We get the yield, the flavor, the color and the keeping qualities. Only in size do we seem to be outdone by the West at the present moment—and that difference is being rapidly wiped out by our foremost orchardists; but let the emphasis rest on flavor and keeping qualities. There is where we can challenge the whole apple-growing world with confidence."

The Eastern Growers' Advantages

"Next, consider the matter of a market. Speaking to the apple growers of Maine, Mr. Lowell Roudebush, of Ohio, put the problem this way: 'A market is fundamental. Who has the market that all New England orchardists have?—twenty millions of people within a radius of two hundred miles of them; the millionaires are not a few and the high-priced artisans are many. The latter furnish the best customers—they have both the appetite and the money. Cheap transportation is necessary. It costs the Pacific orchardist three dollars and seventy-five cents a barrel or its equivalent to lay his apples down in New York or Boston.'

"These are sound words—and from a man outside of New England. The simple truth of the matter is that we are in a position to compete with the whole country on fine apple production. Nothing save our own shortsightedness and stupidity can prevent us from regaining the ground lost by the neglect and unprogressiveness of those who planted the orchards a generation ago and should have had a golden harvest of millions of dollars pouring into the Pilgrim country every year as has been the case in the far-western apple states, where negligence in orcharding is a crime and where the keenest and most farsighted business methods known in any industry are applied to the harvesting, the packing, the advertising and the selling of apples.

"But the Eastern market has another and a very important advantage for the man making a start with small means and under difficulties. There is a strong and steady demand for his poorer apples—of the grade that would be a dead loss if he were in the West. These bring a very respectable salvage and are the apples of the poor people in the cities and the larger factory towns. This farm sells several hundred dollars' worth of such apples every year direct to the hucksters, and they bring from one dollar to a dollar and a half a barrel at the farm. However, there is still another market feature here in New England more important than this. It is made possible by our dense population and the large number of non-producers employed in the factories with which New England is dotted. From the instant that the beginner sets foot on his little farm,

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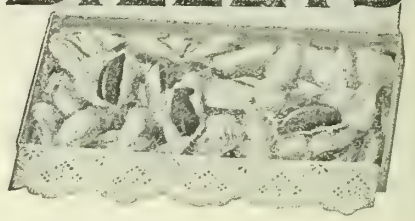

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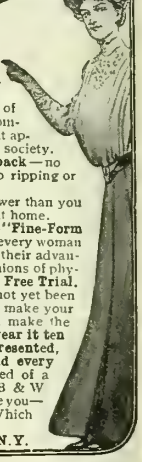

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while he is waiting for his restoration work on the old orchard to take effect, he may be producing highly profitable crops in small fruits and garden truck and find a quick sale for them in the near factory town. Right here is where I should say to the beginner: Better pay a higher price for a farm comparatively near a good town than get a greater acreage too far away for a quick and easy trip with your wagonload of small fruits and garden truck. It is the man with comparatively ample capital who can afford to buy the large and cheap acreage back in the hills away from the factory and the trolley-express car. He can wait without discomfort for his orchard to respond to restoration measures—and in some cases, at least, he can overcome distance and isolation with an automobile.

"Let him select his little farm with a view to having, if possible, a variety of soils—some level land of a loamy character, but plenty of hillsides, where he can get the air or frost drainage that is necessary for fruit trees of any kind. Of course he will do well to pick a farm as free from stones as possible—and that is only a comparative term in New England—but he need not let the stones worry him so long as he can get a plow between them or even between most of them. In our cold winters, those stones serve for the apple trees the same purpose that the long-handled copper warming pans served for our ancestors. From an orchardist's viewpoint there is no more productive soil in the country than that on these New England hillsides. It will make fruit of any sort grow if you give it half a chance. The most troublesome of the stones may be cleared away, a few at a time, in the slack season, when the proprietor is not pushed with crop work."

The Apple Grower's School

"Good care should be taken to select a farm that is mainly cleared of timber. Clearing is slow and expensive work and the more limited the beginner's capital and the less his ability to hire labor the more necessary is it that his land be in shape to give him quick and sure returns from his own personal toil. Of course, as I have already said, his very first consideration in selecting a location should be that of getting a good-sized old orchard of trees in as sturdy a condition as possible. He can get profitable results from restoring them if they are fifty or even sixty years old; but if they have seen only twenty-five or thirty years of service, and are in what might be called 'fair neglected condition,' then he need have small anxiety about results. Look sharp to the old orchard—for that will put you in the apple business while you are growing a new one at your leisure and 'without feeling it.' Lose no time, either, in beginning active restoration work, for the difference in yield and quality of the very next crop may pay you for all the labor and expense you put upon it.

"If the beginner's experience tallies with my own the second year after renovation will give results of a very substantial and satisfactory kind; and a point by no means to be overlooked is that the handling of the old orchard, while the new one is growing, is a very practical school for the grower. The successful handling of fruit on a commercial basis is not so simple a matter that it may be mastered in a season.

"All my experience and observation go to sustain the statement that any fairly intelligent and industrious man, working under modern methods and rightly situated as to a local market, can readily pay all the running expenses of a small orchard farm, including the cost of planting a new orchard of reasonable size and caring for it up to the time of its fruiting, by the planting of annual crops and small fruits between the rows of the young orchard. Just what crops should be planted will depend upon the local market, which should be carefully consulted at the outset. In my own case I have set the standard apple trees forty by forty feet apart and put in fillers of dwarf apples or peaches, making the final planting twenty by twenty feet. These rows were interplanted with three rows of sweet corn and the open space directly about the trees was put into Hubbard squash.

"By this arrangement the cultivation given the corn and squash served for the trees also. This corn has brought returns of one hundred dollars to the acre for the ears alone, leaving the stalks for stover or for mulching, while the Hubbard squash has brought fifty dollars and even more—and all from land occupied by a growing orchard! This is a very different thing from the old method of trying to steal a grass crop from under the feet of the orchard and cheating the orchard, the grass and the grower at one stroke. By the means I have suggested one really does not have to cultivate the young orchard at all for the first few years—he only cultivates the annual crops grown between the rows of trees!

"I have also had excellent success with currants and gooseberries as fillers between young orchard trees. These will give good results in two years. In my own experience they have paid astonishingly—several hundred dollars to the acre. But to get one hundred dollars an acre from them should satisfy any beginner, and that is easily possible with conscientious work and an accessible market. Peach trees as fillers are a demonstrated success. Peaches can be grown to advantage on the elevated sections—not the extreme heights—of southern New Hampshire, southern Vermont, and of Massachusetts as well as Connecticut, Rhode Island and the more southerly of the Atlantic states. The notion that certain favored sections of New York and Connecticut mark the northern limits of successful peach culture is now an exploded tradition. However, when you get into these northerly New England states greater care must be taken in the choice of varieties and locations. Such varieties as the Greensboro, Carmen, Wardell, Champion, Heiley, Belle of Georgia, Elberta and Fox Seedling are the safest for the northern orchards. With fairly favorable seasons they may often be made to produce profitable crops in three or four years. They generally cease to bear paying harvests when ten or twelve years old. Then they are easily cut out and the apple trees, to which they have served as fillers, rush into fruiting with a bound!

"There is one other suggestion that may serve the young orchardist who is obliged to make a very economical start and count every penny of initial cost. Horses are today so high that the poor man can only afford to raise them—not to buy them. They are a good crop, with a sure market, for his pasture land. Few work teams, sound and young, can be bought for less than four hundred dollars—and are more likely to cost five or six hundred dollars. On the other hand, a fair and serviceable pair of work-cattle can be had for a hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and twenty-five dollars—and in case of an accident the loss is only partial, for the injured animal can be quickly turned into beef."

Yellow Apples English Favorites

"Oxen or steers are well adapted to work among trees and on stony ground and are not, in many cases at least, nearly so slow and cumbersome as they seem to the man who is accustomed to working with horses only. Many—perhaps most—of the New England farms have maple-sugar orchards and for work in the 'sugar bush' cattle are far better than horses. Perhaps the same might be said with regard to any kind of work among stones and trees. A yoke of cattle is not a bad asset for the fruit farmer who must start in a careful way.

"Everybody growing apples should choose varieties according to the markets to which they wish to cater. The Boston market, for instance, takes kindly to such varieties as the Baldwin, Gravenstein, Williams' Favorite and McIntosh, and other highly colored apples. As a general rule, a red variety is more appealing to the eye and sells at a higher price than apples of a cream or yellow color. If, however, a person is growing for export, particularly to England, a cream or yellow apple, like the Newtown Pippin, is more in favor. New York, of course, has the greatest distributing center and almost any first-class apple finds a ready sale there. Still, a bright red apple is the one most sought after. The McIntosh, King, Wealthy, Alexander, Greening and Baldwin apples are standards.

"For a final word to the young fruit grower this should be said: Pack your fruit with absolute honesty in three grades. Any other course is rank business folly—the kind of folly, I regret to say, that has cost New England millions of dollars in the apple market. Sharp practice in fruit packing or selling is the shortest possible cut to failure. Anything short of rigid and scrupulous integrity of the highest order is suicidal. Hood River and the other premier apple districts of the West have drilled this lesson into the apple-growing world in a way that ought to make every shifty Yankee who has 'faced' a barrel of apples ache with envy and penitence. Join a local association wherever you locate; if you do not find it there organize one and work with determination for the thorough standardization of the business—for it is a business—as it obtains in the West. This is the only way you will come into your own. And this is the only way in which New England will regain her rightful place as the home of the quality apple orchard—not of the neglected orchard or the shaggy old apple tree."

How Magazines Help

THE value of good fiction has been recognized as an influence upon character, but it has only recently become understood that the value may be commandeered for business development. Stories of achievement, startling enterprise, sudden awakening to opportunity, struggle against disaster, ingenuity and resource, go in infinitely deeper and broader than sermons on self-help, self-control and do's and don'ts. Emulation beats admonition to a finish as a producer of practical results.

The late Bishop Brooks understood this. "Tell a man," he once said, "what he ought to do and you are often stroking the fur the wrong way. Show him attractively what another man has done under the same conditions and you've fastened something on him."

One of our great food-product companies recognizes these strong points of value and makes good use of them. Its office and sales forces are large. Every month there comes to each member of the force a printed list of stories that have appeared in the current magazines—stories selected for their bearing upon any phase of business exploitation.

Nor is the value of current literature confined to technical or general business articles and business fiction. There are the advertisements, in which the wonderful development of readable interest and display are educational and inspiring in a high degree.

A company in Indiana, manufacturing wagons and carriages, decided on building a new assembling and finishing shop. It was to be an enormous, three-story, steel-and-glass building, and they sent to each of two thousand employees—mechanics—a circular offering graded prizes totaling one thousand dollars for suggestions as to the general equipment of the new shop. The circular included a list of eight or ten trade magazines and intimated that a reference to the advertisements in the current and back numbers of those journals would greatly assist any man desirous of making suggestions. It is, of course, evident that the superintendent could have easily run over those advertisements himself, but he recognized the fact that ideas and inspirations will sometimes occur to one man that will not occur to another. The day has passed when the business manager assumes that the broad information he possesses is sufficient for the entire establishment.

This superintendent states that, although the majority of the suggestions received were valueless, those that were adopted proved to be worth twenty times as much as the prizes paid in the bright, practical facilitation of the handling of their immense production.

This value of printed experiences, fictional or actual, is by no means new; but it is the new, up-to-the-minute, resourceful business manager who is systematizing that value and enormously increasing it by the methods stated. To the young clerk who has confined his reading to the daily newspaper, the lists of business articles or fiction sent to him by the manager act as a tonic, awakening his curiosity and—that being gratified—his interest. The busy department chief or engineer, utterly unable to examine all the magazines, finds such a list the unfailing finger-post to many a helpful, inspiring chronicle—perhaps to the right solution of a troublesome problem, or the comfortable assurance of the correctness of a new system, or the revelation of peculiar characteristics that may cause a little beneficial self-examination.

THE backbone of any automobile is the Crankshaft.

I can think of nothing in the entire construction which more forcefully tells the story of the good machine.

In our Model "30" the *total* length of the main bearings in the crankshaft is 10 inches—diameter 1¾ inch—the same sizes and materials as on our big 45 horse power car. And it pays. *Yes*, of course, it costs the factory more—but it pays the dealer and it pays the user, for big bearings mean long life, strong, smooth running, clean and steady uninterrupted service. Keeps the car on the road. Extra efficiency without extra cost.

You're going to miss it if you don't send quick for your copy of my Big Book of Charts, in colors, comparing all makes of automobiles. Plain, clear-cut, practical, understandable explanations and comparisons of different cars—free. Edition limited, send now. You'll find it's the only book of its kind published; one copy free to each inquirer.

Now see this car—our 1911 Moon Model "30"—$1500.

Our Model "30" Motor has a 4¼ inch bore and 5 inch stroke—plenty of power long stroke motor besides.

The crankshaft bearings are 1¾ inch in diameter and the three of them together total exactly 10 inches in length. This means long life.

The connecting rods are provided with four bolts (not the usual two, and the bearings are 1¾ inch in diameter—this makes for stability.

Four rings on each piston.

Special wheels with spokes of selected second growth hickory 1⅝ inch in diameter.

18 inch steering wheel.

Pressed steel frame—side members of which are 4 inches deep and 3 inches wide at point of greatest load—compare this width with others. We make all steel bodies, Foredoor Torpedoes, Roadsters, Limousines and Landaus. For both models the big chart shows them all.

Moon Motor Car Co.

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

YOUR SAVINGS

The Secret of Small Saving

ONE day last summer two men met by agreement at Dayton, Ohio. They had been boys together there, and in the comradeship of very youthful enthusiasm they had agreed to have an experience meeting after they had rounded out twenty years of working life. The usual thing had happened, for one was very prosperous and the other was not. They talked over the old days and finally the unsuccessful one said:

"John, I don't see why I have failed and why you have done so well."

His friend paused a moment and then replied:

"Henry, I know perfectly well why you have not prospered and why I have gone on. It may be summed up in two very simple remarks: When you had a dollar you wondered what you could buy with it; when I had a dollar I wondered what I could make with it. I have saved and you have not."

In this statement is the revelation of one of the secrets of moneymaking. Many people associate a certain mystery with the accumulation of wealth, just as they put a curious glamour about the multimillionaire. As a matter of real fact, when you get to know the very wealthy and dig deep into their beginnings and their methods you find that, instead of mystery or secrecy, there are a few elemental rules and practices—and the greatest of these is small saving. Most of these men are self-made men—they had to save to get a start; and this habit, once acquired, has remained with them all their lives.

Belmont's Lesson in Thrift

Nor is this saving instinct developed only among the self-made. A little incident in the Belmont family will illustrate. The first August Belmont was a very thrifty man. He was born in Germany; he came from a race that was the father of business foresight and he determined that his son, the present head of the house of Belmont, should not have exaggerated ideas of money. He hit upon a very unusual and picturesque means of impressing the value of conservation. One day he called his son and said to him:

"August, you must never pass a pin without picking it up. It will teach you two things—acquisition and the sense of not despising small things."

The son followed his father's advice, and so strong did the habit become that today he seldom passes a pin without picking it up. When one of his rich Wall Street friends saw him lift one from his counting-room floor he asked why he had literally stooped to do such a thing, whereupon Mr. Belmont replied:

"My father got me into this habit and from it I have learned to pick up a good many things. It has taught me to overlook nothing."

Now if a rich man like August Belmont can learn not to despise small things, certainly the average man or woman with a wage can afford to follow the same practice. The significance that this bears to saving is that it is well to start with a small amount; and one reason why many persons never have any money is that they labor under the mistaken idea that it takes a great deal of money to make the initial deposit.

As you proceed into the stories of the beginnings of great fortunes you find that the same simple rules govern them all. Take the case of John D. Rockefeller. There may be mystery and secrecy about his greatest product, the Standard Oil Company, but there is none about the practice that underlies his success in life. An incident of his boyhood days, involving his first business venture, shows this. His mother had given him two turkeys for pets, whereupon he promptly sold them. Instead of spending the proceeds frivolously he bought four smaller turkeys, raised them and sold them at a good price, thus earning his first money. He put one dollar of this money away as a nest-egg—his first saving—and bought more turkeys. Before that year was over he had cleared up quite a little money, but with every sale he saved some. This rule became part of his business creed. When he was handling millions the process was just the same, for instead of putting aside the surplus in a bank he invested it in first-mortgage railroad bonds. Whenever depression startled the country it never disturbed him, for he had a sort of rockribbed Gibraltar in gilt-edge securities behind which he took refuge. It was the bulwark of his business.

Today when young men ask Mr. Rockefeller for his secret of moneymaking he tells them the story of those first turkey sales and then adds: "In those transactions I learned to make the dollars work; but I couldn't make them work until I had saved some."

The case of Thomas F. Ryan is identical. No one among the great moneymakers, not even Mr. Rockefeller, invested himself for years with such mystery. Once I asked him about the value of saving and he told this little story:

"When I was a small boy down on a Virginia farm I did chores around for the neighbors and sometimes I got a little money for it. My father had told me that no man could become rich without saving, so I put those pennies away. When I applied for my first job in a grocery store the proprietor did not ask for references, but he asked me if I had saved any money. When I told him that I had and showed him where it was he gave me the job. That incident made a very powerful impression on me, for it not only made me save all the harder but it fixed one of the beliefs that I have held to this day—and it is this: men are not judged nor do they succeed by what they are, but by what they do."

Turn for a moment now to Edwin Hawley, who rose from messenger boy to magnate and on whose compact shoulders fell the mantle of the Harriman railroad control. Like Mr. Ryan, he was for years a figure of mystery. Yet, when he did find his tongue and talked about his start, he disclosed the same simple saving creed. Here is the way he once summed it up to me:

"When I made four dollars a week I saved fifty cents; when I got eight dollars I put aside two dollars. The time came when I had a tidy little sum in the bank. Then I started to invest. I bought some good stocks outright because I could not afford to take any chances. I have been saving ever since."

The Story of the Four Brothers

Not all the big results of small saving are confined to the men who figure prominently in the financial and industrial news. One striking feature of the record of rich people in the United States is the amazing number of unknown millionaires. Every town has one or more. The obscurity of their lives hides many significant and helpful incidents.

The example furnished by the four Miller brothers of Connecticut is an inspiring story of thrift and success.

More than sixty years Thomas Miller was a prosperous citizen of Middletown, Connecticut. One day he called his four sons together and, giving each of them seven hundred dollars, said: "Go out into the world and see what you can do. Remember that no matter how much you earn you will never get rich until you save."

The boys took their little nest-eggs and sallied forth. Each one started a store in a different town in the state and, singularly enough, each one laid down these two rules: "Pay as you go" and "Save a little out of everything you earn."

A few months ago one of the brothers celebrated his golden wedding anniversary and there was a family reunion at his home in New Britain. The four brothers and their sister represented three hundred and sixty prosperous years and a total wealth estimated to be about twenty-five million dollars. Two of the brothers still own stores; the other two are capitalists and deal in railroads and steamship lines.

One of these brothers did a very interesting thing. His store was at Waterbury, Connecticut. On January 1 last he called his head clerks together and said to them:

"Now, boys, I have run this store for fifty years. I have made all that I need out of it and I am going to turn it over to you." He gave them a business valued at approximately four hundred thousand dollars. The last injunction that he laid on them was: "No man can really become rich unless he works for himself."

There is only one statement to add to the story of these remarkable brothers. Although the eldest is now eighty-one years of age, and the youngest, as one of them recently remarked, "is a mere boy of sixty-two," not one of them is without some daily occupation. They sum up their reason in a single sentence:

"Work is like the habit of saving; it is a bad thing to give it up."

Now all these incidents and many more that could be cited emphasize a very simple but important fact. Behind the glamour and mystery of great fortunes is the impressive lesson of small saving. These fortunes did not grow like Jack's beanstalk nor was there any magic about them. They represent systematic upbuilding founded on saving. Every one of the men mentioned started with little or nothing, but soon learned to save; and this saving instinct, with its helpful and constructive influence, manifested itself in everything they undertook. This is all the secret there is about getting a competency or starting on the road to a fortune.

You have only to look at the way money grows to get the inspiration to begin to save. A nickel saved every day and put in a bank that pays four per cent interest, compounded, will amount to $222.56 in ten years; a dime put through the same process will aggregate $445.36; while a quarter saved in this way will grow to $1113.75—and so on.

These results have been cited here before, but with saving and investment there are some points that cannot be emphasized too often, because the need and use of money are universal.

This miracle of saving and its best ally, compound interest, are at the beck of everybody, even the humblest artisan. The best savings banks will start an account with one dollar. If you live in a remote community, where there are no institutions of this kind, you can open an account by mail with a bank in some distant city. Uncle Sam brings the facilities to your doorstep.

There is no excuse for any man or woman not having a savings account. The moment you begin to save you likewise begin to invest; and in safe investment lies the real safeguard for the future.

Compromised

GEORGE KNIGHT, the California lawyer who seconded the nomination of McKinley in 1896 and of Taft in 1908, is attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad.

In his earlier days in San Francisco practice he had the damage cases to look after. A Union Pacific train bumped into an Irishman one day, scattered him around a bit, bruised him a good deal, but broke no bones.

Knight went to see the man, thinking to stall off a damage suit.

He found the victim of the accident and asked him to come to his office. When the man came Knight said to him: "Now, my man, you were not much hurt, but the railroad wants to do the fair thing by you. I understand the principal loss you incurred was your hat. Suppose we get you a new hat and call it square?"

The Irishman debated the proposition and finally assented.

"All right," said Knight; "sign this release and I'll give you five dollars."

The man signed, took the five-dollar gold piece, bit it to see if it was good and backed out.

A minute later he stuck his head in the doorway and shouted: "You think you're a mighty smart lawyer, but that hat av mine only cost two dollars!"

This Lindsay Light for $1.50

When you get the Lindsay Inverted Light, you get the famous Lindsay Tungsten Mantle (*Registered Trade Mark*)—the durable mantle that gives the most and the softest light.

You get the one inverted burner that successfully uses both natural and artificial gas.

You get the Lindsay patent Regulator that absolutely controls varying pressures.

You get a burner without screens or gauzes that clog and choke.

You get a gracefully designed, handsomely etched globe.

Nearly all dealers carry a complete line of Lindsay Lights, Burners and Mantles. If your dealer does not—then write us.

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Dealers: We want every local dealer to get his full share of our business. If not supplied, write us.

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THE COUNTRYMAN

Alfalfa, the Feed de Luxe

FIVE crops a year and every pound a richer feed than corn or bran or any other of the favorites of the stockman!" When he heard this statement by a farmers' institute lecturer, Robert Walker, a Missouri stockman-farmer, went home with a resolution to try alfalfa. He sowed twenty acres that spring on a piece of his most fertile river-bottom land and kept the weeds down by occasionally clipping it with the mower. The next May he cut two tons of hay per acre, worth five dollars a ton at his farm. In August he cut the seed crop, which yielded six bushels an acre, worth eight dollars a bushel. In October another crop of hay was ready, but he turned in his cattle to graze it lightly until cold weather. Fifty-eight dollars an acre the first season!—and that crop of hay was rich enough to take the place of several tons of bran for his fattening cattle.

In 1871 Henry Miller, of southern California, began to grow alfalfa. Now he has about twenty thousand acres on irrigated and upland soils. He cuts four tons of hay per acre each season and feeds it to cattle and hogs, or bales and sells it for eight to ten dollars a ton. These are but casual instances of the virtues of this crop, which is the peer of any feeding stuff. The almost unlimited yielding capacity—under irrigation reaching ten to twelve tons per acre—together with its richness as a feed by virtue of a higher percentage of that flesh and bone building material, protein, than any other common farm crop, makes alfalfa the marvel of the crop world.

Alfalfa, "the best forage," as its Arabic name reads when translated, claims place as the oldest crop known to man. When the insane King Nebuchadnezzar was driven to the fields to eat grass, as related in the Book of Daniel, he found this nutritious and palatable plant a ready food. The Persians grew alfalfa by irrigation and gave it to the Greeks and Romans. That careful old Roman countryman, Columella, in his twelve books on farming, written about 56 A. D., told how to grow this crop. Six crops a year were often cut; and his method of seeding and care might be used as a text in schools of agriculture today without serious danger of error. Though so well known to the ancients, alfalfa is still unknown to tens of thousands of American farmers, to whom it would be worth unmeasured millions if once well established on their farms. Hoard, the former dairyman-governor of Wisconsin, has pronounced the alfalfa movement "the most important agricultural event of the century."

America got alfalfa through seed importations from Europe into the Eastern states, where it has been grown successfully in New York since 1793. It was there known as lucerne, which name it got from the Lucerne Valley, in Italy. George Washington grew it at Mount Vernon or on other of his estates, and Thomas Jefferson was so pleased with its appearance that he wrote of the beauty of his alfalfa fields.

No Lazy Man's Crop

The Eastern farmer, however, never adopted the crop generally, nor carried it westward. The goldseekers who came around the Horn to California stopped at Chile and found it flourishing where it had been left by the Spaniards. Alfalfa is known to have been grown in southern California in 1859, from there spreading eastward through the fertile valleys of the Southwest to Utah, Colorado, and on.

Alfalfa demands good farming. It declines to grow on poor, wet, weedy, sour and untilled lands. Many fail with it on first trial. Some have become discouraged and called it hard to grow, yet it is almost a weed in its rank spread in specially favorable localities. This fastidious nature has hindered its progress in the favor of careless farmers, who ignore its cardinal requirements. Its three simple demands are a dry, sweet, fertile soil; but these involve about all there is to good soil management—namely, drainage, liming for acidity when needed and adding the needed fertilizers, with proper tillage. Alfalfa refuses to be made a side issue; it demands the best field and care of the farmer to establish it. It develops his patience, as it must be cut but sparingly the first year and must not be rudely trampled.

"Farming was not so hard before we knew alfalfa," complained a Kansas farmer. "There used to be occasional periods of rest, but now this plagued crop drives us the year round. In the spring, just as we are busy planting the corn, we must hustle away to cut that first crop of alfalfa. It won't wait; it must be attended to first. Then in June, when we're hoping for a few days' let-up, there is a second crop ready and another hay harvest is on us. Late in July, when it is hot and sultry and the haymow is a steaming furnace, there is more alfalfa to harvest. In September we used to get a few days to visit our folks in the next county, but now that cussed alfalfa must be cut. Can't leave it or it spoils; and in October, when the corn harvest is about over, there is another hay harvest. It's just cut, cut, all the year—and that is not all. Our barns are full of the stuff, stacks fill every available feed lot and we are obliged to buy steers and lambs and pigs to eat it up out of the way of the next season's crops. Alfalfa is no crop for a lazy farmer."

The Animals' Favorite

Back in 1889 a rawboned young cowboy left a sheep ranch on Green River, in Utah, and came home to northern Ohio to help his gray and stooped old father make a bare living from a wet and weedy old farm. The boy brought back a bag of the seed of the wonderful alfalfa which had so delighted the hungry lambs when they returned from the frosted ranges for the corral-feeding at the end of the range season; but the old, wet Ohio clay was too poor to grow alfalfa. First attempts to seed it failed, but the boy had a vision of fields like the irrigated valleys of Utah and persisted in sowing more alfalfa each year; and little by little it covered the farm as one after another of the fields were tilled and limed and manured. The best the father could do on the farm before alfalfa came was to sell eight hundred dollars' worth of wheat, hay, pigs and potatoes. In 1909 some fields yielded six tons of hay an acre, the corn from ninety acres grown on alfalfa sod measured almost nine thousand bushels, shelled. About fifteen hundred lambs were fed to winter fatness, and three brothers find this farm, now expanded to over three hundred acres, demanding their whole attention. This is not an isolated story of reclamation; it is being duplicated on a thousand farms from Maine to Oregon.

Alfalfa is a dual-purpose plant, serving the grower in two ways. It has the highest feeding value of any of the common farm crops, because it is rich in digestible protein. Protein is the part of food plants that makes red blood, flesh and bone. Protein is the costly part of the food of animals and alfalfa furnishes a lot of it at the lowest cost and in a very palatable form. The agricultural chemist has shown that a good average crop of alfalfa from one acre in the Eastern states contains over five thousand pounds of digestible matter, of which nearly nine hundred pounds is protein; while its nearest competitor—red clover—returns only three thousand pounds of digestible matter containing only five hundred pounds of protein. In feeding value its relation to other common crops is best shown by comparison with the common crops on the basis of percentage of protein. Alfalfa hay contains 11 per cent digestible protein; red clover, 6.8; timothy, 2.8. Wheat bran, so generally used as a source of protein, contains only 12.2 per cent of protein.

In its palatability lies much of its virtue. All animals love it. Hens will pluck it; the family dog will nip the tender shoots as he passes through the field. Gorging and bloating may result when hungry animals are turned into a field and allowed to eat their fill. The cured hay has been ground into meal for stock food, and tests of alfalfa flour made into bread have shown it to be a palatable food for man.

Alfalfa helps poor soils. It first demands that the farmers carefully drain, lime and manure such land before it will grow vigorously. Then it revolutionizes the whole stretch of the land by sending its penetrating roots deep and wide in search of plant food and moisture. Down into the hard subsoil these needle-tipped fibers grow—three, six, ten, and even twenty feet. The constant growth and decay of these fine rootlets open millions of tiny tunnels through the hardest soil, where air and moisture follow; and what was once a soggy mass becomes a loose, friable soil in a receptive state for added fertility. It harbors its own nitrogen-gathering germ, which draws a supply from the air when an abundant supply is not to be had in the soil.

Alfalfa growing is not altogether easy. Though in some sections it grows almost wild, securing a stand is the difficult phase of its culture over most of the country. The best farmers have to study and experiment with it. A trial plot is advised by the experts before large areas are seeded. It is largely a soil problem. No amount of care will bring success if the soil is wet or sour, or devoid of available plant food to support the hungry young alfalfa plants the first year. Spring or summer seeding is quite generally practiced, though fall seeding is followed successfully in some sections. Plow early and pack the surface to hold the moisture. Spare no pains on the seed bed. Make it fine and free from weeds. Cornland is best for alfalfa, since weeds trouble less. Fifteen pounds of seed to the acre is used either broadcast or in the seed attachment of a grain drill. If the land is very dry follow the drill with the roller.

Nursing the First Crop

A nurse crop of barley has been used quite generally as a protection the first summer. The nurse crop aids in keeping down weeds, which may press the tender alfalfa. On the cleanest land the nurse crop is not needed. If the land has never grown clover inoculate with the alfalfa bacteria. Manured land seldom lacks the germs, but a few hundred pounds of soil from an old alfalfa field will do the trick.

The first season's cutting must be light. After the nurse crop of barley is mowed off, clipping should be delayed until the small buds or shoots appear near the ground, which are the sure sign that the plant can bear to have its main stems severed. To cut alfalfa at any time before these shoots appear is to take great chances of killing it. To wait too long allows these shoots to grow up to be cut off and the plant is again stunted. The spring-sown field may be clipped twice the first season, but never violate this signal of Nature that the plant is ready to replace its top. Let the plants go into the winter with a good strong top growth. Bare alfalfa stubble fares ill in icy periods.

Like most other plants, alfalfa becomes acclimated to a region and local variations have been developed. The strain grown on rich irrigated lands will not do well under dry-farming conditions and the plant, as developed in the hot Southwest, will not thrive in the Northwest.

Alfalfa is coming again to its own. Corn, cotton and wheat have in turn occupied the spotlight of the countryman's approval as being the greatest of American crops, but none of these can furnish so distinguished a pedigree or such a variety of uses and benefits, in the realm of useful plants, as alfalfa. The average countryman has been afraid of alfalfa; afraid to attempt to grow it. So much has been said about its demands for fertile soils, drainage, good preparation for seeding, danger from weeds, inoculation, that he has gotten the impression that it requires a lot of scientific knowledge and much trouble to get a stand. Far more has been said about the troubles with it than the benefits of its successful culture. Its superior virtues as a food plant, as an aid in the improvement of soils and as an essential in the rotation on the stockfarm are too important to be neglected long by the American countryman.

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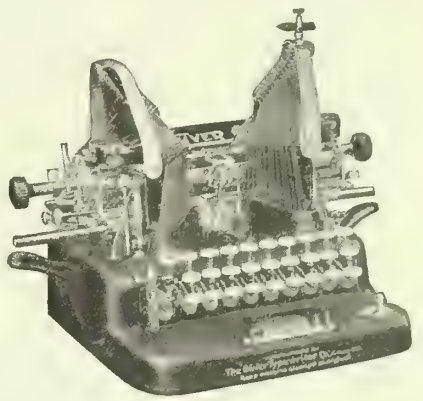

conveniences—could be had on such tempting terms created a furore of buying.

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English Poverty and the Pensioned Poor—By ROBERT SHACKLETON

IN NO other department of human endeavor has there been such lack of progress, such lamentable lack of progress, as in the treatment of poverty; for in spite of the vast increase in the wealth of the world, in spite of the advance in science and civilization, in spite of the improvements in machinery, manufacturing, methods of production, means of transportation, poverty, which ought long ago to have vanished, is a greater problem than ever before.

The handling of poverty should be stripped of sentimentality and foolishness. There is no greater mistake than to think that poverty is lessened by the mere handing out of huge sums in charity. Charity, indeed, although it may cover a multitude of sins, is often so ill-advised as certainly to develop a multitude of evils.

In no country can the problem be better studied than in England; for the English have for many centuries been combating poverty, and have long set forth the claim to be considered as the very leaders of civilization—and there is no greater problem confronting civilization.

The Englishman, dropping a casual penny into the supplicating hand, does not ordinarily realize that the annual disbursements of his Government, for poor relief, amount to almost two dollars a head from every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. Taking the total number who receive relief in the course of a year, there are well over two million. And of these two million the Government declares that over nine hundred thousand—about forty-four per cent of the whole—are "permanent paupers" as distinguished from "occasional or temporary." With a total population of only forty-five million—only half that of the United States—the British Government pays out over eighty-five million dollars a year in poor relief. Nor is this caused by the much-spoken-of poverty of Ireland, for the average spent on the poor is over two dollars a head for England and Wales, about one dollar and a half for Scotland and only one dollar and a quarter for Ireland.

To the amount paid out by the Government must be added the immense and increasing sums nowadays spent by endowed organizations and institutions and by private individuals in the cause of charity. As one single item, it may be mentioned that in 1909 the charitable bequests alone amounted to over fifteen million dollars. With all this there should also be considered the huge things done, not only to help the dependent poor but, what is far more important, to prevent the independent poor from becoming dependents. That the trade unions are paying out each year over two million dollars in benefits for the unemployed, and about as much for sick and accident benefits, is an important protective item.

A National Employment Bureau

Very recently the British Government has put in operation a system of national labor exchanges which, through bureaus and distress committees, are to find work for the workless by getting employers and workers together, or even by sending men from parts of the country where labor is too plentiful to parts where it is scarce. England is seething with projects, begun or contemplated, for the assistance of what—over there—they term the lower classes.

A bill was actually introduced into Parliament last year, and may be reintroduced and passed, providing that a new kind of court, to be called a fair-rent court, be instituted, to set a renting value on low-priced homes if the tenants think the rents are unreasonable. Such value is not to permit of a net income of more than five per cent to the landlord.

It was in 1908 that the system of old-age pensions was introduced. Since then, whenever a suggestion is made that the law may be repealed because of the straits of the national treasury, the leaders of both parties vie with each other in eagerness to declare that no repeal shall be contemplated.

In some of its phases poverty is so picturesque in England that it is difficult at first sight to view it properly. That some of the methods of administration come from the time of Queen Elizabeth gives a touch of interest, although this itself is a condemnation from the modern point of view. But English poverty has often such attractive accompaniments! There is that dole at Winchester, where for centuries it has only been necessary to knock upon a certain wicket to receive a supply of bread and sturdy ale. And there are the picturesque poor old men at Warwick, so delightful to look upon as they move about their ancient quadrangle in their long and sleeveless cloaks of blue, clasped with old silver.

England itself is so charming, so comfortable, so delightful of aspect, so pleasing to the eye, that the idea of troublesome poverty seems an unimaginable incongruity. For how can troublesome poverty exist in connection with those stately homes, those lovely landscapes, those charming villages, those trim-built towns, those great cities, so full of quiet energy! Yet the poverty is there and much of it is of sodden wretchedness. A great part of this sodden poverty is caused by the system under which the stately homes have for generations harbored non-producers; the villages and towns and cities have given their energy and their labor with the incubus of thousands of higher-class idlers on their backs.

Soda Water in the Workhouse

In England and Wales, poor relief out of the public funds is administered by boards of guardians, acting within single parishes or in groups of parishes termed unions. There are at present nearly six hundred and fifty boards of guardians, but the population under their care varies from the smallest, having about twenty-two hundred, to West Ham, the largest, with over five hundred and eighty thousand. Ireland has much the same system; and in Scotland the poor relief is in charge of parish councils. In each country there is a central board, which makes general regulations regarding relief and has much to say regarding salaries, but does not interfere in individual cases. So much is left to local control and local ideas that there have come to be great differences in administration. In some places the system is so perfect, so scientific, that the poor themselves have been quite forgotten.

There is a great movement on foot for the changing of the present system and the doing away with boards of guardians and with many of the poorhouses—or workhouses, as they call them. And that there is much of foolish management is shown by such things as the recent installation, in the poorhouse of a steel-working city, of a thousand-dollar bottling plant to give fizz-water to the inmates. The entire system will probably soon be given important administrative reforms. A recommendation has passed almost unnoticed among what are deemed the important proposals. This significant recommendation suggests that no assistance be given to deserted wives during the first year of desertion. Yet a year is ample time to starve in!

Woman, indeed, when she is poor, is treated with scant consideration in England. The poor woman is no longer "Mrs." or "Miss"; she is no longer Sarah or Jane; she has simply her surname and is Smith or Jones or Robinson. And it seems to be this same unsexing of a woman who is poor, or who works for small wages, that makes the nation tolerant of the vast system of woman bartenders and also permits the "higher" classes to see, unmoved, women in public view at night reeling up to the barroom counters to buy. There are hopeless, sodden faces of women and half-grown girls in the poorest parts of the great cities such as one rarely sees in even the wretchedest of American slums. The terrible part of this is, from an English standpoint, that these are English faces; it is not a matter of aliens.

From the first, indeed, in considering the subject of England's poor, it is to be remembered that this question is affected in only a trifling degree by the incoming of poor foreigners. England's troubles have developed from within. Immigration is negligible and is far more than offset by the throngs of foreign visitors who empty their pocketbooks in England. There does not even begin to be the immense problem that the United States handles—that of assimilating millions of incomers, who have little money and are ignorant of the language of the land of their adoption.

In a number of particulars, however, the outlook in England is encouraging. The average of absolute illiteracy has immensely decreased. Forty-five years ago two hundred and sixty-five out of every thousand who married could not sign the register except by mark; now, only sixteen out of every thousand are unable to write their names. And whereas forty years ago there were barely more than one million children in public elementary schools, there are now over five millions.

An excellent point is that crime, which is generally supposed to be an inevitable concomitant of poverty, is decreasing. In 1860 two and forty-three hundredths of each one thousand of population were tried for indictable offenses—using this term as distinguished from mere misdemeanors. In 1890, although pauperism had meanwhile greatly increased, the proportion charged with crimes had dropped to one and ninety-one hundredths. Now it is less than one and eighty hundredths. Sentences average lighter than formerly, but this leniency does not make for increase of crime.

Another excellent feature is that today the total amount deposited in savings banks is five times the total of fifty years ago; the average for each member of the population has increased in the half century from seven to about twenty-five dollars. But this is largely due to the increased use of banks and by no means altogether to increase of national wealth.

England finds encouragement in the fact that, although pauper conditions are much worse than they were fifty years ago, they are somewhat better than they were a century ago; but a century ago it was possible to take the situation in hand because the "lower" classes had not felt their own power as they do now, or at any rate were not recognized as they are now.

When Idleness Paid

In the early years of the nineteenth century there was startling poverty. The terrible losses and taxes of the Napoleonic wars were one great cause, and a still greater was the overturning of the whole scheme of life and industry, of manufacturing and transportation, consequent upon the adoption of steam power and machinery, especially machinery for spinning and weaving. So evil was the condition of the laboring classes that a commission appointed by the House of Commons found that their independence and industry had well-nigh disappeared. There were many parishes in which every single laborer was listed as a pauper, for he was paid more for idleness than for work, especially if he were so fortunate as to have a pauper wife and children. It took some years of determined reform and returning prosperity to relieve the nation, and there has never been entire recovery from the shocking demoralization of that period. To this are owing such things as the unconcernedness with which, even now, a man may start for the poorhouse, leading wife and children with him.

Even so late as 1850 nearly sixty out of every one thousand of population in England and Wales were paupers; in 1860 the proportion was forty-five; now it is twenty-five, with somewhat fewer for Scotland and Ireland. Those who consider only the reports of the total number of paupers believe that things are better now than even fifty and sixty years ago, for the total then is given as only about the same as now, in spite of great increase in population. But figures are strange things and

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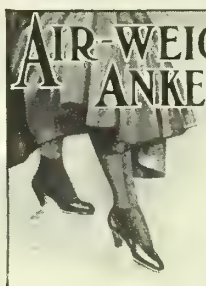

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much depends on how the total of paupers is estimated. For example, one may declare the total number today to be either one million or two million, and have official authority for both statements, wide apart though they are. But there are other modes of comparison.

Fifty years ago the amount spent for poor relief was barely six shillings for each one of the total population as against the eight shillings today. In 1850 thirty-nine million dollars was spent annually by the Government in relief of the poor; in 1890 fifty-one million dollars; now over eighty-five million dollars. Though the population has less than doubled, the expense has more than doubled. Half a century ago the salaries of officers connected with poor relief totaled only three million two hundred thousand dollars annually; now they are over twelve million dollars!

If those are right who insist that there is really improvement since 1860, in spite of the great increase in cost of poor relief, then the fear felt by the "higher classes" today must come from the woefully depressed financial and business condition of the country, and the consequent danger of turning a vast number of people into dependency who have thus far been able to care for themselves.

To the visitor in England the number of puny and undersized men is noticeable. This is not only directly owing to poor nourishment but also to the fact that emigration has taken away so many of the best and strongest. And emigration, which had almost ceased, is seriously beginning again. No wonder the greater part of English fiction concerns itself with aged parents and households of spinster sisters.

Pitiable Destitution

On the same day, early this year, on which the London newspapers published columns of description of the pageantry and pomp of the opening of Parliament, I read in the same papers of a man sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for firing a haystack "to get warm," as he dully expressed it; of a child who rolled to her death in a fire because of the absence of a screen—"I sold it for bread," said the mother pitifully; and of a respectable woman who, arrested for theft, tried to tear out her eyes—"for," she cried, "I can never look my friends in the face again!"

Conditions are bad now, but the appalling thing is what they threaten to become. Half a century ago Macaulay pointed out the perils that threaten any country wherein some grow rich while the mass continually grow poorer—the perils that come when some ride in their carriages while many are unable to buy bread; and he wrote of the Huns and Vandals that would be engendered by such a condition. English-like, he put it all on the United States and said it was coming to us!

The migration cityward has been a great evil. In half a century the agricultural population has decreased over thirty per cent. The area of land under farm cultivation has been steadily decreasing, and crops produced are smaller, by millions of bushels, than those grown fifteen years ago.

Great sums have been spent in constructing model tenements and cottages. In London such tenements make an approach in considerable degree to model tenements as Americans know them; many of the buildings rise to six stories—which is lofty for London and low for Edinburgh. It is quite customary for a new London tenement in a former slum district to have seventy-two rooms, occupied by, say, thirty-four families, with one single stairway and street entrance—the average rent being fifty cents a week for each room.

Slum-dwellers vanish with slum-dwellings. In parts of Edinburgh, where only a few years ago I saw the most wretched poverty that I have anywhere seen, with squalid, barefooted women creeping down ancient winding stairs of stone, around the Grass Market and adjacent regions, there has been a splendid work in cleaning up and rebuilding; and the terrible wretchedness has gone. But the hard part is that it has only vanished to other wretched hiding places! As a matter of fact, that is the general history of model tenements everywhere; they are occupied by clean and model tenants! And somehow the model builder and model settlement-worker find it hard not to wish it so. "I am sorry to say that once in a while one of the undesirable families will remain with us," said a really earnest worker to me one day.

That is the trouble with so many things regarding poverty: what ought to help does not always help. Better transportation facilities ought to be a benefit to the hardworking poor; but, the moment trolleys—"trams"—and railways give cheaper and better service, rents go up and the poor are thereby driven away—an inevitable condition, but none the less to be regretted. When, some years ago, the toll of one halfpenny for crossing Waterloo Bridge was taken off, for the benefit of the poor laborers who crossed daily and thus had to pay sixpence a week, which they could ill afford, it was noticed that the rents of small houses and little apartments across the river at once rose precisely sixpence a week!

A grimmer fact is that in one parish in Southwark, where there is considerable charity in the direct form of giving away food, rents for tiny homes and especially for single rooms range higher than in adjoining parishes, which are every way as good except for the charity. The English landlord is always on the alert.

A board that has charge of many of the very poorest families of Manchester, operating with splendid organization and broad sympathy, pays three shillings and sixpence weekly to a needy husband, the same sum to his needy wife and eighteen pence for each needy child. I found that, as a great many by working hard all the week earn only fifteen shillings or less, the large pauper family is much envied for success in money-getting without being compelled to go to the poorhouse. Laboring men can rent cheaply in Manchester; there is a great deal of living in one room by an entire family. A great many little houses of four rooms each are rented for five dollars a month, and then two of the rooms are sublet to lodgers.

One sees altogether too many people in England who are dirty, ragged, stunted, unintelligent, unemployed and unemployable, uninteresting—but hungry. Even with earnest and capable workers, existence without charitable help is so difficult as to be praiseworthy, and the possible margin for saving is infinitesimally small. Hence came the law of 1908, establishing old-age pensions for poor folks over the age of seventy.

There has been nothing in the entire history of England more essentially dramatic than the setting before the people that the old and poor were to be pensioned by the Government for no other merit than age and poverty. Beside the establishment of this system, battles, sieges and pageants fade into insignificance.

It is not as it is in Germany, where for many years small payments are steadily made into a general fund by the working people, under the assurance of a pension when age comes creeping on; for in England there are no precedent payments to be made—the only precedent conditions are age and lack of means. To the poor of England it is a fairy tale come true.

Relief for the Aged

When a man's or a woman's income does not exceed one hundred dollars a year the pension is—roughly—one dollar and a quarter a week. From this it varies down to the minimum—twenty-five cents a week—for those whose incomes are between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty dollars. A wife as well as a husband may claim a pension, so that many couples receive two dollars and a half a week. To a large proportion this is wealth, because it is sufficiency. Already there are more than six hundred thousand old-age pensioners—a trifle over one and a half per cent of the population; and the amount paid annually is over forty-three million dollars. Only citizens who are residents are eligible. Prisoners are barred and for ten years after release. Habitual refusal to work is another bar. And no one is to have a pension who within a twelvemonth preceding application for the pension has received poor relief. The amazing fairy tale was not left to chance for dissemination, for the Government sent messages to every part of the kingdom.

I heard some grim stories. A woman, a widow, had raised her family of children and was left alone in her old age. She heard of the pension, applied for it and actually received the initial payment. She took the money in a sort of blind bewilderment and hugging it to her bosom went dazedly home. It was the first bit of good fortune that had come to her in all her long, hard life! She entered her door, not heeding the neighbors who tried to congratulate her. They noticed that her light burned all the night. They found later that she had not gone to bed, but must have sat in vigilant bewilderment beside her prize; and as the morning dawned she hanged herself.

An aged man and wife applied. The husband's application was first granted and almost at once he died; whereupon the woman in panic fear withdrew her own application and nothing could induce her to renew it, for she was certain it would mean death.

The pension law has suddenly made a welcome guest of many an old parent who, in the opinion of selfish children, had overstayed his time.

A sturdy Scotchman on earnings of only thirteen shillings a week had bravely supported himself, his wife and his children, and had also given food and a roof to his parents and the parents of his wife—all without any assistance till the new law told him pensions could be paid the old folks without the stigma of pauperism.

Vagaries of the Pension System

It is a sidelight on average intelligence to know that a large number of applicants did not know even their own age. Of course there were many who, answering the formal queries, declared their sex to be the Church of England, declared that they were not born in England but in Cornwall, or declared that they were not British subjects, but Scotch. Before the more intelligent English smile at such answers, they ought to remember that this very law specifically exempts the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man from its operation, as having laws and parliamentary procedure of their own.

In one family five brothers and sisters, with ages aggregating three hundred and eighty-five years, were granted pensions. Till almost the very end of their lives they had worried along at the edge of the poorhouse. Now they have their reward.

Disqualification through having been given poor relief has been so strictly interpreted as, in one case, to bar a woman who had received only a single loaf of bread, and in another to bar a man on account of having had a single payment of money, although the board of guardians had promptly collected the sum from his children; and there have been numerous other cases as extreme.

Quite beyond the intent of the lawmakers, some people with considerable money in the bank have claimed and received pensions. One man and his wife were granted one dollar and a quarter a week each, although they had forty-nine hundred dollars in the bank, for they were receiving only one per cent. A man with nearly four thousand dollars at two and a half per cent was given a pension. A married woman whose husband had six thousand dollars at four per cent was granted seventy-five cents a week on the ground that she herself had no income and her husband's income was less than double the disqualifying sum.

England's course in regard to the entire subject of the poor will be watched with interest. If she keeps handing out ever-increasing sums in direct relief of pauperism, and also spends huge and increasing portions of the national revenue in carrying into effect schemes to help the poor who are not paupers, it needs no seventh son of a seventh son to prophesy that the revenue cannot long stand the strain. And the question insistently comes as to its being worth while. Old-age pension officials have said to me that they do not really anticipate a lessening of the total of pauperism through this new law; and there are also indications that there is less of rigid economy on the part of the poor.

Some look to changes in the land system for relief. Many look for some kind of socialism. In any event, national safety does not lie in the frightened filling of outstretched hands. The evident fright will but increase the demands.

It is a great mistake to think that the declaration that the poor we have always with us was meant as a prophecy. It was only the statement of a regrettable fact of the time; and it was said—and here again, at the expense of seeming hardhearted, one may see a possible intended lesson—it was said in specific defense of spending money for a purpose of courtesy and honor, instead of giving it to the poor.

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THE FATHEAD

By ARTHUR K. AKERS

HE WAS always just the "Fathead." We never knew his real name or whence he came. Hayes found him asleep in a boxcar one night; and when he dragged him out the boy looked so forlorn and God-forsaken that he gave him a square meal instead of a shake. Inside of a week he was carrying messages for the telegraph office up at headquarters. Slow and blundering, with a wistful look in his big brown eyes like a hurt dog's, was the Fathead; and he would give his last cent or his last ounce of strength to any one that asked him for it. He stayed at Damascus Junction three years, during which time all the information we ever got about his past was that he had a stepmother like the ones in the fairy stories. "T. Fathead" was the way he signed the payroll.

His heart's desire was to be a railroad man and in a little time we knew him for that pitiable object—a boy with ambition but no ability. The first day in the office he had dug up a Morse code from somewhere and was laboriously practicing, tongue in cheek, on a learner's set on the back of one of the tables. In a year's time he had risen to the responsible position of call-boy and was still a hopeless "ham" at the key. Six months later he asked Bancroft, the wizened, towheaded little chief dispatcher whom he worshiped unwaveringly, to give him an examination for an operator's job. He failed utterly. Back to his beginner's set went the Fathead. Patiently he worked with his thick, clumsy fingers. The big eyes seemed more wistful than ever as he tried to catch one single letter from the sputtering sounders.

"If I c'd only get the hang of it!" he would mutter as he bent over the rule-book, his lips moving as he spelled out the words that he traced with a grimy forefinger. Contempt sometimes mingled with the admiration and pity that the men in the office felt for him. He was so dull, so clumsy, such a fathead! and yet, with it all, so patient, so dumbly hopeful, that their better feelings would rise again and they would throw him a glance or a word of encouragement that he would feast upon for days. And he would go with it as straight as possible to his other divinity, Liz, the redhaired waitress in Donnegan's eating house. She was the one person who received all his poor little confidences and in return gave him the sympathy that his starved, blundering soul craved.

At the end of the second year the Fathead went again to the chief dispatcher in wistful eagerness to be tried once more. Again he failed ingloriously. In kindness, Bancroft tried to show him how hopeless his ambition was and that he had better turn toward the mechanical department. But the Fathead only listened dumbly and then went back to his learner's instrument and rule-book. He could telegraph a little now, but the rules still puzzled him. "If I c'd only get the hang of them I'd be all right," said he to Liz; and he set about memorizing them, slowly, painstakingly, following the words with a clumsy finger, mumbling them over in a dreary monotone day after day.

In the year that followed, the eighty miles of new line far to the southward, which gave the W. G. S. a new gateway and doubled its eastern district traffic, were completed and the Clinch River Division awoke to a new order of things. The sixty trains a day of former years were now one hundred and ten. In seven and eight sections ran the freights. Local passenger trains were increased in number. Limiteds sped past stations that were formerly scheduled stops for them. Troughs were put in, that their engines might take water from between the rails and without stopping. Drills rang and dynamite roared, widening cuts and tunnels for the double track. Construction gangs worked day and night and steam shovels scooped up earth and rock in great mouthfuls, while the rails beside them ever hummed and murmured under the wheels that smote them many times each hour. New telegraph stations and towers were put in and the country was raked for operators.

Then, when Bancroft was still fourteen men short, the Fathead came to him a third time. He wished to be given the examination. The chief's first impulse was to tell him angrily that he had no more time to waste on him, but the old appealing look in the brown eyes checked it and, instead, he told the boy to come back at one o'clock. The Fathead related this to Liz over his beef sandwich and coffee at noon; and she, foreseeing another failure, fortified him with an extra piece of pie and cheering words that she did not feel. She brushed a rough hand across her eyes as he went out. He was so dull, such a pitiful fathead! and he did not realize it.

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For once in his life the Fathead was excited. He did a dance in the corridor; he threw his old gray felt hat down the stairs; his eyes lost their wistfulness and for a little time were all aglow. Then, as though ashamed of his outburst, he picked up the hat, jammed it down over his ears in his accustomed fashion and went out to tell Liz how he had passed the examination. He was going to the little telegraph shanty at the borrow-pit on Winchester Hill and he was to get thirty-five whole dollars every month. The boy's elation was contagious and her homely face was radiant with that great beautifier—joy in the happiness of another.

The following morning Terence Casey, foreman of a loading-gang at the borrow-pit, saw an overgrown youth, with a weatherbeaten felt hat pulled tightly down over his ears, struggling down the carsteps with a very new and very large "telescope" which held his wardrobe without any perceptible bulging.

"I'm th' new operator here," announced the Fathead.

"An' it's me hear-rtfelt sympathy that ye have," returned Mr. Casey. "Yon doghouse on the brink av the pit is yer office. In it ye will telegraft an' make up rayports av the loadin'. Yer hours will be fr'm six A. M. till nine P. M., with such times as the dispatcher chooses to get ye up at night f'r orders. 'Tis handy for him that ye must slape in th' doghouse. Th' other operator left yesterday. He said he didn't mind the wor-rk so much, but he feared the lar-rge salary they were payin' him here would bankrupt th' company."

Thus conversing, the foreman walked with him to the little shanty that contained the board on which the telegraph instruments were and the wooden bunk in one end that was to be his bed.

The new operator called the dispatcher's office and reported himself on duty. He felt that at last he was a railroad man, with his feet on the upward way. Two hours later he took his first train-order, writing it out in an illegible scrawl on a bit of scratch-paper and then copying it on the regular manifold form—a dangerous proceeding and strictly against the rules, but not an unknown thing for a greenhorn to do who feels that to "break" a dispatcher in an order would be lèse-majesty indeed. Daily the Fathead strove to copy orders direct on the manifold, but he never could. It was his old cry: "If I c'd only get the hang of it!" But "the hang" of things seemed denied him. Industry, ambition, endless patience, he had; but ability was withheld.

The weeks went by. Traffic grew heavier. The telegraphic block system was introduced in an effort to render more safe the crowded stretches of single track. In addition to his orders and reports the Fathead had the block to watch. His tongue was in his cheek nearly all the time now as he labored to keep up with his increasing duties. The second and third trick dispatchers began waking him in the night to take orders. He was there in the shanty; he was easier to "raise" than the next office beyond; and, besides, he was merely a fathead anyway and not entitled to consideration. He was proud to serve them—the associates of his divinity, Bancroft, and wonderful men, who could make five dots on the key and stop instead of running off into infinity as he did in forming the letter "p."

"Call me any time for orders at night," had said the boy. "I'm a light sleeper." And they did, until his face grew gray and hollow and there were circles under the doglike eyes, which came from loss of sleep.

Casey noticed it and called him a fool, but the Fathead explained that a man must always do a little more than he had to if he expected to get on in the railroad service. He had read that in a book; and the foreman, remembering that he was only a chump, said no more to him about it.

"The spalpeen's wor-rkin' his eyes out for yer dommed dispatchers," quoth he to Bancroft at headquarters a week later; but the little chief was swamped with work himself and could promise no relief.

About this time the Fathead was beginning to have trouble in understanding what was said to him; the voices of others seemed to blur and the sounds to run together in a queer jumble, in which only a word here and there stood out distinctly. It worried him that speech should be so slovenly. Something seemed wrong with the batteries too. The sounders no longer gave out a clear, sharp note, but were oddly hollow in tone. A week after, third Sixty-four whistled twice for the block before the operator heard them. The sounders were fainter yet and he put more bluestone in the jars. "It's the cool weather," he told himself. "They'll be better when it warms up."

A few days afterward Casey, calling by for news of some overdue shovels, found the Fathead sitting dejectedly outside the little box of a telegraph office.

"An' what's the trouble?" he inquired, raising his voice as he had become accustomed to doing in the past month.

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There was dumb misery added to the wistfulness in the eyes of the Fathead as he answered: "I've lost my job, Casey. I'm deaf. Somebody told it up to headquarters and I'm fired. It wasn't Mr. Bancroft that done it," he went on, in eager defense of his divinity. "I don't know just how it come about, but I know it wasn't him. He ain't that kind of a man. He's square, he is. Why, once when I was sick and off all day he didn't dock me a cent. No, sir-ree; not a cent! But I'm out now. New man comin' up tomorrer. I don't know what I'll do. I can't hear good and that makes it hard for me to get a job. An' then I ain't got no education—just had to sort of shift for myself. This is the best place I ever had; an' ——"

"It's a dommed shame!" broke in Casey. "Here ye've wor-rked an' sweated fifteen hours iv'ry blessed day, not to mintion bein' up at all times av th' night; an' then when ye have an unpleasantness in yer ears it's out with ye! It's wor-rk av some kind that Bancroft c'd give ye if he had a mind to."

"But it ain't him," interrupted the Fathead. "It's somebody else—an' me bein' deaf. I ain't kickin'," he continued. "They can't use me no more; an' that's all. I reckon I'll just forget about wantin' to work up at headquarters. I used to think p'raps some day I'd be good enough for that. It takes me a long time to do things. I'm blunderin' and kind of thick-headed, but I thought maybe a long while fr'm now I c'd go up there and hold down a wire an' sometime get to be a dispatcher. Liz said I c'd do that if I tried real hard. She'll be mighty disappointed; but I tried. I done th' best I could. Maybe I'd 'a' got along better if I hadn't 'a' been so tired. But I ain't kickin'.

"There's 'Di' callin' me now," and he went inside, leaving Casey to look after him pityingly.

"The pore spalpeen!" he muttered. "Not in twenty years c'd he handle a wire at headquarters now; but 'tis cruel har-rd f'r thim to take from him th' best job, little as it is, that he'll ever get."

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That night, a little after one o'clock, Johnnie Stafford, operator at Winchester, lay upon his telegraph table, bound hand and foot, while one masked man watched outside the depot and the other worked at the safe. Orders for Number Fifty-four, the New Orleans Mail, to meet at Richwood her twin, Number Fifty-three, which was running late, were on the table beside him undelivered. Without them, the trains were in imminent danger of a wreck, but when Johnnie protested that the orders must be delivered he had been gagged and told to shut up.

"We can't have no trains stopping here now," said one of the men, and he had swung the order-board over to "clear," regardless of the consequences.

While the cups of soft soap were being fashioned along the crevices about the edge of the door of the office safe, preparatory to using the nitroglycerine, Stafford found that by lifting himself painfully with his head and heels he could open the key under his bound hands. It was the key to the train wire and other orders were being sent over it, but the operator had no time to wait for their completion. Blundering helplessly with his stiff, benumbed fingers in the strained position, he managed to click off slowly, "H-e-l-p W-R R —" when the man at the safe noticed what he was doing. The butt of a revolver poised above Johnnie's head for a second and then he passed through stinging pain and a blaze of wheeling fire into temporary oblivion. The train-wire circuit was open and dead, and from far up the track came the single long-drawn blast of Fifty-four's big engine. A moment later the little station fairly reeled with the shock of her thunderous flight.

But even as she passed, Vinson, the dispatcher at Damascus Junction, was on the message wire calling the borrow-pit office nine miles beyond. The Fathead awoke with a start and the impression that through dim and countless ages the dispatcher had been calling him.

"I, I, BO," he rapped, shivering in his nightclothes and blinking desperately in his effort to keep awake.

"Flag Fifty-four—quick!" snapped Vinson. "Get a lantern and don't lose a second going south to stop Fifty-three. Then ask for orders. There's trouble at Winchester. Hurry! Hurry!"

There was no time even for shoes. The cinders and rock ballast cut his bare feet unmercifully as he hurried down the track. On and on he ran, seemingly an endless distance, while the cold of the November night bit deeper at every step. Swiftly the precious minutes passed. Only a little farther and he would reach the switch at the other end of the passing track; but the torn and bleeding feet absolutely refused to support him any longer and with a shivering moan he dropped to his knees and began to crawl along the ties. Slowly and in agony he dragged himself forward, leaving behind him a dark-red trail. A great fear came on him that he would not be in time. "I can't go no faster," he half-sobbed through his chattering teeth. "Seems like that switch is miles away yet." Then he set himself grimly to the task of crawling to its signal-lamp, which appeared to dance and sway ahead of him. On the rails there came a faint glint, as though from a light behind him; and, glancing back, he saw Fifty-four slow down and stop in front of the little telegraph shanty. Fifty-three was not yet in sight. By supremest effort he dragged himself to the switchstand, where even in his misery the old impulse to do something to help the other men reasserted itself, and he set down his lantern while he pulled himself upright to throw the rail-points for the passing track, so that Fifty-three would not have to stop before she reached the borrow-pit. The lever stuck at first, only to yield with a rush that brought the heavy bar over on to his lantern with force enough to shatter the globe and send it tumbling down.

"Oh, Lordy!" he groaned. "Fifty-four won't stand there much longer if I don't come. Fifty-three'll be along any minute an' my lantern's gone!"

Then, with his poor dull brain almost utterly benumbed by the cold and pain, he worried the target-light off the switch and began crawling back along the passing track with it. The now unmarked switch was thrown to divert Fifty-three to this track and he had a vague idea that when he heard her coming he would flag her with the lamp. His sole aim was to reach the shanty before consciousness left him.

"Th' dispatcher told me to come back f'r orders," he repeated to himself over and over, clinging to the words as though they were all that could save him from launching out into a vast void of darkness. He did not hear behind him the noise of the swiftly running Northern Mail, which had swerved into the siding and was almost upon him before the engineer realized that the headlight of Fifty-four shining down the other track and the crawling light between the rails ahead meant something was wrong. The pilot struck a white object that sailed through the air, bounded along the ties, rolled over and lay still.

Among the mail clerks was a telegrapher and in five minutes he and Vinson had orders straightened out and the trains were again roaring through the night. On a bed of coats on the floor of one of Fifty-three's cars lay the Fathead, still unconscious and breathing in hoarse gasps. Two hours ahead was the Damascus Junction Hospital—two hours that seemed years to the busy men who watched whenever they could beside the pathetic form; but at last the wheels were click-clacking over the switchfrogs of the lower yard and in a few moments more the Fathead was being lifted tenderly into a waiting ambulance.

With nine o'clock came Bancroft and Vinson, who sat impatiently in the cheerless cleanliness of the hospital's reception room. A young interne just from the bedside of Johnnie Stafford, who had been found after the safe was blown and brought in by the crew of a freight, came in, smiling.

"How is he?" demanded Vinson eagerly.

"Doing nicely," said the doctor. "He was hardly more than badly stunned."

"Stafford be hanged!" ejaculated the dispatcher. "I mean the Fathead—the boy who was hit by a train at the borrow-pit; the pluckiest little cuss in the state!"

A look of grave sympathy instantly replaced the smile. "Oh, that chap! He's broken all to pieces. Not likely to pull through—one chance in a thousand, perhaps. The house surgeon is with him now."

"May we see him?" asked Bancroft.

"I'll find out. One moment." And the doctor was gone.

It was half an hour before he reappeared to usher them into the ward where the Fathead lay, swathed in court-plaster and bandages. He recognized them and at the sight of the chief dispatcher there came into his dull eyes something of the old adoring look.

"Fathead," said Bancroft, "that was a mistake about your being discharged at the borrow-pit. God forgive me for being a liar!" he said to himself as he went on. "What was intended was to promote you to headquarters as operator. We want to make a dispatcher of you one of these days. You are to come there as soon as you get well. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," whispered the boy brokenly. "I told—Casey—all the time—you were—square. I'll come. Got to rest—now. So tired—so tired! Up a lot—at night—helpin' dispatcher. Mr. Vinson's—fine man ——" His whisper trailed off into silence and he slept like a weary child, a faint smile of happiness on his face.

"I got—th' hang of it—now!" he was murmuring. "Goin' up—to headquarters. Reckon Liz'll be—proud o' me. I alluz—wanted ——" The lips moved inaudibly and were still.

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Three months later a wan-looking youth pushed open the door of Bancroft's office, entered and hung up his hat.

"You told me to come to work here when I got well," he announced to the chief simply, as though he were merely returning from lunch. Then, as an afterthought, he added: "Looks like Fifty-three kind o' knocked all the deafness out o' my ears that night."

When Bancroft said a thing he stuck to it. He was on his feet now and had the other by the hand. "By the Lord Harry, yes!" he almost shouted, while his eyes beamed behind his thick glasses.

The Fathead was reaching for his hat.

"Where are you going now?" asked the chief.

The boy blushed and hesitated. "I—I'll be back in a minute," he stammered. "I got to go and t-tell Liz."

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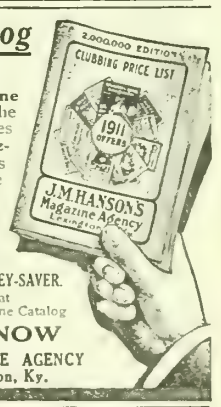

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WHEN LUCK WAS WITH HIM

(Continued from Page 9)

that. Newt Fisher will get up your negroes and his own. Bring the women and children; they can fill sacks and sew them up. Don't forget your shotguns," he added significantly.

Within ten minutes after Spottiswoode reached the threatened levee a dozen white men went galloping in different directions. The machinery was beginning to move.

"Now, Billy," said the Colonel, "get up your negroes. We'll open the sacks, distribute them and have everything ready."

Billy Wade left Colonel Spottiswoode standing alone on the narrow levee, the sole living thing on that tiny strip of dry land between the river on one side and the backwater on the other. For a moment he turned his back to the river and gazed across those level fields that he loved so dearly, stretching away to the moss-hung woods, the haunt of bear and deer and panther. Smoke curled upward from a hundred cabins; the smell of fresh-plowed earth came to him. Hundreds of people lived there—black people, ignorant people, stolid and singing in the face of danger. A broken levee meant much more than their destruction. Thousands of people whom he could not see, whom he did not know, living in the lower lands, would be swept away, their cattle drowned, their homes destroyed. Colonel Spottiswoode shook his head. Not a chance in a thousand to save them; but fighting men would always take the single fighting chance.

From the weather reports he knew there was a foot and a half more of water coming down the river on a huge billow and that the crest would pass that point about the third or fourth day. He wheeled about and looked again at the flood, the raging, ravenous monster. The man faced the river; a lone figure in a brown flannel shirt, corduroy breeches and mud-boots. A wide felt hat shaded his eyes. The senseless, insatiable monster angered him. Then he tightened his belt and rolled up his sleeves. That meant fight—between men and a monster.

By the time the first volunteers began to arrive Spottiswoode had inspected that levee for two miles, much of the time down on his hands and knees, trying to shake it, finding the soft places, determining whether the seepage water was bringing dirt and causing a cave inside. Then men came—plenty of them, black and white.

As each planter came galloping back Spottiswoode whispered: "Now get to work beside your negroes."

Worthington Foote hitched his horse to a fence, took up a shovel and joined a group of his tenants who were digging up dirt for the sacks. Captain Anderson held the sacks for his crew to fill. Mrs. Anderson came and helped the women sew up the sacks. Newton Fisher owned ten thousand acres—he was hefty; being handsome he was also dressy. At college he made a record; now he made another record, standing in line with his negroes, taking a sack on his shoulder and climbing the levee with it. The negroes grinned; likewise the negroes worked. Doctor Paulding stood at the base of the levee, up to his waist in water, placing each sack in position as it was brought to him.

The negroes worked in shifts of eight hours each. White men worked without cessation. As Colonel Spottiswoode said: "The river rises every minute in the twenty-four hours; we've got to work every minute to keep ahead of it."

Behind every weak spot sacks full of dirt were piled, beginning at the bottom and building up a base of sufficient width to support the pressure that must come against the crest. Loose dirt would wash away; everything was sacked.

At convenient points along the base of the levee negro women built fires and kept hot the huge kettles of coffee. Gentlemen took their meals on the ground, munching sandwiches from their muddy hands.

The levee grew. "Six inches more and we'll be higher than those fellows over yonder," Spottiswoode nodded toward the other side of the river.

"Then we'll have to double our guards," said Doctor Paulding; everybody knew why.

If the levees on both sides were not high enough to carry off the flood it became a question of which side gave way first. If the line broke on the west that relieved the pressure on the east. The men on the other side were busy, too, trying to keep their own heads above water. If something had to break each side hoped it would be their neighbors' across the way. A wolfish proposition, but it was the first law of Nature.

Ole Reliable stuck close to the Colonel, acted as aide-de-camp and dodged the rougher service. He ran errands; darted here and there.

Zack had forgotten about Oliver—the negro who toted news from the levee to Rolf and Bud Shackles—until he stumbled upon him working with the gang at the black tree. Oliver was busy with the others sacking up that dangerous slide.

Of course Zack didn't inform the white folks—that would be telling; but he undertook to keep an eye on the negro. When Oliver's shift was changed he sat for a while on the top rail of the fence, as if he were resting and watching the new shift. Then he dropped on the other side and vanished in the dense cane that lined the slough. Ole Reliable saw him paddling away stealthily in a dugout, but he said nothing.

This little offshoot from the main slough could be very conveniently used; it approached close to the black tree at one end and connected with a labyrinth of lakes at the other. A dugout could bring the levee-cutters within a hundred yards of the levee and secure them safe retreat.

During the third afternoon Colonel Spottiswoode took a couple of hours' rest. When he reappeared on top of the levee, looking fresh as paint, he remarked: "Well, gentlemen, the crest of the flood is passing. The river will begin to fall this afternoon. Yet we are six inches above water. Now we must keep her from sloughing off at the bottom and caving in all at once."

In times of danger such as these the air would be full of rumors. If the levee broke in Mississippi Arkansas would be safe. If the Arkansas levee gave way it would be the salvation of Mississippi. There were desperate and irresponsible men living on both sides.

That night about twenty-five weary but hopeful men gathered in Colonel Spottiswoode's library to talk over the situation. From up and down the line they got the same cheering news—everywhere the same fight was being made, everywhere the levees were standing. There were tales of sudden alarms, desperate work and the ultimate triumph of exhausted men.

"Now, gentlemen," cautioned the Colonel, "we mustn't let up; we've got to guard these levees. I don't believe that timbermen or people on the other side would attempt to cut them ——"

"Well, I do," bluntly observed Doctor Paulding. "We've got to watch for 'em and we can't shoot too quick." Which seemed to be the consensus of opinion.

Each night men with shotguns patrolled the levees and every man was white. Every yard was too important to risk a negro.

Then something happened. Hazlewood Kerr happened to be posted at the black tree turn—a dependable young man. He had only two hundred yards to watch, and carried a lantern besides his shotgun. An overturned wagonbody lay about the middle of his beat at the base of that pyramid of sacks rising, tier by tier, to the very top. This had been built up with great care, as a slough had once run through there and the ground was very soft.

Hazlewood had selected that wagonbody for his headquarters and was sitting upon it, facing the tall burnt cottonwood. It must have been nearly midnight when two men rode up and Hazlewood challenged them. They were Billy Wade and Ole Reliable.

"Hello, Hazlewood! Everything safe?"

"Sure; quiet as a church. The water has fallen half an inch since I came on duty."

"Good! Your wife wants you at the telephone. Uncle Zack will stand your watch until you get back." Hazlewood looked at him keenly and Billy added: "Colonel Spottiswoode says that's all right—the white men are tired out."

"Yas, suh, boss; I sho will stand guard all right. Everybody, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'" Zack got down proudly off his mule and Hazlewood rode back with Billy. Ole Reliable picked up the shotgun and climbed to the top of the levee. Being the only negro within a hundred miles that carried a gun, he began patrolling diligently. He looked everywhere, peeped up and down the side, squinted along the levee and listened across the water. But this was poor fun, because he had nobody to look at him. He walked to the far end of the beat and talked to young John Sergeant; then he hustled back to the nigh end and conversed with Henry Barnes. Having proved his attendance at both ends he went to the middle again and sat down on the wagonbody.

A wagonbody is pretty hard. A pile of sacks is nice and soft. That pile of sacks across the road in a corner of the fence kept butting into Zack's mind.

The fence cornered near the black tree from which Oliver had gone in his dugout; but Ole Reliable didn't think about that—he was sleepy and his head was full of sacks.

. . . . . .

Rolf, the Red Axman, and Bud Shackles, lying in their dugout almost under the black tree, saw Billy Wade come up and change the guard. When Ole Reliable took his seat on the wagonbody he was nearly opposite them. It would be easy to scare him off—but he would yell and draw a hundred men!

Zack squirmed on the wagonbody until it got entirely too hard; he kept thinking about the pile of sacks. Billy Wade had charged him over and over again not to go out of certain bounds and not to stay in one place more than five minutes. Zack got up and meant to walk toward the levee, but he walked toward the pile of sacks. The trouble wasn't in his head; it was in his legs—they just took him there. He only meant to look at the sacks. They looked good to him. He didn't mean to go to sleep, but he had been up since daylight. That afternoon, while nobody was looking, he had taken several drinks out of somebody's bottle—for medicinal purposes. Zack was not drunk; he was not lazy; he was not even sleepy; he was simply the victim of a pile of sacks.

. . . . . .

Nobody knew what happened except Zack—and he didn't know; but he told how it happened and learned to believe it. He wakened suddenly and saw two men running down from the top of the levee straight toward him. They made no noise. Zack felt them coming. He sprang up paralyzed and too scared to open his mouth. They were running directly toward him and he backed himself against the fence. Then he climbed that fence with the gun in his hand. He must have been throwing his leg over and dragging the gun; anyhow he knocked the hammer against the top rail. Bang! It went off behind him; he heard a scream. Everybody else heard it. One of the men dropped; the other stopped an instant, then dashed on toward the fence. Zack was already over and he kept his lead. He dropped his hat, but clung to the gun. Then it was that he shouted for help and kept shouting. He never did see what became of the man who had chased him over the fence.

From up and down the levee came the shouts of excited men. Somebody flung open the front door of the big house and Zack saw a stream of men come pouring out. He climbed the fence again, ran back toward the levee, crossed the road, climbed the levee, got into the very thickest of the crowd and kept yelling.

The men around him bore him backward to the black tree turn; water rushed over the levee. Nobody noticed Zack; nobody asked a question—everybody ran to the crevasse. Sacks filled with dirt were already there; fifty men put them in position. The flow stopped; the country was saved. Colonel Spottiswoode himself stumbled over the dead man and flashed a lantern in his face. "Hello, what's this? Here's a dead man; here's a spade. Dynamite! Billy, who stood guard here?"

"This is the post where Ole Reliable relieved Hazlewood Kerr."

"Well," announced the Colonel, "Zack got him!"

"Got who? Got who?" Twenty planters crowded round and others came.

"Zack Foster, Ole Reliable—my nigger—he got him!"

"Where is Zack? Where is Zack?" forty voices demanded—men may catch hysteria as well as women.

Out of the babel of voices Zack heard the shout: "Go get Zack! Go get Zack!"

A group of maddened men rushed at him. He dropped on his knees, limp,

Out of a Job?

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Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

PHILADELPHIA

cold, draggled. "Befo' Gawd, gent'men! I never—I—I —— For Gawd's sake!"

They jerked him up, bore him with them, slapped him on the back and proclaimed him a hero.

The Colonel waited eagerly among the crowd of excited men. "Paulding, ain't Zack a peach? Bless his faithful old heart! I want to shake hands with him."

"We've got him! We've got him! Here he is, Colonel!"

Zack made no resistance; he only made excuses. "Mister Billy, I nebber stepped off dat beat—nebber turned my back ——"

"That's all right, Zack; you needn't be scared."

"No, suh, Mister Billy; I nebber went away from dere one time. I ——"

"Nobody's going to prosecute you. You had a perfect right to kill him."

Newton Fisher was impulsive and strong. He smote the old man on the back and jostled him. "Zack, you're a dandy; you've saved the country!" Newt seized his arm and bore him triumphantly to the Colonel. Spottiswoode ran forward with outstretched hand, but Zack got there first with his tongue. "Nebber closed my eyes, Cunnel—I watched dat levee every minute."

"You did splendidly, Zack; splendidly! It took nerve."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh."

Doctor Paulding rose from his examination of the fallen man and did not pretend to be sorry over his announcement: "He's dead—full load struck him in the breast."

"Well," remarked the Colonel, "I hate to see anybody get killed, but Rolf was a bad egg."

"Zack, I congratulate you," said the Doctor, bowing profoundly as he shook the negro's hand.

"Zack, you made a bully good shot," remarked Worthington Foote, who was a critic of good shots.

"Yas, suh—I made one shot," Zack assented.

Ole Reliable stood in a compact group, with men walking round the edges anxious to hear every word he said. He didn't say much. "How did it happen?" they demanded over and over; then answered the question themselves.

Zack suggested only one idea: "Dey mus''a' come up dat slough in a dugout!"—something that had been in his mind since he followed Oliver from the timber-camp.

Three men with lanterns sprang over the fence and shouted back that they had found footprints. Everybody else went tumbling over. Colonel Spottiswoode called peremptorily: "Come back, all of you! Post a guard over those footprints until morning."

Doctor Paulding was in a bloody-minded mood; he regretted that the man got away. "I wish somebody had been out there when you hollered for help."

This opened up the conversation for Johnny Sergeant. "I was on the next beat, but I couldn't get to him quick enough."

Zack said: "Yas; dat man clumb de fence."

"I heard you out there calling for help. I wish I could have got there to help you catch him."

"Yas, suh; I sho hollered fer help."

"And it's a blessed thing you hollered so quick," remarked the Colonel. "In another five minutes that levee would have been gone."

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; I hollered right brief."

"And you certainly made a good shot"—an idea which seemed to be on Doctor Paulding's mind.

"Thankee, suh; thankee, Doctor."

The Colonel took Zack by the arm. "Now everybody let him alone."

Arm in arm the planter and the negro walked back to the house; and every white man who could get into the room crowded Colonel Spottiswoode's library. Negroes stood on the gallery, climbed up and hung in at the windows. "Now, Zack," said the Colonel, looking up from his table, "we will have to make some statement about this matter. Tell me exactly how it happened while it is fresh in your mind."

Zack, bareheaded and excited, fumbled at his words: "'Twarn't nuthin', Cunnel, an' not much o' dat; it was so dark I couldn't hardly see. Dem two men come slippin' up dat slough in a dugout an' clumb de fence an' got up on de levee whilst I had my back turned a minit. Dey wouldn't quit, so I jes up wid dat gun. Dat wuz all—'cept I admits to makin' a few hollers."

"Gentlemen," remarked the Colonel, looking at the eager faces around him, "that is a hero's statement, simple and modest. Wait a moment, please."

He took a sheet of paper and began writing hurriedly. Nobody spoke; they supposed him to be setting down the statement while he could remember every word of it. When he had finished he arose and read: "For and in consideration, *et cetera*, I do hereby convey to Zack Foster and Selina Foster, his wife, that certain house nearest to the black tree and twenty acres of land, to be selected by himself, which shall be their home so long as they, or either of them, shall live. Signed, John Spottiswoode."

The Colonel stepped in front of Zack as gracefully as if he were presenting a diploma to the sweet girl graduate and handed him the deed. "Zack, this is not a gift. It is your due. Your heroism has saved your country." Then everybody cheered and shouted until the roof rang; outside the negroes took up the cry and the conquered river shivered as it heard.

Newt Fisher was impulsive. He snatched a handsome watch out of his pocket. "Here, Zack, is a token of my friendship. I'll have it appropriately engraved."

Zack stood mute, holding the paper in one hand and the watch in the other. Gentlemen began feeling in their pockets, but money was not the correct thing. Doctor Paulding solved the difficulty. He took a scrap of paper and wrote: "Due Zack Foster, the hero of the black tree crevasse, one mule, to be selected by himself."

Everybody crowded to the table and began scribbling. "Zack," laughed the Colonel, "put your hat on the table."

"I—I los' it, Cunnel." Zack had lost his hat when he ran away.

"Here's mine," said the Colonel.

Zack put Colonel Spottiswoode's hat on the table and those grateful planters filled it with mules, cows, buggies, sets of furniture, checks. Zack loved to hear those nice gentlemen cheer and make speeches, but he couldn't understand why they kept throwing scraps of paper into the Colonel's hat.

. . . . . .

The waters had gone and the spring had come. It was Sunday- morning. Ole Reliable sat upon his own gallery in one rocking-chair, with his feet in another. A plush sofa—violently red—stood against the wall and Selina reposed. Zack was smoking. Selina was smiling.

"Zack," she grumbled, "I wants one o' dese m'lodians what plays music. 'Pears like to me you oughter got one o' dem."

Ole Reliable erupted a huge cloud of smoke. "Now, Seliny, you knows zackly how 'tis wid white folks. Don't make no diffunce what we does fer 'em, dey don't nebber pay us nuthin'. Dey mout 'a' throwed in a nigger to work some o' dis lan' fer me!"

Aerial War Talk

UNQUESTIONABLY great damage could be done to defenseless cities even now by aerial bombardments. Germany has talked of destroying London in that way and Sir Hiram Maxim proved by mathematics that London was growing faster than German aeroplanes could pull it down; but that is not entirely the point with such an attack. It is not necessary to inflict actual damage to paralyze a city's population. This was well exampled during the Cuban War. While the Schley-Sampson fleet was blockading Santiago the Vesuvius, that relic of naval experiment, was on the blockade. She was called a dynamite ship and there never was anything else like her built in any navy. She had a couple of big pneumatic tubes sunk in her decks and by orienting the whole boat they could be brought to bear with some degree of accuracy. They fired an aerial torpedo, carrying about two hundred and fifty pounds of guncotton.

Almost every night she used to creep in near shore and fire a couple of these shots. Sometimes she would go early and sometimes late. Some nights—worst of all—she did not go at all; and then the whole of Santiago sat up and waited for her. She never hit anything; in fact, she never did the least damage, but she had the population of Santiago on the verge of nervous prostration all the time. An aerial bombardment of an unprotected town would not have to be very destructive to be deadly effective.

"Good to build with."

"YOU wrote me for something to build with," said Santa Claus. "So here I've brought you the best thing I have in stock in that line. In fact, it's the best 'building up' stuff you ever heard of.

"You can not only build houses, and churches and steeples with these handsome red-and-white cans, but you can build up health and strength and rosy cheeks and snapping bright eyes, and a lot of other good things with

Campbells Soups

"They are made of the same rich, choice, pure materials that your Ma uses whenever she can get them.

"She would always use such materials if she could always have the pick of the market and have her own gardens right at hand like the Campbell Company have.

"Besides that, these soups all ready-prepared save her all the trouble and bother of having soup made at home.

"You ought to go and tell her all about them right away.

"That's the right way to share your Christmas presents with everybody. They will all get the building up habit. And it is good all the year 'round."

Hit, stop, and get away:—
My speed and spirit
never flag.
With *Campbell's Soups*
to eat each day,
I'm livelier than
the punching-bag.

21 kinds 10c a can

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Just add hot water,
bring to a boil, and serve.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
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Look for the red-and-white label

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 17)

"Don't imagine, young man, that you have saved anybody's life. Nobody's was in danger. But you have gained a vote. G'lang!" This last word to the horse. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd, which was the real circumstance that ended this feud. You cannot conduct so serious a tragedy as a feud after the light of comedy has fallen upon it.

This affair settled a point in my mind about which I had never been in doubt, but about which every woman likes to be absolutely sure. Adam was a man who could be brave. Not only that, his courage was not stilted. It had the grace, the modesty of humor.

The rumor of what had occurred reached me before he did that day. When he returned in the late afternoon he did not mention it. I really believe he had forgotten it. The danger and glory of Adam's character was the lightness with which he could do well or ill.

I drew him into the garden, I remember, that evening, where all of our prettiest scenes were enacted, and there I kissed him and was inclined to weep over him, which did not please him.

"It was nothing. Neither one of them could have hit a barn door unless he had aimed at the pump instead," he laughed.

Then some deeper thought occurred to him as I continued to purr over him. He frowned and looked at me queerly.

"I say, Eve, you don't by any chance think I am a coward?"

"Oh, no, Adam! But you see, dear——" I hesitated.

"But what?" he urged seriously.

"Well, you know you have faults."

He nodded as though I had said, "You know you have legs, Adam."

"And so I like to have glaring proof of those virtues that are absolutely essential to manhood."

"Name them," he demanded gravely. It was as though for a moment I held an eagle in my hands.

"Well, a man must not be a coward or a liar or a thief in his relations to men, and he must have the wings of an honorable ambition."

"That all?" He was beginning to smile a little.

"No, not all; but I could not bear -I should feel a sort of degradation in living with a husband who did not have these cardinal virtues."

"Still, if he didn't have them you'd go on living with him, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," I sighed. "But it would be like going on being damned!"

"I am glad you put in that he, your husband, is to be all these things in his relations to men. You see, darling, I have been a coward to you. I am really afraid of what you think. It makes me anxious sometimes to run against those grave, simple, white things you think. And I've been the thief of your love; and I do not—well, you know I'm not always quite frank with you."

"Yes, I know."

"How do you excuse it?"

"I don't."

"What then?"

"I am that part of you, Adam, that bears it. It would be different if I were another man separate from you."

He stared at me like one who had found a mystery and seen it sweetly solved.

"Eve, you are so wise I am afraid to look you in the face, and you are so strong that I feel you in my right arm."

Adam, like most men, was a great gossip. He knew every joke and every bit of scandal current from Booneville to Nashville. He was an encyclopedia of everybody's secrets and private affairs. Women have the reputation of being gossips for the same reason that Eve got the chief blame in that apple transaction in Eden. Men will never bear the blame of anything that they can lay upon women. Thus, I have never heard a married woman repeat really serious scandal, tell a risqué story or divulge a confidence that her husband had not first repeated or divulged to her. She becomes in time simply the quotation marks of his different knowledges. I do not know why, but it seems that we prefer to tell what a man tells us to that which some other woman has confided, unless she had it from a man herself. Apparently we feel that in this case we have a superior authority for what we are saying.

One thing Adam told me this evening of which I had never had an intimation before. This was that Doctor Marks had once been mother's accepted lover, and that she had thrown him over for the dashing cavalry officer, Colonel John Spotteswood Langston. So it appeared that the Langston bitters was not the only thing at the bottom of this feud.

I was not going out at this time, so the most I knew of what transpired came from Adam's cheerful hearsay. It seemed that he wished the campaign could have been longer. He needed more time to impress himself upon the people. There was something quizzical in the faces of every audience he met.

"They do not yet know that I am really in earnest!" he explained to me.

There was a certain neighborhood, very near Booneville and composed largely of negroes, which was doubtful. Each candidate claimed the majority of these votes and it was certain that they would decide the election one way or the other. The night before the election some friends of Clancey Drew's pitched what they called a "camp" two miles from town and invited every colored voter in the doubtful district, which lay immediately in the rear of the camp, to come and have a good time before going to the polls next morning.

The only refreshment served was liquor.

Adam was in despair when early in the afternoon he heard of this device. But there was an extraordinary quality about his despair. It was always the yeast from which his inspirations arose. About four o'clock he rushed into the house in a state of fierce excitement.

"Eve, oldest, youngest, dearest woman in the world, can the women—the women who are for me—can they furnish me with a fancy breakfast for a hundred niggers by daybreak in the morning?"

"I don't know, Adam. It's a strange request. I never heard of anything like it. But they are all gathered now over there at Mrs. Sears'. You might go across the street and ask them," I replied, astonished.

"I'll do it!" he almost shouted as he leaped through the door and dashed down the walk into the street. I saw him begin to mince and preen and sweeten himself just before he reached the Sears gate. He had the chastened look of a redeemed sinner about to go into the presence of angels.

Mrs. Sears, who always had a little round tear ready to start in her eye and a high, hysterical voice, advanced to meet him and exclaimed:

"Come right in, Colonel West."

"Ladies," he said in a voice ringing with reverence and gratitude, "your help has strengthened me. You have held up my hands, given me courage against great odds. I could not have made this race without you."

He paused, swept every face, inflated himself and went on quickly:

"But now it remains for you to finish what you have begun. I am absolutely in your hands. If you can furnish me enough cakes, biscuit and fried chicken to feed a hundred negroes tomorrow morning at daybreak I think I can promise to win this election for you and for your children!"

Mother says old Mrs. Allen was so excited she began to shout, and they had to quiet her the first thing. Then they all promised that he should have what he asked for.

That night there was light in more than a dozen of the best kitchens in Booneville till the dawn. Never before had the midnight air of the old town been streaked with such savory odors. The greatest secrecy was observed, of course, since some of the devoted cooks' husbands were Clancey Drew's most ardent supporters. It is told of old Colonel Middlebrook that he got up and walked in his sleep, he smelled fried chicken so strong. Mrs. Middlebrook met him in the back entry snuffing the air like a setter pup. She led him gently back to bed and told him to stay there, that it was a disgrace for a man of his age to walk in his sleep just because he dreamed he smelt something to eat.

At three o'clock in the morning a wagon loaded with seventy-eight fried chickens, six hundred biscuit and forty-two enormous pound-cakes rolled along the road toward the camp of the enemy.

Adam had chosen two giant poplars a mile nearer town and a mile nearer the polls for his rendezvous.

At daybreak all was in readiness. By this time the men in the rival's camp had slept off their debauch of the night before and were ravenously hungry. When they received the message that "the friends of Colonel West were invited to a free breakfast" the simple creatures were not slow to respond to the invitation. They deserted in a body—breakfasted a mile farther up the road and a mile nearer the polls.

At ten o'clock that morning Booneville witnessed a strange sight. Colonel Adam West appeared riding down the principal street upon a mud-bespattered horse, whanging that strange thing that he thought was a tune. Behind him for a quarter of a mile there was a strand of shouting negroes, all bound by the solemn ties of chicken and biscuit to vote for "the finest gemman that ever busted loose in Boone County!" And they did it. He was elected, having brought his own majority to the polls.

I remember this day very well for another reason. It was in the evening of it that I fathomed the mystery of Adam's bedside petitions—the difference between him and them. Every night he was as particular as a woman to kneel for a moment by the bed before getting into it. And if he forgot to kneel I have known him to slip out and satisfy his conscience.

I could not be blind to the lack of remorse he enjoyed after the most astounding lapses from the moral order which obtained in my own catechism life, and for years I had been curious to discover the nature of his orisons. On the night following the day when he outwitted Clancey Drew in the election, at the moment of retiring, suddenly the world-look left his face, a certain childlike sweetness adorned it, an expression so young and innocent that it must have stirred and mystified the angels in waiting as he knelt beside the bed.

"Adam," I said when he had risen, "what do you say when you pray?"

"Nothing," he answered as though he had just discovered the fact.

"Then why do you kneel?"

"I don't know," he answered gravely, like an infant whose mysteries are being searched for.

"It's wrong, Adam. You ought to say something. You ought to confess your sins."

"Confess my sins! Does a green-leafed tree confess its bugs? I'm growing, woman. I'm growing so fast maybe I'll outgrow my sins. Anyhow, confessing them don't amount to anything. God knows them anyhow."

I sighed. It was a pedestal angel sigh. Adam looked at me in alarm.

"I say, Eve, you are not bearing with me and being so patient trying to save my soul, are you?"

"No, no, Adam!" I laughed in spite of myself. "I just bear with you and pray for you! Your soul is the Europe, Asia and Africa of your being that you have never discovered; so you cannot be in danger of losing it."

Adam stretched himself out and drew the sheet over him with a sigh as serene and peaceful as any saint could have drawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Yankee Language

FRED WILE is Berlin correspondent for the New York Times. Some time ago instructions were given to use "Emperor William" when referring to the Kaiser in dispatches. To save cable tolls, Fred invented "Empwilliam." It went all right for three days. Then a German official waited on Fred and politely suggested that "Empwilliam" was not a good word. Fred admitted that it might not be good German, but insisted that it was perfectly good American. Then the official suggested that it was lese-majesty. Fred cut it out.

One day last winter absolutely nothing seemed to be stirring in the way of news at the German capital except that a damp snow was falling and the Berliners complaining about it. Fred cabled an inquiry to New York: "Berlin street cars tied up by slush storm -want story?" In an hour he got a reply. It read: "Unslush."

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If you are interested, drop us a line telling us what educational institution you wish to enter..

Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

THE SCULPTOR

(Continued from Page 15)

"I was not thinking of that," she said; "I was only—sorry."

"Sorry?"

"That you are poor."

He misunderstood her. "I know; I wish I could offer you something besides a chance ——"

"Oh-h!" she whispered, but so low that he heard only a long indrawn breath.

She sat motionless, eyes on the grass. When again she lifted them their pure beauty held him.

"What is it you wish?" she asked—"that I should be your model for the—this prize which you desire to strive for?"

"Yes; for that."

"How can I? I work all day."

"You could pose at night and on Saturday afternoons. And—have you had your yearly vacation?"

She drew a quietly tired breath. "No," she said.

"Then—I will give you two hundred dollars extra for those ten days," he went on eagerly—so eagerly that he forgot the contingency on which hung any payment at all. As for her, payment was not even in her thoughts.

Through the deep, sweet content which came to her with the chance of serving him ran an undercurrent of confused pain that he could so blindly misunderstand her. If she thought at all of the amazing possibility of such a fortune as he offered, she knew that she would not accept it from him. But this, and the pain of his misunderstanding, scarcely stirred the current of a strange new happiness that flowed through every vein.

"Do you think I could really help you?"

"If you will." His voice trembled.

"Are you sure—quite sure? If you are—I will do what you wish."

He sprang up, buoyant, transfigured.

"If I win it will be you!" he said. "Could you come into the studio a moment? I'll show you the two sketches I have made."

On the prospect of a chance—the chance that had come at last—he was completely forgetting that she must be prepared to comprehend what he required of her; he forgot that she could know nothing of a sculptor's ways and methods of production. On the way to the studio, however, he tardily remembered, and it rather scared him. "Do you know any painters or sculptors?" he asked, keeping impatient pace beside her.

"I know a woman who makes casts of hands and arms," she said shyly. "She stopped me in the street once and asked permission to cast my hands. Would you call her a sculptor?"

"N—well, perhaps she may be. We sculptors often use casts of the human body." He plunged into it more frankly: "You know, of course, that to become a sculptor or a painter one has to model and paint from living people."

"Yes," she said, undisturbed.

"And," he continued, "it would be impossible for a sculptor to produce the beautiful marbles you have seen unless he could pose a living model to copy from."

An unquiet little pulse began to beat in her breast; she looked up at him, but he was smiling so amiably that she smiled too.

Mortally afraid of frightening her, he could not exactly estimate how much she divined of what was to be required of her.

He continued patiently: "Unless a student dissects he can never become a surgeon. It is the same with us; our inspiration and originality must be founded on a solid study of the human body. That is why we must always have before us as perfect a living model as we can find."

"Do—do you think ——" she stopped, pink and confused.

"I think," he said, quietly impersonal, "that, speaking as a sculptor, you are as perfect and as beautiful a model as ever the old Greek masters saw, alive or in their dreams."

"I—did not—know it," she faltered, thrilling from head to foot.

They entered the corridor together. Her breath came faster as he unlocked his door and, turning up a lamp, invited her to enter.

At last in the magic world! And with *him!*

Figured tapestries hung from the golden mystery of the ceiling; ancient dyes glowed in the soft rugs under foot; the mellow light glimmered on dull foliations. She stood still, looking about her as in a trance.

"All this I will buy back again with your help," he said laughingly; but his unsteady voice betrayed the tension to which he was keyed. A slow excitement was gaining on her too.

"I will redeem all these things, never fear," he said gayly.

"Oh—if you only can! . . . It is too cruel to take such things from you."

The emotion in her eyes and voice surprised him for one troubled moment. Then the selfishness of the artist ignored all else save the work and the opportunity.

"You will help me, won't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, wondering.

"Then please sit here. I will bring the sketches. They merely represent my first idea; they are done without a living model." He was off, lighting a match as he hastened. A tapestry fell back into place; she lifted her blue eyes to the faded figures of saints and seraphim, stirring when the fabric moved.

As in a blessed vision, doubting the reality of it all, she sat looking upward until his step on some outer floor aroused her to the wondrous reality.

He came, holding two clay figures. The first was a winged shape, standing with delicate limbs parallel, arms extended, palms outward. The head was lifted a little, poised exquisitely on the perfect neck. Its loveliness thrilled her.

"Is it an angel?" she asked innocently.

"No. . . . I thought you understood—this is only a sketch I made. And this is the other." And he placed on a table the second figure, a smooth, youthful shape, looking aside and down at her own white fingers buried in her hair.

"Is it Eve?" she inquired, wondering.

"These," he said slowly, "are the first two sketches, done without a model, for my two figures, 'Soul and Body.'"

She looked at him, not comprehending.

"I—I must have a living model—for these," he stammered. "Didn't you understand? I want you to work from."

From brow to throat the scarlet stain deepened and spread. She turned, laid one small hand on the back of the chair, faltered, sank into it, covering her face.

"I thought you understood," he repeated stupidly. "Forgive me—I thought you understood what sort of help I needed." He dropped on one knee beside her. "I am so sorry. Try to reason a little. You—you must know I meant no offense—that I never could wish to offend you. Can't you realize how desperate I was—how I dared hazard the chance that you might help me?"

She rose, her face still covered.

"Can't you comprehend," he pleaded, "that I meant no offense?"

"Y-yes. Let me go."

"And you cannot—help me?"

"H-help you? . . . Oh, no, no, no!" She broke down, sobbing in the chair, her golden head buried in her arms.

Confused, miserable, he watched her. Already the old helpless feeling had come surging back, that there was to be no chance for him in the world, no hope of all he had dared to believe in, no future. Watching her he felt his own courage falling with her tears, his own will drooping as she drooped there—slender and white in her thin black gown.

Again he knelt beside her and spoke, for the moment forgetting himself.

"Don't cry, because there is nothing to cry about. You know I did not mean to hurt you; I know that you would help me if you could. Isn't it true?"

"Y-yes," she sobbed.

"It was only a sculptor who asked you, not a man at all. You understand what I mean?—only a poor devil of a sculptor, carried away by the glamour of a chance for better fortune that seemed open before him for a moment. So you must not feel distressed or sensitive or ashamed ——"

She sat up, wet-eyed, cheeks aflame.

"I am thinking of *you*," she cried almost fiercely, "not of myself; and you don't understand! Do you think I would cry over myself? I—it is because I cannot help you!"

He found no words to answer as she rose and moved toward the door. She crossed the threshold, turned and looked at him. Then she entered her own doorway.

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Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia

And the world went badly for her that night; and after that, day and night, the world went badly.

Always the confusion of shame and dread returned to burn her; but that was the least; for in the long hours, lying amid the fragments of her shattered dreams, the knowledge that he needed her and that she could not respond overwhelmed her.

The house, the corridor, her room became unendurable; she desired to go—anywhere—and try to forget. But she could not; she could not leave, she could not forget, she could not go to him and offer the only aid he desired, she could not forgive herself.

In vain, in vain, white with the agony of courage, she strove to teach herself that she was nothing. She knew in her heart that she could have died for him; but—but—her courage could go no further.

In terrible silence she walked her room, thinking of him as one in peril, as one ruined for lack of the aid she withheld. Sometimes she passed hours on her knees, tearless, wordless; sometimes sheerest fear set her creeping to the door to peer out, dreading lest his closed door concealed a darker tragedy.

And there came a day—a Saturday—when she sought the woman who made plaster casts of hands and arms and shapely feet.

For a little while they talked together. Yes, it could be done; it had been done. But it was a long process; it must be executed in sections, then set together limb by limb, for there were many difficulties—and it was not pleasant to endure, even sometimes painful.

"I do not mind the pain," said the girl. "Will it scar me?"

"No, not that. . . . But another thing: it would be expensive."

"I have my vacation money and a little more." She named the sum timidly.

Yes, it was enough. And when could she come for the first casts to be taken?

She was ready now.

A little later, turning a lovely, flushed face over her bare shoulder: "One figure stood like this," and, after a pause, "the other this way. . . . If you make them from me, can a sculptor work from life casts such as these?"

A sculptor could.

Her vacation, which she had requested for December, lasted ten days; and at the end of it her last penny had been spent.

And on the last evening of it, which was Christmas Eve, she knelt, crying, before two pedestals from which rose her body and soul as white as death.

An hour later the snowy twins stood in his empty studio, swathed in their corpse-white winding-sheets—unstained cerements, sealing beneath their folds her dead pride, dead hope.

And now she must go before he returned. Her small trunk was ready; her small account settled. With strangely weak and unsteady hands she stood before the glass knotting her veil.

Since that night together last summer she had not spoken to him, merely returning his low greeting in the corridor with a silent little inclination of her head. But, although she had had no speech with him, she had learned that he was teaching at the League now, and she knew his hours and his movements well enough to time her own by them.

He was not due for another hour. She looked out into the snowy darkness, drawing on her gloves and buttoning the scant fur collar close about her throat.

The old Irish janitor came to say goodby to her.

"An' God be with you, miss, this Christmas Eve"—taking a coin irresolutely, but pocketing it for fear of hurting her.

His fingers, numbed and aged, fumbling in the pocket encountered another object:

"Musha, thin, I'm afther forgettin' phwat I'm here f'r to tell ye, miss," he rambled on. "Misther Landon wishes ye f'r to know that he do be lavin' the house"—the old man moistened his lips in an effort to remember with all the elegance required of him—"an' Misther Landon is wishful f'r to say a genteel good luck to ye, miss."

The girl shook her head:

"Tell Mr. Landon goodby for me, Patrick. Say, from me—God bless him! . . . Will you remember? . . . And a—a happy Christmas."

"I will, miss."

She touched her eyes with her handkerchief hastily, and held out her hand to the old man.

"I think that is all," she managed to whisper.

She was mistaken; the janitor was holding out a note to her.

"In case ye found it onconvaynient f'r to see Misther Landon, I was to projooce the letther, miss."

She took it; a shiver passed over her from head to foot.

When the old man had shambled off down the passage she reëntered her room, held the envelope a moment close under the lighted lamp, then nervously tore it wide:

"You will read this in case you refuse to say goodby to me. But I only wanted to offer you a little gift at Christmastide—not in reparation, for I meant no injury—but in deepest respect for you. And so I ask you once more to wait for me. Will you?"

She sprang to her feet and at the same moment the outer gate clanged. Terror froze her; then she remembered that it was too early for him; it must be the expressman for her trunk. And she went to the door and opened it.

"Oh-h!" she breathed, shrinking back, embarrassed; but Landon had seen his letter in her hand, and he followed her into the room.

He was paler than she; his voice was failing him, too, as he laid his gift on the bare table—only a little book, prettily bound.

"Will you take it?" he asked in a colorless voice; but she could not answer, could not move.

"I wish you a happy Christmas," he whispered. "Goodby."

She strove to meet his eyes, strove to speak, lifted her slim hand to stay him. It fell, strength spent, in both of his.

Suddenly Time went all wrong, reeling off centuries in seconds. And through the endless interstellar space that stretched between her world and his she heard his voice bridging it: "I love you—I love you dearly. . . . Once more I am the beggar—a beggar at Christmastide, asking your mercy—asking more, your love. Dear, is it plain this time? Is all clear, dearest among women?"

She looked up into his eyes; his hands tightened over hers.

"Can you love me?" he said.

"Yes," answered her eyes; and the fragrant mouth assented.

Then, without will or effort of her own, from very far away, her voice stole back to her faintly:

"Is all this true? I have thought so long—so long—of loving you ——"

He drew her closer; she laid both hands against his coat and hid her face between them.

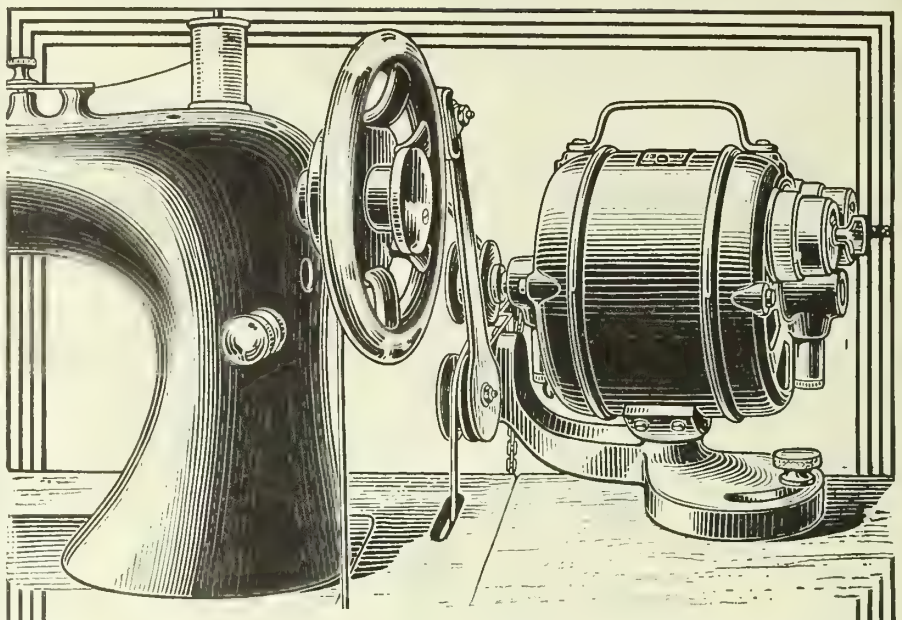
He whispered:

"It was your unselfishness, your sweetness, and—yes—your beauty—the loveliness of you too! I could not put it from me; I knew that night that I loved you—and today they said you were going—so I came with my Christmas gift—the sorry, sorry gift—myself ——"

"Ah!" she breathed, clinging to him. "And what of my gift there, in your studio! Oh, you don't know, you don't know ——"

"Dearest!"

"No—you can never know how much easier it had been for me to die than love—as I have loved this day."



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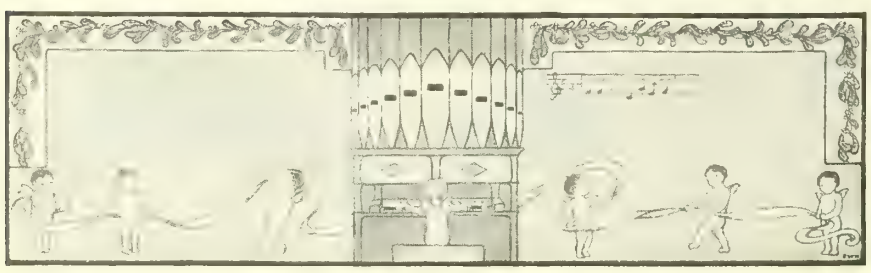

TAD SHELDON, SECOND-CLASS SCOUT

(Concluded from Page 11)

came back with big eyes. 'The leader says the other launch can't make it across the bar,' he reports.

"'Well?' I says.

"'We're goin' to take off her passengers and cross in oursilves,' says the brat. With that he vanishes. I folleyed him.

"We were stopped right in the fog, with roily waves towerin' past us and the dull noise of the bar ahead of us. The Gladys was right astern of us and even in the darkness I cud catch a glimpse of white faces and hear little screams of women. I went to leeward and there found me bould Tad launchin' the little dingey that was stowed on the roof of the cabin. Whin it was overside four of me bould gang drops into it and pulls away for the other launch. 'They'll be swamped and drownded,' I remar-rks.

"'They will not,' says Tad. 'I trained thim mesilf. 'Tis child's play.'

"'Childher play with queer toys in this counthry,' I continues to mesilf; and I had a pain in me pit to see thim careerin' on the big waves that looked nigh to breakin' any minute. But they came back with three women and a baby, with nothin' to say excipt: 'There's thirty-one of thim, leader!'

"'Leave the min,' says he, real sharp. 'Tell the captain we'll come back for thim after we've landed the women safe.'

"I tucked the women down in the afther cabin, snug and warm, and wint back on deck. The boat was away again, swingin' over the seas as easy as a bird. 'That's good boatmanship,' I remar-rks.

"'It's young Carson in command,' says me bould bhoy leader.

"'Twas fifteen minutes before the boat came back and thin there was a man in it, with two women. Whin it swung alongside Tad helped out the ladies and thin pushed at the man with his foot. 'Back ye go!' he says. 'No room on this craft for min.'

"'But you're only a lot of bhoys!' says the man in a rage. 'Who are you to give orders? I'll come aboard.'

"'Ye will not,' says me bould Tad, and I reached into the engine room for a spanner whereby to back him up, for I admired the spunk of the young sprig. But the man stared into the lad's face and said nothin'. And the boat pulled away with him still starin' over his shouldher.

"The nixt boatload was all the rest of the womenfolks and childher and Tad ordered the dingey swung in and secured. Thin he tur-rned to me. 'We will go in.'

"'Which way?' I demands.

"He put his little hand to his ear. 'Hear it?' he asks calmly. I listened and by the great Hivins there was a whistlin' buoy off in the darkness. I wint down to me machines.

"I've run me engines many a long night whin the divil was bruising his knuckles agin the plates beneath me. But the nixt hour made me tin years ouldher. For we hadn't more'n got well started in before it was 'Stop her!' and 'Full speed ahead!' and 'Ease her!' Me assistant was excited, but kept on spillin' oil into the cups and feelin' the bearin's like an ould hand. Once, whin a sea walloped over our little craft, he grinned across at me. 'There ain't many soft places tonight!' says he.

"'Ye're a child of the Ould Nick,' says I, 'and eat fire out of an asbestos spoon. Ye wud be runnin' hell within an hour afther ye left yer little corpse!'

"'Tis the scout's law not to be afraid,' retor-rts me young demon. But me attintion was distracted be a tremenjous scamperin' overhead. 'For the love of mercy, what is that?' I yelled.

"'Tis the leader puttin' out the drag,' says me crew. 'Whin the breakers are high it's safer to ride in with a drag over the stern. It keeps the boat from broachin' to.' And to the dot of his last word I felt the sudden, strong pull of something on the launch's tail. Thin something lifted us up and laid us down with a slap, like a pan of dough on a mouldin' board. Me machines coughed and raced and thin almost stopped. Whin they were goin' again I saw me assistant houldin' to a stanchion. His face was pasty white and he gulped. 'Are ye scared at last?' I demanded of him.

"'I am seasick,' he chokes back. And he was, be Hivins!

"So we joggled and bobbled about and I wondhered how many times we had crossed the bar from ind to ind, whin suddenly it smoothed down and I saw a red light through the little windey. Me assistant saw it too. 'That's the range light off the jetty,' says he. 'We're inside.'

"I shoved open the door to the deck and looked out. The fog lay about us thick and the wind was risin'; I cud barely make out the lights ahead. I stuck me head out and glanced astern. 'Way back of us, like a match behind a curtain, I saw a little light bobbing up and down in the fog. I took me crew be the ear and thrust his head out beside mine. 'What is that?' I demanded.

"''Tis the other launch,' he says. 'I guess they folleyed us in.'

"We ran up to the wharf and the gang made everything fast; and then me bould Tad comes to me with a sheepish face. 'Wud ye mind tellin' the ladies and childher that they can go ashore and get to the hotel?' he says.

"So it was me that wint in and tould the ladies they were saved and helped thim to the wharf and saw thim started for the hotel. Thin I came back to the launch, but there was nobody there. Me bould gang had disappeared. Just thin the other launch came up, limpin' on one leg, covered with drippin' men and blasphemy. They didn't wait for the lines to be put out, but jumped for the float like rats out of biscuit barrels and swarmed for the hotel. Whiles I was watchin' thim the skipper of the Gladys pulls himsilf out of his wrecked pilot house and approaches me with heavy footfalls. 'I'm tould that 'twas bhoys that manned this launch,' he remar-rks. 'If it is so I wudn't have come in and nearly lost me ship.'

"'If it hadn't been for the bhoys ye'd now be driftin' into the breakers off yer favorite fishin' spot,' I retor-rts. 'I've seen many a man who'd found the door of hell locked against him swear because he hadn't the key in his pocket. Nixt time ye try suicide leave the women and childher ashore.' And with the words out of me mouth the gale broke upon us like the blow of a fist.

"We took shelter behind a warehouse and the skipper of the Gladys said in me ear: 'I suppose the owner of the launch had to get what crew he cud. Where is he? I'd like to thank him.'

"'If ye will come with me to the hotel ye shall see the man ye owe life to,' I infor-rmed him.

"As we intered the hotel a tall man, with the mar-rk of aut'ority on him, observed me unifor-rm and addressed me: 'What do you know about this?'

"Aut'ority is always aut'ority, and I tould him what I knew and had seen, not forbearin' to mintion the gang and their wild ambitions. And whin I had finished this man said: 'I shall muster thim in tomorrow. I happen to be in command of the scouts in this district.'

"'But they haven't their dollars to put in the little bank,' I remar-rked. 'And they tell me without their dollar they cannot be second-class scouts, whativer that is.'

"At this a fat man reached for a hat off the hook and put his hand in his pocket, drew it out and emptied it into the hat, and passed it.

"And while the money jingled into it my respict for the brave lads rose into me mouth. 'They won't take it,' I said. 'They have refused money before. 'Tis their oath.'

"The man with aut'ority looked over at me. 'The chief is right,' he said. 'They have earned only a dollar apiece. Whose launch was that they took?'

"'Faith and I don't know,' I said. 'They remar-rked that the owner—Hivin bliss him!—had niver forbidden thim to use it.'

"'Thin we must pay the rint of it for the night,' says he. 'But the bhoys will get only a dollar apiece. Where are they?'

"'They disappeared whin the boat was fast, sir,' says I. 'I think they wint home. 'Tis bedtime.'

"'D'ye know where the patrol-leader lives?' he demands.

"So we walked up the hill in the darkness and wind till we reached the house of me bould Tad. A knock at the door brought the missus, with a towel on her ar-rm. I pushed in. 'We've come to see yer son,' says I.

"We stepped in and saw the young sprig be the fire, on a chair, with his feet in a bowl of watther and musthard. He was for runnin' whin he saw us, but cudn't for the lack of clothes. So he scowled at us. 'This is the commander of the scouts,' I says, inthroducin' me tall companion. 'And here's yer five dollars to put with yer dollar and six bits into the little bank, so's yez can all of yez be second-class scouts.'

"'We can't take the money,' says he, with a terrible growl. 'The oath forbids us to take money for savin' life.'

"'Don't be a hero,' I rebukes him. 'Ye're only a small bhoy in his undherclothes with yer feet in hot watther and musthard. No hero was iver in such a predicament. This gintleman will infor-rm ye about the money.'

"Me bould companion looked at the slip of a lad and said sharply: 'Report to me tomorrow morning with yer patrol at sivin o'clock to be musthered in.'

"With that we mar-rched out into the stor-rm and back to the hotel, where I wint to slape like a bhoy mesilf—me that was sixty-four me last birthday and niver thought to make a fool of mesilf with a gang of bhoys and a gasoline engine—and that on a holiday!"

Ten Wonders

PRAY grant me permission, ye sages of old, to add to the wonders of Earth, to those Seven wonders you've told and retold, three more of much merit and worth. I've heard of the Gardens of Babylon oft, those gardens delightful and fair, with flowers seductive and odors so soft; but, say! have you seen the New Hair? Well, if you have not, you will add it at once and make the Eighth Wonder, I know; for hairdressers now do such wonderful stunts that Babylon's Gardens seem slow. Come, look at the switches, puffs, braids, rolls and curls piled up on Milady's fair crown. What old hanging garden such glory unfurls? Not even in Babylon Town. And hang! Why, the hair overflows, hangs and falls, as no hanging garden can do. It's piled up in barricades, battlements, walls, and every day hung up anew. So grant us eight wonders instead of the Seven. I'm sure that you should not resist; for surely, if marvels there be under Heaven, then coiffures belong on the list. And Babylon's Gardens, could they come to see the gardens of stuff women wear, would frankly admit they were not one, two, three. Make way for the Wonder of Hair!

THE Tower of Pisa is wonderful too—that mossy old refuge of bats; but some idle hour go sauntering through the hat stores and look at the hats. Go gaze on the wonders of latter-day art; go revel in woman's chief bliss and learn that of Pisa no parcel or part had anything ever like this. They lean more than Pisa's old tower ever did from a perpendicular base; take note of that towering temple of lid that comes down half over the face. They're higher than Pisa's one tower ever reared its column majestic on high; nor ever has any great pinnacle neared the arch of ethereal sky to such an extent as these new wonders do. They rise to such marvelous height, and some of the taller ones go breaking through the dome that the twinkling stars light. So we must add hats to the wonders of yore—that makes only nine on the list. I'm sure, had you thought of the matter before, you'd wonder how they had been missed. For Glory the hat is without any peer; for Fame it unceasingly bids. So let this new wonder be registered here. Make way for the Wonder of Lids!

NOW, *coronat opus* and Ultima Thule—there's one other wonder that spurts ahead of the ones that we learned of in school—the Wonder of Latterday Skirts! They're fashioned so scantily, tight and so thin; their wonder you'll see without doubt: the wonder is how any woman gets in and afterward how she gets out! The wonders the ancients have fashioned grew tame; their title to grandeur grew less when some modern tailor got into the game and gave us this half of a dress. The Sphinx in dismay must have hidden her face, Colossus of Rhodes have grown pale, and other old wonders been pushed out of place when this Hobble Skirt struck the trail. So round out the Wonders of Earth to just ten; it surely can do no one hurt. Bid Fame spread the scroll of them, take down his pen and write in the Latterday Skirt!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Fourteen-Year-Old Boys

MILLIONS of fourteen-year-old boys drop study before they reach the High School—not to support parents, but because the parents think the boys better off out of school than being molly-coddled by teachers.

TOO much theory is bad for a boy. Satisfy his instinct for something practical to do and he'll stay in school.

SELLING THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will satisfy your boy's craving for varied training and will unconsciously demonstrate to him how essential education is to success in that work and in his whole life.

ANY bright boy over twelve or thirteen years of age can get one hundred or more customers and can earn from $2.50 to $5.00 or more each week without interfering with school or other duties. Get your boy to try it. It will develop his ambition and his powers as nothing else has ever done. Tell him to write and find out all about the plan and what other boys have done.

Sales Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Love Lyrics of a Shopgirl

By BERTON BRALEY

XII

Just to be pleasant and social, that's all,
Jimmie McGannon asked me to the ball.
"Nettie," he says, "it's a shame you should stay
Home all alone when the others is gay,
Just because you've had a row with O'Shea—
I have the tickets; come on, girlie—say!"

Just to show Terence that I didn't care
I went with Jimmie—and Terence was there!
Believe me, the fracas was over—so quick!
For Terence came down like a thousand of brick;
And though Jimmie isn't no picnic to lick—
He bein' a lively and muscular Mick—
It didn't take Terence much time for the trick!

"This is to show," Terence says, with a grin,
"That though we are *out* there'll be no buttin' *in!*
If any one else wants to go with my girl
He'll get all mussed up, with his hair out of curl.
Step up here, you guys, and I'll give you a whirl."

Well, say, was I popular? Yes, I was—not.
They left me alone in the lonesomest spot,
And Terence, he chucked me right into a hack.
"Go home, you," he said, "and don't try to come back!"
But though he was mad as a hen that is wet
And wouldn't make up with his little friend Net,
I know that he cares! It was hard upon Jim;
Yet I'm glad of the rumpus that happened to him.
It cleared up a matter that seemed pretty dim.

XIII

That floor-walker's gettin' too breezy;
He hangs around me all the time.
I've wanted to let him down easy,
But he doesn't get wise—he's a lime.
I don't like the way that he treats me—
You'd think that he owned me, the slob!
You'd think, by the way that he meets me,
I owed him my life—and my job!

He's got to quit callin' me "Baby"
And "Sister" and "Honey" and "Pet."
I've quarreled with Terence; but maybe
He wouldn't be tickled to get
A chance at this floor-walker Willie,
Who tried to get merry with muh!
Oh, wouldn't he wallop him silly!
And then for the ambulance—huh?

But I won't tell Terence; I merely
Will *speak* to this floor-walker gink,
And tell him, quite plainly and clearly,
Exactly the things that I think.
I don't want to act at all shady,
But if he gets uppish—the yap!—
I'll lift up my hand like a lady
And bounce him a biff on the map.

XIV

Take it from me, and listen, I beseech:
The wise girl keeps herself 'way out of reach
Of guys who want to marry; for she's sure
That if she hitches up she will be poor—
For that's the lesson all the others teach.

Don't listen when he starts his little speech;
Don't hearken when he tells you you're a peach,
But tell him he's a liar, Simon pure—
Take it from me.

Remember, when you're sittin' side by each
Beneath the moonlight out upon the beach,
That love is very fine in literachoor,
But marriage is a thing that's hard to cure;
And though I never practiced what I preach—
Take it from me.

XV

Everything's beautiful, everything's bright;
Terence came over to see me last night.
"Nettie," he says, "I'll admit you was right;
I hadn't ought to have taken that kid
Down to the dance, and I'm sorry I did.
It was a date we had made 'way ahead—
Will you forgive me?" "Why, Terry," I said,
"You weren't to blame. It was *my* fault, instead.
Will you forgive——" But he grabbed me, and say—
Honest, he fair took my breath all away!
When I was younger I just loved to spoon
Almost with any one under the moon;
But when Terry kissed me—it made me feel sad
Thinkin' of all of the fellers that had
Kissed me before. What a fool I had been,
Lettin' myself be a plaything of men!
Now that I've learned what a kiss really is,
I wish that I'd never had any but his.

XVI

'Twasn't a bit like proposals I've read about,
Pulsin' with passion and throbbin' with thrills.
Every old hunch that I had in my head about
How it was done—simply took to the hills.
Terence talks beautiful when he is utterin'
Jollies to flatter a girl at a dance;
But when he proposed he was mumblin' and mutterin'—
Somethin' like this, in a sort of a trance:

"Nettie, you know you're—say, Net, you're a hit with me!
Honest, I can't see nobody but you.
What do you say? Do you think you could fit with me
In a nice flat that was comfy for two?
As for my job, well, it ain't much for salary;
Still, it will pay for the grub and the rent.
Yes, and sometimes for two seats in the gallery—
How does it sound to you—far as I've went?"

"Terry," I says, "though it ain't like a book at all—
No, nor a love scene in any old play—
Still, I ain't goin' to give you the hook at all,
Though you're a shine in the love-makin' way.
Marry you? Say, I'd look pretty refusin' you!
I fell in love on the day that we met;
Ever since then I've been fearful of losin' you—
Marry you, Terence? Well, watch little Net!"

XVII

The girls they come and girls they go,
But not for long they tarry.
Some feller asks 'em to, and so
They quit the store—and marry.
They throw up comfort and a job,
And liberty in plenty,
For some poor ordinary slob
On twelve a week—or twenty.

I seen 'em lose their looks and style,
Get dowdylike and faded;
I said 'twould be a long, long while
Before I'd do as they did.
But, when the right guy comes along
And says you'll make or break him,
You listen to his little song
And fall for it—and take him.

XVIII

My mother says: "Nix on that Terence O'Shea."
Now what do you know about that?
She says he's too thin in the matter of pay.
Now what do you know about that?
"Why, mother," I says, "his job's awful swell;
He's sort of a clerk in a uptown hotel."
Says she: "Yes, he jumps when the clerk thumps the bell!"
Now what do you know about that?

I tells it to Terence and says: "Let's elope!"
Now what do you know about that?
But he bites on his lip and he answers me: "Nope."
Now what do you know about that?
Says he: "If she thinks that my job ain't enough
I'll get me a better, and just call her bluff.
We'll wait, though the waitin' will be mighty tough."
Now what do you know about that?

Says Terence: "I ain't so dead stuck on myself."
Now what do you know about that?
"I'll lay this cinch job of mine up on the shelf."
Now what do you know about that?
"I'll get out and rustle the best that I can.
I'm sick of this bein' so spick and so span—
I'll go get a job for a good, husky Man."
Now what do you know about that?

XIX

You'd ought to seen Terence—it's rich!
I seen him today in his stunt.
He was diggin' up dirt from a ditch—
And gee! but it made the boy grunt.
There was mud plastered over his cheek,
His hands was all blistered and sore,
And nary a word would he speak
Though I throwed him three kisses—or four.

He must have been pretty well fried,
For the mercury showed 93;
And I laughed, but I pretty near cried—
'Cause I knew he was workin' for me.
But I know he'll be boss pretty soon—
You can't keep a good feller down!
And we'll march to that Mendelssohn tune—
The happiest couple in town.

XX

Oh, look at it, Mamie, and say if you blame me
For bein' so happy I'm crazy to sing.
Just let your gaze linger a while on that finger.
Say, ain't that a duck of a solitaire ring?
It glitters and blazes at each one who gazes—
There's class to a di'mond that sparkles like that;
And ain't it just thrillin' that mommer is willin'
And Terence has rented a cute little flat?

Yes, Terence is bossin'; he's finished with tossin'
The dirt from his shovel down there in the street.
And ma, she says: "Go now and marry your beau now;
He's showed what he is and he stands on his feet.
He's worked like he ought to and look where he's got to—
A bully big man and the boss of a crew!
As soon as you're ready you marry your steady."
And what mother says it's my duty to do.

And so my next payday is "goin'-away" day—
Away from my job in this tiresome old place,
Where I have been earnin' my livin' and learnin'
That girls isn't built to win out in the race.
Why don't you get married before you are buried
Alive in this wearisome job in a store,
Gettin' thinner and thinner? Why, Mamie!
You sinner!
Engaged? And you never told *me!*
Say, I'm sore.

XXI

Say, will you love me, kiddo, when
I'm old and uglylike and bent?
Or will you weary of me then,
When all my looks away has went?
You say 'twon't make no difference—
You'll love me then the same as now?
They all say that in self-defense;
But women like it, anyhow.

Oh, Terence, treat me awful nice
And love me lots for all my life!
Why shouldn't it be Paradise
When you and me is man and wife?
We won't be rich, except in love;
But that will help a bit all right.
We can't make any blunder of
The game if we keep love in sight.

There may be lots of troubles come—
What's that you say? Oh, Terence, hush!
Well, yes; I hope we do have *some*—
But just the same you make me blush.
But love me, hon, through thick and thin,
And we will take what Fate may send.
Our honeymoon will soon begin;
Let's make it last until THE END!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Circulation Department

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Railroad and its President

(Continued from Page 13)

Then—the stuff was as soft as gravel and they would have bombarded off the roofs of half a dozen houses. When they were under one of the rivers they found its bed—the roof of their tunnel—as soft as mud; there came a day when the little foaming swirls of water above their headings became a geyser—the riverbed had blown entirely out.

After that some of the younger engineers felt like throwing themselves into the wicked river, but the biggest engineer of all never lost his faith. He sent upstream and brought down a whole Spanish armada of clumsy scows, each heaped high with sticky clay. That clay—in thousands of cubic yards—made a new river-bottom and the tunnel shields went forward.

There were other obstacles and discouragements—almost an infinite array of them—to be surmounted, but this railroad president had steeled his life to the accomplishment of that terminal. In the making of it he gave his life. When the days came for the drafts upon the railroad's treasury, mounting higher and higher, he was cheer; when bad news came from the burrowing engineers he was courage; when timid stockholders and directors began to worry he was comfort. He gave of his vitality to the organization, to the making of the terminal, until the day came when he gave too much—and his life went out while he was still like a mighty king in battle. He never lived to see the classic lines of the great station building. As he stands in the waiting room he stands in bronze—those bronze eyes are powerless to see the splendid fruition of his endeavors.

Courage in Panic Times

That sort of thing—heroic courage and death-bringing devotion to an enterprise—repeats itself now and then among the executives of the railroads. When the panic of 1907 reached high tide there was a certain railroad president who viewed it—like his fellows—with no little alarm. He had lunched with a big steel man—the kind the newspapers like to call magnates—and the steel man had scared him. The company for which the former labored was going to close half a dozen of its plants—was going to throw some thousands of poorly provided men out of work.

The railroad president took that bad news back to his comfortable office; at night it traveled with him in his automobile to his big and showy house. It would hit his company hard in its heavy tonnage district, but that was only a single phase of the situation. He thought of things becoming more disjointed when the news became public—before that week had run its course. That night the president made up his mind to take a big step. It was risky business, but he thought it worth the risk.

He sent for the steel man in the morning and asked him what was the best price he could make for his product. The steel man cut his regular profit in half, but the president was not satisfied.

"You'll have to show me a better margin than that," he said.

"We'll eliminate profits," said the steel man, "and give you the stuff at cost, to save shutting down our plants."

"Is that the best you can do?" persisted the president.

Before he was done, the steel man had also eliminated depreciation on plants and half a dozen minor expenses. He agreed to deliver at the mere cost of raw material and labor. Then he received an order that would have broken some records in prosperous times. The road was committed to some big building projects and it needed whole trainloads of girders and columns; bridges by the dozen. The railroad president went further and helped out the steel man's car-building plant. He ordered three thousand steel freight cars and every day he was getting reports from his general manager of further falling of traffic tides—they had motive-power rusting on sidings and they were dumping freight cars in the ditches along the right-of-way because they did not have storage-room for them.

That took courage of a certain high-grade sort. When those freshly painted new steel cars began to be delivered in daily batches of sixty, some of his directors used to ask him where he was going to find room to store them. He did not answer, for he did not know; but—in the long run he won out. His company had a new equipment for the returning flood-tide of traffic which had cost it twenty-five per cent less than that of its competitors. When it came time to build its big improvement it had the steel all stored and ready. The president was able to tell his directors then that he had saved them one million seven hundred thousand dollars on that close bargain that he had driven in panicky times.

. . . . . .

Sometimes a little thing makes a railroad president big.

The head of a busy road in the Middle West was hurrying to Chicago one day to attend a mighty important conference of railroad chiefs. His special was halted at a division point for an engine-change and the president was enjoying a three-minute breathing spell walking up and down beside his car. An Italian track laborer tried to make his way to him. The president's secretary—who was on the job, after the manner of president's secretaries—stopped the man. The signal was given that the train was ready, but the president saw that the trackhand was crying. He ordered his train held and went over to him. The story was quickly told. The trackhand's little boy had been playing in the yards, and had hidden in an open box car; so his small companions had reported. Afterward the car had been closed and sealed by a yardmaster's employee. Somewhere it was bumping its weary way in a lazy freight train, while a small boy, hungry and scared, was vainly calling to be let out.

Perhaps that president had a boy of the same size—they always do in stories; and perhaps—this being reality—he did not. But he stopped there for three precious hours, at that busy division point, while he sent orders broadcast to find the boy—orders that went with big authority because they came from the high boss himself. He was late at the conference, because that search was taking his mind and his attention. He hung for hours at a long-distance telephone, personally directing the boy-hunt with his marvelously fertile and resourceful mind. When action came entirely too slowly he ordered the men out of the shops and all interchange freight halted—until every one of twelve or fourteen thousand box cars had been opened and searched. Finally from one of these they drew forth the limp and almost lifeless body of a small boy.

That railroad chief died a little while ago and was buried in a city five hundred miles away from the line that he had controlled. The trackhands of his line, with that delicate sensibility that is part and parcel of the Italian, dug deep into their scanty savings and hired a special train, that they might march in a body at his funeral.

It sometimes takes a big man to do a little thing in a big way.

President and Tinker

Here is a railroad president who took hold of a road when the property was a byword and a joke, began pouring money into it to give it real improvements and possibilities for economical handling, and made it a practical and a profitable freighter—a freighter of no mean importance at that. He once issued an order that any car on the road—no matter of what class of equipment—with a flat wheel should be immediately cut out of the train. The order was posted in every yardmaster's office up and down that system.

Some time after it went into effect the president was hurrying east in his private car. It was essential that he should reach his destination in the early morning, for he had a big day's grist awaiting him at his office—a real railroad president, working eighteen hours a day, can brook few delays. But when the president awoke his car was not in motion; the foot of his bunk was higher than the head. He looked out and found himself in a railroad yard three or four hundred miles from his office. When he got up and out he saw why his bed had been aslant. The observation end of his car was jacked up and the car-repairers were slipping a new pair of wheels underneath it. A car-tinker bossed the job and the president addressed him.

"Who gave you authority to cut out my car?" he asked.

"If you will walk over to my coop," said the car-tinker politely, "you will find my

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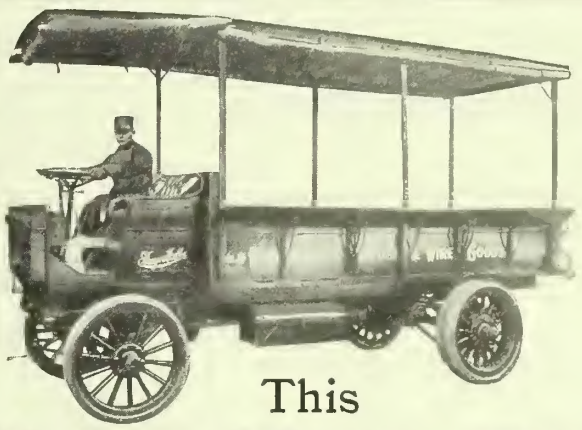

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Gentlemen: We have before us your letter of Jan. 28th. We are operating several trucks, but only one of the Kelly make. It, however, is by a considerable margin better than any truck we have ever had anything to do with. The blower cooling system is very satisfactory, both *Winter* and *Summer*. This truck has been in use about a year and a half, without repairs, except tires, and has given thorough satisfaction in every way. It is doing the work with one operator, which was formerly done by *two* drivers and *four* horses. One of our drivers had no difficulty in learning to operate it. We have not had a great deal of success with other trucks, but we can speak very highly of the Kelly. We think you would make no mistake in buying this particular make.

THE BROMWELL BRUSH & WIRE GOODS COMPANY
(*Signed*) THOS. G. MELISH, *Vice-President.*

This is just a single, average instance of the Kelly Motor Truck's superiority in actual, everyday service. We have letters of this character from representative firms in almost every industry.

Consistency

Recently the Kelly Truck won three great motor truck contests—at New York, Philadelphia and Boston—establishing a record for operating cost of $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent per ton mile, beating not only all American trucks, but all foreign entries as well.

Write us for full particulars of Kelly Motor Trucks and details as to what they are doing for other firms in your line of business.

The Kelly Motor Truck Company, Springfield, Ohio

authority in orders from headquarters to cut out any car — no matter of what class of equipment—with a flat wheel."

When the new wheels were in place the president of the road put his hand upon the shoulder of the car-tinker and marched him uptown. The man obeyed, not knowing what was coming to him. The president walked him straight into a jeweler's shop, picked out the best gold watch in the case and handed it to the car-tinker.

"You keep right on obeying orders," said the president.

The relations between a railroad president at the head of the organization and some man who struggles ahead in the army of which the president is general would make a whole book. They still tell a story in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, of Mr. Cassatt, the Pennsylvania's great president, and the brakeman.

It seems that one of the suburban locals that took Cassatt to his country home up the "main line" was halted one night by an unfriendly signal. The president, mildly wondering at the delay, found his way to the rear platform. On the lower step of that platform—in plain violation of the company's rule—sat the rear brakeman. Cassatt was never a man who was quick with words, but he said in a low voice:

"Young man, isn't there a rule on this road that a brakeman shall go a certain distance to the rear of a stalled train to protect it by danger signal?"

The brakeman spat upon the right-of-way and, without lifting his eyes from it, said:

"If there is it's none of your damned business."

Cassatt—the man who could strike an arm of Pennsylvania into the heart of metropolitan New York at a cost of many millions of dollars—was much embarrassed.

"Oh, certainly it isn't," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "I was merely asking for information."

The next morning the president of the Pennsylvania summoned the trainmaster of that suburban division to his desk and reported the matter. The trainmaster turned three colors—it was lese-majesty of the most heinous sort—and proposed the immediate dismissal of the offending brakeman. Cassatt ruled against that. He was too big a man to be seeking to rob any brakeman of his job.

"Just tell him," he said to the trainmaster, with a suggestion of a smile about his lips, "that he cussed the president, and that, as a personal favor, I should like him to be more polite to passengers in the future."

Hill and Harriman Methods

No two railroad presidents come up to their problem in quite the same way. Take the two masters of the Western railroad world—one gone now—Hill and Harriman. In J. J. Hill's domain the personality of the man counts for everything. He picks his men, advances them, rejects or dismisses them by a rare intuitive sense, with which he judges character. A high chief in his ranks once asked for a vacation in which to take his family to Europe. Hill granted it. When the man came back from Europe another was at his desk. Hill did not approve of long vacations and that was his method of showing it. The department head should have known better.

On the other hand, Harriman measured his men impersonally—as if in a master scale. He measured them by results. A man might personally be somewhat repugnant to him, but if he accomplished results for the road he held his place—at least until some one came along who could do even better.

W. C. Brown, of the New York Central, and James McCrea, of the Pennsylvania, are the heads of two railroads great in mileage and in volume of traffic, yet their methods are in many essentials radically different. McCrea is the essence of Pennsylvania policy—coldly impersonal. It is easier to gain an audience with the President of the United States than with the president of the Pennsylvania. No Pennsylvania man—from president down to the lowest ranking officer—grants an interview to a newspaper reporter. It would be risky business for any officer of the Pennsylvania to seek to have his photograph published or himself glorified by reason of his connection with the company. The company is the corporation.

When it speaks it speaks impersonally through its press agent—a clever young man with clever assistants—who both answers newspaper questions and advances newspaper information. His function is a new one of the American railroad, a function that allies itself directly with the office of the president.

W. C. Brown, of the New York Central, probably stands preëminent today among American railroad executives. He has shouldered himself up from the ranks of the railroad army and only good wishes have gone to him as he stepped from one high post to a still higher one. He has come—as nine out of ten successful executives have come—from the operating end of the railroad.

Men Who Fix Their Own Pay

For all of this work and all of this strain the railroad president demands that he be adequately paid. He has a good many perquisites—chief among them a comfortable private car at his beck and call—but perquisites are not salary. The head and front of the American railroad today receives anywhere from fifteen thousand dollars to seventy-five thousand dollars—an astonishingly large percentage of railroad presidents are receiving at least fifty thousand dollars annually. But they work for their pay—sometimes with their life-devotion, as in the case of the big man who built the big terminal; other times with the hard sense of the president who bought his steel girders and cars in the time of panic. Here is a case in point.

A road in the Middle West, which was so compact as to make it quite local in character, had a big traffic proposition to handle and was handling it in a miserable fashion. One local celebrity after another tackled it, until the directors were laying side bets as to the precise day when the receiver should walk into the office. Finally Eastern capital, which was heavily interested in the property, revolted at the local offerings and sent out an operating man with a big reputation to take hold of it.

The directors received him with a certain veiled distrust as coming from another land, but in the end they hired him. The matter of salary came up last of all.

"Fifty thousand," said the New Yorker in a low voice.

One of the local directors spoke up.

"Fifteen thousand!" said he. "It's out of the question. We've never paid more than twelve."

"So I should imagine," was the dry response. "But I said fifty—not fifteen."

The consternation that followed may be imagined! In the end the New Yorker carried his point. At the end of just twelve months he had, through his acquaintance in Wall Street and his keen insight into the big channels of finance, cut that little road's interest charges just eight hundred thousand dollars a year. The receiver has not come yet. The road has accomplished a miracle and has begun to pay dividends. There is another miracle to relate. Last spring the directors of the road voted an increase in salary to their president—and he courteously refused it!

"I think the presidency of this road is worth fifty thousand a year," he said frankly, "and not one cent more."

That is the way a president should stand above and with his board.

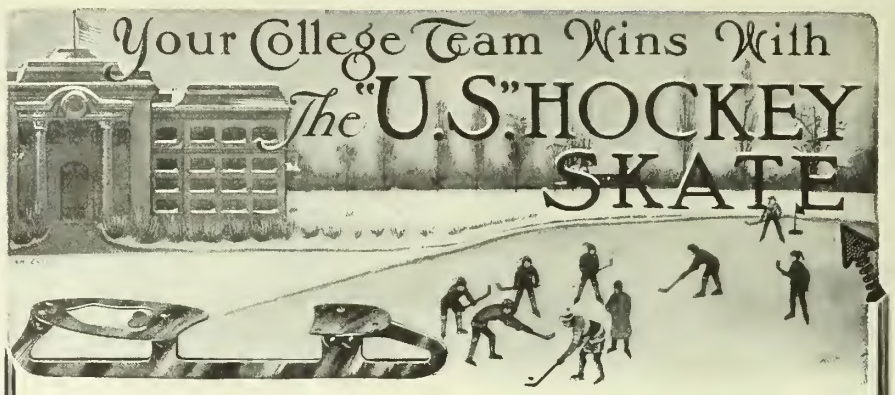
Only a little time ago another president, who had no easier proposition to stand upon its feet, was criticised by a querulous old director for his lavish use of private cars and special trains. That president was having his own troubles—his job had no soft places; but he said nothing when the testy old fellow lectured him as he might have lectured a sin-filled schoolboy. When the director was done the president spoke in a low voice.

"Gentlemen, my resignation is on the table," was his reply to the censure.

The next moment there was consternation in that board. The president slipped out of the room and left them to consider the matter. When he returned the chairman of the board, who had nodded in half approval at the censure, was at the door to greet him.

"We refuse to accept your resignation," he said; "but the board does feel that you ought to have a new car—the present one's getting shabby, Phil."

And in that moment the president felt that his work had gained one little ounce of appreciation.



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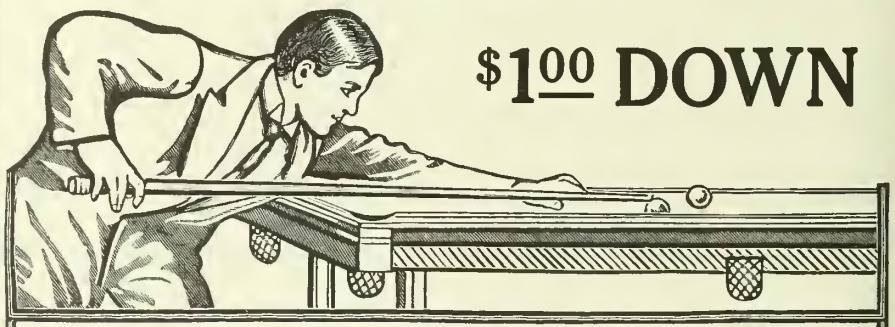

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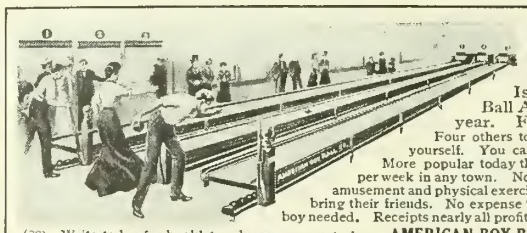

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A vast multitude of bread eaters all over the world—to the far ends of the earth—appreciate the superior quality of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, and demand it, even at the cost of great inconvenience and tedious transportation.

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